

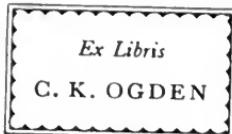
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO



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LETTERS TO 'IVY'
FROM THE FIRST
EARL OF DUDLEY

S. H. ROMILLY



R. Vaughan

Bentham Hb 73-4
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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO



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LETTERS TO 'IVY'
FROM THE
FIRST EARL OF DUDLEY







William Richardson Esq A Del

Emery Walker Ltd

W^m Dugald Stewart
circa 1830

LETTERS TO 'IVY' FROM THE FIRST EARL OF DUDLEY

BY
S. H. ROMILLY

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1905

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MRS. DUGALD STEWART (<i>circa</i> 1830)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From a water-colour portrait by William Nicholson, R.S.A. (1781-1844), reproduced by permission of the family of the artist.</i>	
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NOTE TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Illustrations deserve a few words of notice.

The Frontispiece is a reproduction of a very delicate though unfinished portrait in water colours of Mrs. Dugald Stewart, painted (probably about the year 1830) by William Nicholson, R.S.A. This artist, who was mainly if not entirely self-educated, settled in Edinburgh in 1814, and practised there as a miniaturist and painter in oils, but especially attracted attention by his very delicate and spirited water-colour portraits. The picture of Mrs. Dugald Stewart is considered to be one of the best specimens of his work, and I am deeply indebted to the family of the artist for kindly allowing me to make use of it.

The portrait group of George and Maria Stewart as children is taken from a very fine oil-painting by Raeburn, which came into my possession in the same way as did the letters contained in this volume. The picture was sold at Christie's in May 1902 to Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, in whose possession it now is, and to whom my thanks are due for allowing it to be here reproduced.

The pencil drawing of Lord Dudley by Slater is, I believe, the only portrait that was ever done of him with the exception of that shown of him as a young man in a frontispiece to his Letters to the Bishop of Llandaff, and that was said not to be a satisfactory likeness. Lord Dudley entertained a great objection to having his portrait taken, and it was only after repeated solicitations that he gave his consent in order that he might be included in the collection of portraits of the members of Grillion's Club which were being done by Slater for Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, the principal founder of the Club. When the finished drawing was shown to Lord Dudley, he is reported to have crunched it up, put it in his pocket, and gone away with it. For a long time it was supposed that he had destroyed it, but it was eventually recovered after his death, and is now hanging in the rooms of Grillion's Club at the Hôtel Cecil. It is said by one who knew Lord Dudley well to have been an excellent portrait, and the facsimile of it, here reproduced, to have been admirably executed. 'Hanging now before us it recalls his not forgotten features, his serious, gentle, King Charles-like expression, the peculiar sloping lid of his mild, thoughtful eye, the prospect of his soul, and prescient of calamity.' (See *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvii., p. 82).

S. H. R.

CORRIGENDA.

- P. 62, note, *for York* *read* Yorke.
- P. 109, line 30, *for Broughton* *read* Brougham.
- P. 188, lines 10, 13, and 30, *for Plunkett* *read* Plunket.
- P. 192, lines 3 and 22, *for Plunkett* *read* Plunket.
- P. 203, line 24, *for Plunkett* *read* Plunket.
- P. 210, line 18, *for Maddison* *read* Madison.
- P. 222, Note 1, *for Essays* *read* Philosophy of the Human Mind, vol. ii.
- P. 234, line 14, *for Schwartzenburgh* *read* Schwartzenberg.
- P. 236, line 4, *for Plunkett* *read* Plunket.
- P. 287, line 21, *for Plunkett* *read* Plunket.
- P. 347, lines 19 and 24, *for Sharpe* *read* Sharp.

LETTERS TO IVY

INTRODUCTION

HELEN D'ARCY STEWART, the 'Ivy' to whom John William Ward, afterwards created Earl of Dudley, addressed these letters, was born on March 13, 1765, and was the third daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun, and sister of George Cranstoun Lord Corehouse, and of the Countess Purgstall, both intimate friends of Sir Walter Scott. Her mother was Maria, daughter of Thomas Brisbane, of Brisbane in Ayrshire.

Though the least beautiful of a family in which beauty was hereditary, Helen Cranstoun is described as having been 'stately and handsome,' and as having 'the best essence of beauty, expression, a bright eye beaming with intelligence, a manner the most distinguished, yet soft, feminine, and singularly winning.'

Even as a girl she seems to have attracted much notice by the charm of her manner and the brilliancy of her mind. She was devoted to poetry, and herself wrote verses which were highly praised, not only by admiring friends and relations, but by men of literary distinction who were strangers to her. It was said of her poems that they 'must remind every friend who knew her of her graceful taste and sensibility, of her quick perception of humour, of her playful wit.'¹ It was, moreover, to this gift of poetry that her marriage to Dugald Stewart, the

¹ *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, August 9, 1838.

great philosopher of Edinburgh, is said to have been due. One of her poems was accidentally shown by her cousin, Lord Lothian, to Mr. Stewart, who was at that time his private tutor and unknown to fame. ‘The philosopher was so enraptured with the perusal, and so warm in his commendations, that authoress and critic fell in love by Scotch second sight before their first, and in due time were made one.’¹ The marriage took place on July 26, 1790, the age of the bride being twenty-five, and that of the bridegroom thirty-seven. The marriage was a perfectly happy one on both sides. The young wife ‘doted with a love-match devotion’ on her reserved and rugged philosopher. Her husband, who had the highest opinion of his wife’s judgment, submitted all his writings to her. ‘She was his habitual and confidential companion during his studies, and he never considered a piece of his composition to be finished until she had reviewed it. He himself said that, although she did not probably understand the abstract points of his philosophy so well as he did himself, yet when he had once made out a truth into an intelligible shape, she helped him to illustrate it by a play of fancy and of feeling which could only come from a woman’s mind.’² But she was free from the slightest tinge of pedantry; there was no display of learning in her conversation. In one of his letters to the Bishop of Llandaff Lord Dudley says of her: ‘She has as much knowledge, understanding, and wit as would set up three foreign ladies as first-rate talkers in their respective drawing-rooms, but she is almost as desirous to conceal as they are to display their talents.’ A woman endowed with such gifts and charm naturally attracted a large circle of devoted friends, and as the wife of Dugald Stewart, whose literary reputation, after his marriage, soon rose to the highest rank, she was able to make her house in Edinburgh the resort of all those who were best worth knowing in the Scottish metropolis when it was really a metropolis of intellectual power. Hers was the house to which strangers most eagerly sought

¹ *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvii. p. 88, note.

² *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, August 9, 1838.

introduction, and it has been said that, when ‘at the zenith of her life, it may be doubted if a person departing from Scotland could have carried a stronger recommendation into the intellectual world of England or America than a letter of introduction from Mrs. Dugald Stewart.’¹

A glimpse of the Dugald Stewarts in Edinburgh, when both were at the height of their reputation, is afforded us by Maria Edgeworth, who paid them a visit there in March 1803. Writing to her aunt, Mrs. Ruxton, Miss Edgeworth says: ‘Mr. and Mrs. Stewart surpassed all that I had expected, and I had expected much. Mr. Stewart is said to be naturally or habitually grave and reserved, but towards us he has broken through his habits or his nature, and I never conversed with any one with whom I was more at ease. . . . Mrs. Stewart has been for years wishing in vain for the pleasure of hearing one of her husband’s lectures. She is just the sort of woman you would like, that you would love. I do think it is impossible to know her without loving her; indeed, she has been so kind to Henry² that it would be doubly impossible (an Irish impossibility) to us. Yet you know people do not always love because they have received obligations. It is an additional proof of her merit, and of her powers of pleasing, that she makes those who are under obligations to her forget that they are bound to be grateful, and only remember that they think her good and agreeable.’³

This first impression of Mrs. Stewart upon Miss Edgeworth lasted through life. Fifteen years later they met again at Bowood, and Miss Edgeworth writes: ‘This moment Mrs. Dugald Stewart, who was out walking, has come in—the same dear woman!’⁴ And again in 1823, after Mr. Stewart’s retirement, Miss Edgeworth paid them a visit at Kinneil House, Linlithgowshire, the ‘old but whitewashed castle-mansion’ which had been lent them as a home by the Duke of Hamilton. Mrs. Stewart’s character is thus summed up, by one who evi-

¹ *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, August 9, 1838.

² Miss Edgeworth’s half-brother.

³ *Life of Maria Edgeworth*, by Augustus Hare, vol. i. p. 135.

⁴ Hare’s *Life of Miss Edgeworth*, vol. i. p. 254.

dently knew her well, in an obituary notice in the ‘Edinburgh Evening Courant’ of August 9, 1838: ‘To the last she was remarkable for a winning gentleness of manner—a meekness more impressive than austerity—by which, during her whole life, she had exercised greater influence on those around her than others could do by an assumption of dignity.’

Of her husband, the philosopher, it is not necessary to say much, as his name and his writings are known all over the civilised world. Apart, however, from his great powers as a thinker and writer, his extraordinary influence as a tutor and lecturer upon the rising generation of men who were afterwards to play leading parts in history is worthy of notice.

He was presented to the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University in 1785, and very soon began to make his name known and his influence felt throughout the whole kingdom. But it was not merely as a writer on philosophical subjects that he came to be recognised as the greatest living authority; as a lecturer he gained such reputation as to attract to his classes numbers not only of his own countrymen, but also of young Englishmen of high position and with great future prospects, who, owing to the disturbed state of the Continent and the long continuance of warfare, were unable to complete their education in what was considered in those days the most approved style—viz. by making ‘the grand tour.’ Dugald Stewart may fairly be said to have founded a school for rising statesmen and judges in Edinburgh. Among those who attended his lectures were Brougham, Jeffrey, Henry Cockburn, Francis Horner, Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Lord Lansdowne), Lord Palmerston, Douglas Kinnaird, Lord Webb Seymour, Sydney Smith, Henry Erskine, Lord John Russell, Lord Ashburton, and Sir Archibald Alison. Lord Cockburn, in his ‘Memorials,’ has left a description of the impression which Stewart’s lectures made upon him. He says: ‘To me his lectures were like the opening of the heavens. I felt that I had a soul. His noble views, unfolded in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world. I was as much excited and charmed as any man of cultivated taste would be who, after being ignorant of their

existence, was admitted to all the glories of Milton and Cicero and Shakespeare. They changed my whole nature. In short, Dugald Stewart was one of the greatest of didactic orators. Had he lived in ancient times, his memory would have descended to us as that of one of the finest of the old eloquent sages. But his lot was better cast. Flourishing in an age which requires all the dignity of morals to counteract the tendencies of physical pursuits and political convulsion, he has exalted the character of his country and his generation. No intelligent pupil of his ever ceased to respect philosophy, or was ever false to his principles without feeling the crime aggravated by the recollection of the morality that Stewart had taught him.¹

The intense admiration which Dugald Stewart inspired in the minds of his pupils is further shown in the following lines addressed to him by Lord John Russell during a visit to Kinneil in 1812² :—

To distant orbs a guide amid the night,
To nearer worlds a source of life and light,
Each sun, resplendent on its proper throne,
Gilds other systems and supports its own.
Thus we see Stewart, on his fame reclined,
Enlighten all the Universe of mind ;
To some for wonder, some for joy appear,
Admired when distant, and beloved when near.
'Twas he gave laws to fancy, grace to thought,
Taught virtue's laws, and practised what he taught.

Such was the ‘guide, philosopher, and friend’ under whose charge and in whose house John William Ward was placed when he went to Edinburgh in the winter of 1797–8. To a boy so sensitive and impressionable as Ward—one whose life had up to that time been most dreary and solitary—this change of surroundings must have been, in Lord Cockburn’s words, ‘like the opening of the heavens.’ He must have felt for the first time that he ‘had a soul’ when, after years of solitude and neglect, he found himself thus suddenly transplanted into a

¹ See Lord Cockburn’s *Memorials*, pp. 22, 23.

² See Walpole’s *Life of Lord John Russell*, vol. i. p. 57.

new life, sitting at the feet of such a master as Professor Stewart, with so charming, clever, and sympathetic a woman as Mrs. Stewart taking the place of a mother to him, and surrounded by so brilliant and attractive a set of companions of his own age, tastes, and rank of life as were gathered together in the city which then justly deserved its title of the ‘Modern Athens.’

For Ward’s boyhood had been a most unhappy one. He was the only son of William, third Viscount Dudley and Ward, his mother being a daughter of Godfrey Bosvile, of Thorpe and Gunthwaite in Yorkshire. He was born on August 9, 1781, and was therefore more than sixteen years younger than Mrs. Stewart. His father is described by the author of the article on Lord Dudley in the ‘Quarterly Review’¹ as ‘One of those ordinary mortals on whom capricious fortune takes a pleasure in lavishing worldly advantages. The obscure existence of the old lord was passed in the society of those who, like himself, preferred port wine and fiddling to the pursuits either of politics or literature. His companions, generally selected from grades beneath his own, were chiefly remarkable for that convenient obsequiousness which noblemen and gentlemen of large landed estates delight to honour. The viscountess, a beauty in her youth, took refuge in later life in cards and strong waters.’

It is stated by the same authority that Lord and Lady Dudley’s conduct towards their only son was ‘from the cradle marked by want of parental affection.’ Instead of sending him to a public school, he was educated by various private tutors, constantly changed by his father, was denied any companions of his own age, all sports and amusements, and was subjected to a severe course of unremitting study. On one occasion only, we are told, did one of these tutors—more sensible than the rest—thinking that such incessant study was bad for his pupil, venture to give him a holiday, and send him out for a day’s hunting. Unluckily the news of this terrible piece of idling reached Lord Dudley’s ears, and the one tutor who might have been of use was promptly dismissed.

¹ Vol. lxvii. p. 84.

Eventually a house was taken at Paddington, where the unhappy boy was placed under the charge of a fellow of New College, Oxford. Here he must have passed a most dreary and uneventful existence until the happy day came for his release. To quote again from the same article in the ‘Quarterly’ :—

‘The solitary boy, without brothers, sisters, or playfellows of his own age, became a man in habits while yet a child. Associating with his elders and with those in authority over him, he grew up in a constitutional distrust of his own powers, in an habitual reliance for guidance and support on other men’s minds, though not possessed of one tithe of his own good qualities or talents. He never completely shook off the idolatrous prejudice or prestige of his young inexperience ; the habit remained when the moral conviction was gone. It was in this uncongenial atmosphere that he contracted a tinge of formality which, natural and decorous in pedagogues, is held among men of the world to savour of priggism.’

His only other near relation—his uncle on the mother’s side—‘never took the smallest interest in me, or showed me the smallest kindness.’¹ Ward’s sensitive nature must have felt bitterly this neglect on the part of those most nearly related to him, and the more so because his disposition was warm and affectionate, and much in need of sympathy ; but, with the exception of the remark just quoted about his uncle, there is not one word of complaint in any of his letters—either those to Mrs. Stewart, or those published by Bishop Copleston. On the contrary, his allusions to his father are always expressive of respect and gratitude for his liberality in money matters. After his father’s death he was devoted in his attentions to his mother.

This constant study, and want of congenial society, amusement, and exercise, tended no doubt to increase the malady of the brain (due to some organic malformation) from which he suffered more or less all his life, and which embittered his whole existence. As the writer of the article in the ‘Quarterly Review’ well puts it, ‘his tale was that of an Eastern fable,

¹ See Lord Dudley’s *Letters to the Bishop of Llandaff*, Letter I., P.S.

where the fairy showers over the cradle of the new-born infant blessings without stint which are converted into curses, through the annexation of one fatal condition by some malevolent genius. He was born to rank, title, and unbounded affluence ; his person and manner were agreeable ; his intellect, of the highest order, was coupled with an industry, a thirst for knowledge, which might have shamed the poor student whose bread must be earned by the sweat of his brow. . . .

‘ His taste was refined to fastidiousness ; his memory was wax to receive and marble to retain ; his powers of illustration have seldom been rivalled ; the results of his deep reading were parcelled out in such nice order that everything was forthcoming without effort or ostentation at the exact moment when it was wanted. Fulfilling Lord Bacon’s grand recipe—his reading made him full, his writing exact. His wit was prompt, sparkling, and epigrammatic ; it was playful and indulgent, not, however, from weakness ; it was the giant’s strength which could afford to be generous. To all these qualities of the head were superadded a gentle and affectionate disposition, a freedom from pride and vanity, a simplicity of habits and tastes—in a word, all the sterling features of that noblest of creations—a real English gentleman. . . .

‘ His intellect might be compared to a delicate piece of mechanism, in which by some accident one small pivot is insecure, not indeed sufficient at first materially to derange the operation, yet ever and anon indicated under increased action by slight jarrings. To this physical cause must be attributed those oddities and imperfections which caught and amused the random glance of unreflecting silliness, but fixed and delighted the evil eye of conscious yet jealous inferiority.’

‘ Lord Dudley felt acutely these small weaknesses, which no misconduct of his own had occasioned, and which no effort of his own could alleviate.’

A sketch of Lord Dudley’s character has also been left to us by one who had the best of opportunities for forming a judgment, and whose judgment is in itself of the highest authority. Lord Brougham, who had been Ward’s companion

as a lad at Edinburgh, and had kept up an intimate friendship with him throughout their parliamentary careers, and for whom Ward always writes in terms of admiration, thus writes of his old friend in the ‘Edinburgh Review’ of April 1838 :—

‘The late Lord Dudley, better known for the greater part of the present century as John William Ward, was certainly one of the most remarkable men that have appeared in this century ; and when the adventitious gifts which fortune bestowed upon him, in union with extraordinary powers of mind, are regarded, we may well affirm that a more cruel fate has hardly ever blighted such singular expectations as the world had a good right to indulge in him. Born to an immense and unencumbered fortune, with none of the trammels which a numerous body of relations too often impose as more than a counterpoise for any power and influence that such a connection is calculated to confer, this eminent person entered public life with the most perfect independence that ever rising statesman enjoyed. But Nature had been still more lavish of her gifts than Fortune. He possessed one of the most acute and vigorous understandings that any man was ever armed with. His quickness was not accompanied with the least temerity ; on the contrary, he was as sure as the slowest of mankind. His wit was of the brightest order, combining with the liveliest perception of remote resemblances and mere distinctions—the peculiar attribute of wit properly so called—all that nice relish of the ludicrous, especially in character, out of which perfect humour is engendered. His powers of reasoning, though never cultivated in the walks of the stricter sciences, were admirable ; and the tuition of Dugald Stewart had well supplied the defects of an Oxford education in all that concerned metaphysical lore. To a prodigious memory he added a lively imagination, even in matters unconnected with the merriment of humour, and the playfulness of wit. And it was none of the least enviable of his great qualities that, in union with all these endowments, and in spite of that fortune and station usually so inimical of laborious pursuits, he possessed the faculty of intense application ; passing his life by preference in a study, and having

acquired the habits of unremitting intellectual labour as completely as if he had been born a poor man, by necessity become a student, gifted with a slow understanding, and at once devoid of fancy and of acuteness.

‘This distinguished man had early become a consummate classical scholar. The taste which habitually evolving the remains of ancient genius had refined to the most exquisite pitch, and even rendered so fastidious as to impede his own exertions, was subsequently enlarged and variegated by his marvellous facility of acquiring modern languages. Nor was there a great writer from Homer to Dante, and from Dante to Byron, with whose productions he was not perfectly familiar. His acquaintance with the records of history, and with the principles of political as well as moral and metaphysical science, was extensive and profound. . . .’

‘All this was well known when he entered public life, and vast expectations were raised of his success. Nor can it be said with any truth that these were disappointed.’

Great, however, as were the gifts which Nature had bestowed upon him, it is more than probable that they would have been wasted and barren of result had it not been for the influence over him of Professor and Mrs. Stewart during his stay in Edinburgh. The effect of the influence of the professor was to make him realise the moral responsibility imposed upon him by Nature in return for her gifts of wealth and wisdom, and to overcome his inherent reserve and reluctance to take a leading part in public affairs. But, great though Dugald Stewart’s influence undoubtedly was, it is probable that that of Mrs. Stewart—the ‘Ivy’ of his letters—must have been even more beneficial to him.

Ward was evidently a man who deeply needed sympathy, and especially a woman’s sympathy—one to whom he could pour out his heart and his thoughts, and to whom he could look for comfort and advice. Such a woman he found to perfection in Mrs. Stewart. She was sufficiently his senior in point of years for him to be guided by her experience of the world, and yet not too much so for his intense admiration for her to be

united with a certain element of romance. In his earliest letters from Oxford he writes to her as to one who had supplied the place of a mother to him ; she is his ‘dearest mama’ ; then, as a young man entering upon public life, the ‘mama’ is dropped, and the tinge of romance becomes more apparent in the pet name of ‘Ivy.’ In his later letters this form of address also disappears, but his expressions of devotion when they occur show that his love for his divinity remained as strong as ever, though the tone is no longer that of a boyish lover, but of one writing to an old and very dear friend. This love and respect were unbounded, and continued to the end. The writer of the article in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ who must have been an intimate friend of both, tells us :¹ ‘Often have we seen him, when she was stricken in years, seated near her for whole evenings, clasping her hand in both of his. Into her faithful ear he poured his hopes and fears, and unbosomed his inner soul ; with her he maintained a constant correspondence to the last.’

It is this correspondence—or rather such portion of it as survives—which is now presented for the first time to the public. It had been assumed that the whole collection of Lord Dudley’s letters was destroyed by Mrs. Stewart when on her death-bed. The writer in the ‘Quarterly,’ in referring to these letters, goes on to say :—

‘That series of his letters was, we doubt not, the most valuable as well as the most extensive ; but it is said to be no more. She burnt the whole, we are told, when dying herself. She would not trust the holocaust to accident, neither would she deprive herself of a sad pleasure in reading over the expressions of a whole existence devoted to her, until she felt distinctly that the last days of her own drew near.’

Fortunately this statement has proved to be incorrect. Mrs. Stewart may have destroyed some of the letters, but a large portion—some of them originals, others as copies only—still survives, and came into my possession some twelve years ago on the death of a relative, a lady who had been brought up as a

¹ Page 89.

child in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and to whom their daughter Maria—often alluded to in terms of admiration by Lord Dudley in these letters—bequeathed most of her possessions. For many years they remained unnoticed, hidden away in old drawers in a house in the country, which was only lived in for a few months in each year. It was only in the early part of the present year (1904), that, when clearing out cupboards and drawers preparatory to letting the house, curiosity led me to examine the contents of three volumes of manuscripts, which proved to contain full copies of the letters. Further search led to the discovery of one bundle of the originals—only a small portion, however, of the whole—but though I failed to find the remainder, there can be no doubt that they were in existence long after the death of Maria Stewart, for the copies are in the handwriting of the sister (now dead) of the lady to whom Maria left them. A perusal of the letters led to the conclusion that they were well worthy of being made public (with the exception only of a very few passages of a quite private nature), not only on account of the natural charm of their style, and the insight they afford into the sayings and doings of most of the leading actors in an interesting period of history and society, but also as being a true and sincere record of the thoughts and feelings of a very remarkable man, written spontaneously to one from whom he was sure of sympathy and had nothing to conceal. To read these letters is almost as if one heard Lord Dudley pouring his heart out in conversation to her who shared in all his fears and aspirations in the manner just quoted. It is this spontaneity which gives them their special charm.

Unluckily most of the letters were either undated—a ‘vile, careless habit,’ as Lord Dudley himself calls it in one of them—or else only bore the day of the month or week, and in copying them no attempt had been made to arrange them in order of time. It has been necessary, therefore, to trust to the internal evidence contained in the letters themselves in order to get them into chronological order, and the date, where missing, has been inserted in brackets wherever possible, though in two or three instances it must remain uncertain.

Lord Dudley has been introduced to the public before this as a letter writer. But his letters to his old friend and college tutor, Copleston (afterwards Bishop of Llandaff), are of a very different nature from those contained in this volume. They were published by Copleston in 1840, and at once raised great expectations which it cannot be said were fulfilled. The letters certainly did not reveal Lord Dudley's real and lovable character in the least, and those who had known and loved him seem to have severely criticised the Bishop's want of discretion in making them public. This is shown by an epigram, attributed to Croker, which appeared at the time :¹—

Than the first Martyr's Dudley's fate
Still harder must be owned ;
Stephen was only stoned to death,
Ward has been Coplestoned.

This was certainly hard luck upon the man of whom no less an authority than Madame de Staël had said that 'he was the only man in England who really understood the art of conversation.'²

The dullness and disappointing nature of the letters to Copleston is easily accounted for. They were, as was pointed out in the notice of them in the 'Quarterly Review,' the compositions of a pupil nervously sensitive of criticism, writing to his tutor and literary superior, and consequently wanting in ease and freedom of style. They read almost like exercises, and contain apologies for 'incorrect expressions,' and for 'slowness and unreadiness of composition,' clearly showing that the writer was mistrustful of himself, and not writing at his ease. The author of the article in the 'Quarterly' says that this is no mere conjecture of his own, for he speaks to having seen many notes and letters written by Lord Dudley to 'male friends of less lofty station and character than the Bishop,' and of them he says they were, 'comparatively speaking, "rien, pas même académicien," but their nothingness set this shy, nervous

¹ See *Crabb Robinson's Diary*, vol. i. p. 456.

² See *Life of Maria Edgeworth*, by Augustus Hare, vol. i. p. 239.

correspondent at his ease. Notwithstanding we feel that his letters to Mrs. Dugald Stewart must have been far superior still. The false pride which conceals weakness is disarmed by the certainty of a woman's sympathy.'

It is for the public now to decide whether this critic was right.

CHAPTER I

STARTING LIFE

AFTER taking leave of Edinburgh and the Dugald Stewarts, Ward was sent to Oxford, where he matriculated—at Oriel College—on October 17, 1799.¹

From various expressions in his letters, some of which it has not been thought worth while to include here, he does not appear to have formed a very high opinion of the course of education as it then existed at Oxford, nor of the mode of life at the University generally, and at Oriel College in particular. While there, however, he formed a very warm attachment combined with respect for his college tutor, the distinguished Dr. Edward Copleston, who afterwards became Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of Llandaff. This friendship continued unbroken throughout Ward's life, and was evinced by the long series of letters, the publication of a portion of which by the Bishop has been referred to already.

No doubt during his stay at the University many letters must have passed between the young undergraduate and his ‘dearest Mama’ or ‘Ivy,’ by both of which terms of endearment he addresses Mrs. Stewart; but the two short letters which follow are all that survive of this correspondence, and, though they contain nothing of any special interest, it has been thought well to insert them, in order to show the mixture of filial and romantic affection with which the young man of nineteen—or nearly twenty, as he then was—regarded the dear friend who had taken the place of a mother to him :—

¹ In the article in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvii., it is stated that he went *first* to Oxford, and then to Edinburgh. This, however, would appear to be a mistake, as these letters, especially that of March 13, 1805, show that he must have been in Edinburgh early in 1798.

May 21, 1801. [From Oxford.]

I have been intending, my dearest Mama, to write to you every day for this week past, but something or another has always intervened to prevent me. Not that, after all, I have anything very important to communicate ; but I write, as I speak to you, merely for the pleasure of doing it, and without knowing why.

I am vastly angry that you are to stay in Edinburgh all the finest part of spring and summer, when the country would do you so much good. Pray take exercise, and be careful of your health.

G. is, I suppose, with you by this time. *A propos* of that young gentleman . . . It would certainly be very desirable to have him well married, but the difficulties are immense. I fear his pride will never allow him to take a woman with a fortune. As to myself, I should like very well to choose ‘an helpmate,’ some five or six years hence ; but before that can happen I must find a woman I should love, which would not be easy, and I must prevail on her to love me, which would be still harder. Not to mention my not having an independent sixpence. Moreover, my temper is so odd, or, in plain language, so bad, that it would be scarcely right to entrust myself with the care of another’s happiness.

When is there any chance of your being in London ? There is a very strong reason which induces me to be anxious on that subject ; it is because it is only by your being there that I can have one of my most favourite wishes gratified—that is, of having a picture of Ivy. Why don’t you set that x[*sic*] Skirving at work ? He would do it admirably, and I could get a good copy—but a miniature I should greatly prefer—it is portable and unobtrusive. You

must absolutely promise me that you will not be in town again without sitting to Plimer. You are an evil person, but I love you *a little* notwithstanding.

You have of course read Bellendenus's¹ (Parr) magnificent encomium on Mr. S. I wish he had 'veiled it in the obscurity of a learned language,' as he has done the Dean's.² You would have been so plagued by not understanding it. By the bye, it is very singular and surprises everybody that Cyril should have come in for so large a share of praise, as Parr is known to hate him, and affects to despise him.

How goeth it with Q.? Is he as much Q. as ever? I have behaved very ill in not writing to him.

Adieu. I am just going with a large party to Nuneham in a boat.

Write to me whenever you can, if it be but a page. Yours ever very affectionately,

J. W. W.

P.S.—I need hardly say that as to pecuniary matters you intend to do as I wish, and that I should be furiously angry were you to do otherwise.

[Oxford, 1801.]

Your last, my best and dearest mama, gave me the utmost pleasure, for besides the usual joy of

¹ Dr. Samuel Parr, the well-known pedagogue, writer, and preacher. He wrote a Latin dedication and preface to a new edition of some Latin treatises published early in the seventeenth century by an old Scotch professor named William Bellenden, and under the name of 'Bellendenus' took the opportunity to insert a political article, in which he upheld the coalition between Lord North, Burke, and Fox, and attacked Pitt, Shelburne, Thurlow, and Wilkes.

² 'The Dean'—Dr. Cyril Jackson, then Dean of Christ Church (see Lord Dudley's *Letters to the Bishop of Llandaff*, 1841, p. 192). Dr. Jackson is described under the name of President Herbert in R. Plumer Ward's novel, *De Vere*.

hearing from you, it relieved me from some anxiety. I was so execrably nervous and awkward in putting up and wafering your letter that it needed not (I fear) the diplomatic eye of a St. Paul to perceive that it had had some adventures.

I cannot refrain from once more thanking you for your affectionate confidence in entrusting me with this little commission. You could not have gratified or flattered me more. Pray if ever an opportunity occurs when I can be the means of a single moment's passing more happily to you or yours, do not forget to employ me. Nothing am I so anxious for as to be able to testify to you my gratitude and affection. But I shall say nothing more to you on this subject ; you know what I feel.

I left London on this day week. . . . All your letters arrived safe. . . .

Pray write soon, if it be but a line. Remembrances to Mr. S. Adieu, Ivy. Yours ever,

J. W. W.

Ward took his degree of B.A. on June 16, 1802, and, as soon as he was of age, followed the example of many others of Dugald Stewart's distinguished set of pupils, and entered Parliament. A seat was, on July 7, 1802, provided for him in the Borough of Downton in Wiltshire ; but, as appears from the two next succeeding letters, he only held it for a very short time, for on being applied to, to contest the county of Worcester, he, on August 1, 1803, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds in order to stand for the county, for which he was returned in due course.

12 Piccadilly : June 25 [1803].

My dearest Ivy,—A few hours after I received your letter this morning, an express arrived bringing me one from Lord Foley pressing me very earnestly to offer myself for the vacancy in the county, made by the death of his uncle. I have seen the Lord

Lieutenant (Coventry) and the other member (Lygon), whose wishes seem to incline very strongly the same way, and—what in a case of this sort of course weighs with me considerably—my father urges it with the utmost anxiety. Under all these circumstances I hardly dare decline coming forward, and have therefore determined to set out immediately. The situation is certainly in some respects an honourable one, and has this advantage, that, if I once attain it, it will be extremely difficult to turn me out at any future election. Still, however, could I consult my own wishes or my own comfort, I should certainly continue peaceably to represent my snug little borough, where there are no meetings (numerous or respectable) to attend, no Turnpike Acts to get through, and no constituents to shake by the hand. I write to you at the moment of setting out, as I wish you to hear of anything new that happens to me first from myself. You shall hear from me as soon as I have anything worth communicating and a moment's leisure to write. I am assured that I have nothing to fear from the opposition of Mr. Cocks, a son of Lord Somers, who has started.

I have not forgot the Marquis's letter.

Yours ever affectionately,

J. W. WARD.

I shall put this in at Oxford *en passant*!

I have carried it on to Worcester, where I am this instant arrived. All I hear is favourable.

Birmingham: Tuesday, 8 [July 1803].

The last ten days have been very disagreeably employed, and I have literally been without a moment

to spare. As soon as their contest was over, Lyttelton and Lygon began a fresh canvass for the general election, and in this scrape I am involved. Party runs so high that it is impossible to be neuter, and Lyttelton¹ is my confederate. We are going about from place to place, and indeed from door to door, soliciting the votes of the worthy and independent electors. Lyttelton is very popular from his last struggle with the Lygons . . . Lyttelton is not the pleasantest man in the world to act with—he is hot-headed and self-confident beyond belief. *Entre nous* it is not improbable I may end by giving the thing up. I am pretty near sure of success, but it will cost twenty thousand pounds, or some such pretty little sum ; and, besides, I am by no means of an humour to sacrifice myself for two years merely for the honour of being a county member. But this must remain secret till I have fully made up my mind. My father is very eager on the subject, and cares not what money is spent. . . . Pray write to me direct to Worcester. I began a very dismal epistle to you a week ago, but I had no time to finish it, and threw it into the fire.

I was dreadfully out of spirits at that moment. Several disagreeable things came upon me and mine all at once, and this canvass did not by any means console me for my misfortune.

Now I am easier. You shall have a longer and more explanatory letter soon.

Ever yours,

J. W. W.

Pray write—it is charitable.

¹ William Henry Lyttelton, afterwards 3rd Baron Lyttelton of Frankley. He contested the County of Worcester unsuccessfully in March 1806, but was returned as a Whig in the following year.

CHAPTER II

PITT'S LAST ADMINISTRATION

FOR some years after his entrance into Parliament Ward took no part in the debates, but enrolled himself as a silent follower of Pitt, who, we are told on the authority of Lord Brougham, 'estimated him at the highest rate.'¹

In the beginning of the year 1804 Lord Grenville, the leader of the Opposition, had made an attempt to arrange a coalition between himself, Fox, and Pitt with a view to turning out Addington — 'the Doctor' — from his post of Prime Minister. At first Pitt held aloof from this proposal. Grenville accordingly proposed to Fox that he should join with him 'for the purpose of removing the ministry and forming one on the broadest possible basis.' To this Fox agreed, and after the Easter recess of 1804 Pitt, without giving any definite pledge to Fox, let him know that, in case of a change of ministers, he would use his best endeavours to induce the King to receive him and Grenville as his ministers. Pitt then entered into active opposition, and supported Fox's motion on April 23 as to the defence of the country, which, though lost by a majority of 52, was, after the large majorities which the Government had been accustomed to, looked upon almost as a defeat. Two days later Pitt made a vehement attack on the system of defence pursued by Addington, and the Government majority dwindled to 37. On the following day Addington determined to resign, and on April 30 his resignation was accepted by the King.²

Pitt thereupon undertook the task of forming a new administration, and, in fulfilment of his promise to Fox, appealed

¹ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxvii. p. 78.

² See Lord Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, vol. iv. pp. 121, 142–4, 151–2, 164–170, &c.

to the King to be permitted to invite Lord Grenville and his followers (including Fox) to join him. George III. consented, though after some demur, to the inclusion of Lord Grenville, but absolutely objected, in the bluntest and harshest manner conceivable, to Fox. As his Majesty put it himself in a note he sent to Addington, ‘Mr. Fox is excluded by the express command of the King to Mr. Pitt.’ Fox in the most generous way urged Grenville and his followers to disregard him, and accept office under Pitt, saying that he had always felt sure that the King would never consent to accept him as one of his ministers. This, however, after consultation among themselves, they declined to do, saying that they could not accept office without their chief, and the negotiations therefore fell through. Ward was one of those former Pittites who adhered on this occasion to Lord Grenville and Fox. Pitt accordingly had to form his ministry as best he could without them, and amongst his selections were Viscount Melville for the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, and his nephew, William Dundas, for that of Secretary at War. This explains the allusion to the ‘House of Arniston’ in the letter which follows. Canning was also included in the new ministry, and accepted the post of Treasurer of the Navy, which he held till Pitt’s death in January 1806.

Ward at a very early period of his career—though I am not able to fix the exact date—had formed a great friendship for Canning, and, after his separation from the Whigs in 1812, was proud to call him his master, and accepted him as a model both in literature and politics. This admiration is shown in his next letter :—

1 Chesterfield Street : May 18, 1804.

I know not why you should prefer ‘per favour 2’ to the regular way of conveyance by post, but I bow without inquiry to your wisdom, and the packet in question shall be put into his hands Saturday (tomorrow morn), on which he departs. You have done me a real favour by giving me an opportunity of

being of use to the family at least of a man whose delicacy renders it so difficult to offer any direct assistance to himself. I have sent the precise sum you ask, but if anything further should be necessary I trust you will not hesitate to apply to me.

I have nothing new to tell you in the way of politics. The late arrangements have disappointed everybody miserably, except the House of Arniston and its dependencies. No class of people, I believe, is more dissatisfied than Mr. P.'s real friends. They find it hard to leave him, and perhaps at the head of so singular a gang, still harder to support him. In short, to any person beyond the rank of a mere spectator, I cannot conceive a more embarrassing situation.

I have not seen Canning since, but I suspect he is far from being at his ease. Perhaps I may be mistaken, but he has appeared to me during all the late transactions to have acted a very honourable part. No man could labour more constantly or more zealously to bring about an entire conciliation between the two great leaders, and I once began to flatter myself that he had succeeded.

I know of no pamphlets worth sending. You have, of course, long since read and forgot the 'Cursory Remarks' and the 'Plain Answer' with all their ill-favoured progeny.

I had once intended to have made a parcel of two or three little things, such as George Huddesford's and Richard's 'Poems,' but I have since seen them in Q.'s collection, which he means to carry to Edinburgh, so that they would not be of any use.

À propos of poems, I am to be fed to-day by the author of the 'P[leasures] of Memory.' Did you

ever meet with him? In his manners he is like his own works, polished and finished to the most marvellous perfection. Perhaps he is a little affected, but on the whole he appears a very amiable man. I met the other day in the same company with him another bard—Bowles¹—who afforded to him a most amusing contrast. This man is more like Parson Adams than anything I have ever before seen. It was quite impossible to conceal, even from himself, the extreme merriment which his simplicity excited. I should have rather been pleased with him, but for a cause which has also prevented me from looking into his works, *videlicet*, that he has spoken irreverently of Pope.

What say you to the Emperor Napoleon I.?² For my part I cannot blame him. The foundation of a new Dynasty in France is the most splendid object ever presented to human ambition, and who would not grasp it if fortune placed it within his reach?

Sydney Smith has become alternate preacher at a chapel close to my present abode. I am afraid his style is not likely to please London congregations. Its defects are obvious, and its merits, which are certainly not inconsiderable, quite beyond their comprehension. Adieu.

J. W. W.

1 Chesterfield Street: March 13, 1805.

You have certainly not forgotten that, by a singular enough coincidence, I saw you for the first

¹ William Lisle Bowles, poet, divine, and antiquary, and subsequently a chaplain to the Prince Regent.

² Proclaimed Emperor May 20, 1804.

time on your birthday. How long it is since the Ivy was produced to the admiring world I am by no means so ill-bred as to calculate, but since I made her acquaintance is just seven years. It is with infinite pleasure, my dearest mama, that I reflect that though during the far greater part of that time we have been separated by a distance which would have long since put an end to any ordinary friendship, ours has if possible increased, and that we are at this moment (you see I venture to speak for you as well as for myself) quite as much attached to each other as we were during the last month of my stay in Lothian House. Surely it is not unreasonable to conclude that what has stood the test of so many years will continue through many more, and I am not afraid to promise myself that our affection will end only with our lives. Certainly it would be far, far better if we could meet more frequently. A thousand circumstances arise which, though it is not easy to commit them to paper, I should be glad to communicate to you, and a thousand others on which I should wish to have your advice; and although, thank heaven, in my very prosperous life, but few causes of uneasiness occur, even they would be diminished were you at hand to console me. Notwithstanding this the good preponderates over the evil, and I have a constant source of comfort in reflecting that there exists, however far removed and however rarely seen, a person of the most amiable disposition and the finest understanding, who entertains for me the purest and warmest regard, who rejoices in my prosperity, who would grieve at my misfortunes, and from whose thoughts I am never

very long absent. You will receive many congratulations to-day; be assured that those of your own children will be hardly more cordial than mine. Adieu. Long may you enjoy life, health, and happiness. Make my kindest remembrances to Mr. S.

London : April 2, 1805.

As you are a spiteful factious Ivy you will be glad to hear that everything is looking as ill as possible for Melville. It is generally supposed that the Doctor means to desert him.

Wm. Dundas is reported to have said that the best thing his uncle could do was to resign and retire in Scotland. The story has descended to and agitates even the lowest order of people. A sentence in the 'Wheel of Fortune' alluding, though but remotely, to public peculation, was received a few nights ago with acclamations which interrupted the performance nearly ten minutes.

Did you get the Tenth Report?¹ I sent you Ash's copy. Ever yours,

J. W. W.

¹ The 10th Report (relating to the office of Treasurer of the Navy) of the Commissioners who had been appointed to inquire into the frauds and irregularities which were supposed to exist in the Naval Department was presented to the House on February 13, 1805, and gave rise to grave suspicions against Lord Melville, as it was shown that large sums of public money had been applied to purposes other than those of the Navy. On April 8, 1805, Whitbread called the attention of the House to the 10th Report, and moved a series of resolutions setting out the case against Melville. Pitt thereupon moved the previous question, and promised that if it was carried he would move that the Report should be referred to a Select Committee. On a division the numbers were equal, and the Speaker (Abbot) gave his casting vote in favour of Whitbread's motion. Melville at once resigned. On April 25 Whitbread moved that the 10th Report should be referred to a Select Committee, which was appointed on the following day. On May 27 the Report of the Committee was presented.

Tuesday [April 9, 1805].

An't you ashamed of yourself for libelling our immaculate House? You really don't deserve the spirited and independent vote we came to in spite of the whole influence of the Government. The truth is that a certain thing called 'The People,' which for some years past has fallen almost into total oblivion, had begun to manifest its displeasure by such clear and visible tokens, that few men who had any regard for their character or their constituents dared to support Lord M.

Petty's speech was really admirable.

Pitt miserable—his powers of language even seemed to fail him in this worst of causes. I never remember so anxious or so interesting a moment as that which intervened between the declaration of the numbers and the Speaker's decision. Wilberforce contributed very much to the event by the strong way in which he gave his opinion.

What makes the triumph more complete is, that it was obtained without any help from the Doctor, who behaved with his accustomed meanness.

Adieu.

I have William Spencer and Lord Temple in the room, and they make such an abominable noise that I hardly know what I am writing. Ever yours,

J. W. W.

Melville was heard in his own defence at the Bar of the House, and at the close of his speech Whitbread moved that he 'be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanours.' After some discussion as to the right mode of procedure, the impeachment was agreed to, and the proceedings in Parliament relating thereto are referred to further on in another letter.

The short note which follows may require a few words of explanation. The reference is to the debate of Thursday, June 20, 1805, on Mr. Grey's motion on the state of public affairs.

Fox in his speech had, after paying the highest tribute 'to the splendid talents of the right hon. gentleman himself' (Pitt), maintained that there was nothing independently of them to entitle the administration to any peculiar confidence, and had stated that he felt sure that the only chance of safety lay in an administration formed to comprehend all that was respectable for rank, talent, character, and influence in the country. He trusted that nobody could suppose that any individual would suffer any personal ambition to stand in the way of the formation of such a ministry. Without such a combination he knew that there was no chance of the country weathering the storm. Pitt, in reply, so far as appears from the Parliamentary Report, took no notice of the overtures thus thrown out for strengthening his administration by a coalition with Fox.¹

He was, however, at this time suffering both from ill-health and from the severe strain of the Session; and though he did not respond openly on this occasion to Fox's suggestion, in his heart he cherished the hope that the King might now, after the experience of the year that had intervened since the last attempt, be more inclined to listen favourably to his request and counsel for an extended basis of administration.

He accordingly sought an audience with the King, which took place on September 21, 1805, and Pitt renewed his former request for the introduction of Grenville, Fox, and some others of their party into the ministry. The King, however, was even more obdurate and impracticable than on the former occasion, so the proposal again fell to the ground.²

Friday, 21 [June 1805].

I can give no explanation of the strange debate last night, but I believe Fox himself thinks he went

¹ *Parl. Deb.* vol. v. p. 526.

² See Lord Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, vol. iv. pp. 333-5.

too far in conciliation. Many of his friends are extremely offended, and I don't believe a coalition will really take place.

Pitt in reply was civil but cold—he is too discreet to hold out a flag of distress. I have no time to write more now, except to say that I have obeyed your commands, and that I am quite well. Adieu.

1 Chesterfield Street: August 26, 1805.

May I not venture to hope that my dearest Ivy will partake in the pleasure I feel at being able to tell her that I have now settled everything for my journey to Scotland? On this day week Drummond¹ and I set out, and if his dignity as an ambassador does not oblige him to move slower than ordinary men, we shall reach Edinburgh on Friday, 6th. Relying upon your frequent and cordial invitations, I mean to make you a visit of most formidable length.

It will not be necessary for me to be in the south till October 1, so that there will be almost three weeks between my first invasion and my final retreat. D. wants me to go with him to Logie Almond, but if Mr. S. will furnish me with books, and if Ivy will lounge about with me when it is fine, I shall not be anxious to visit the Perthshire mountains. There will not be time enough for me to receive an answer to this *here*, therefore be so good as to send me a line directed to the Post Office, Ferrybridge.

We shall be at Walker's (worst of hotels !!) the first night, but I shall come to you the next morning—

¹ Sir William Drummond, of Logie Almond, the scholar and diplomatist. He was sent in 1801 as Envoy-Extraordinary to the Court of Naples, and in 1803 as Ambassador to Constantinople.

indeed, if we reached Edinburgh early in the day, I should be glad to proceed directly to Bankhead. As I presume *Quod*¹ is still with you, who, on the score of old friendship, will be perfectly willing to do for me the little I shall require to be done (you know the operations of my toilettes are carried on without much assistance), I shall not plague you and myself with my own servant, who may amuse and enlarge his mind by surveying the curiosities of the Scottish metropolis in my absence. Adieu. I am quite happy in the prospect of seeing you. I am going to-morrow to Tonbridge for two or three days to see the Spencers, and return at the end of the week.

¹ This may possibly be the 'short-faced old butler in black,' who 'came out of a sort of sentry-box back-door to receive us,' alluded to by Miss Edgeworth in her letter of June 2, 1823, describing her visit to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart at Kinneil. See *Life of Maria Edgeworth* by Augustus Hare, vol. ii. p. 93. See *post*, letter of September 4, 1821.

CHAPTER III

‘ ALL THE TALENTS ’

ON January 23, 1806, Mr. Pitt died, and the King had to choose a minister to succeed him. Lord Hawkesbury (afterwards Earl of Liverpool), who had presided at the Home Office in Pitt's ministry, refused to carry on the Government after the death of his chief, and the task of forming a new administration was entrusted to Lord Grenville. He proceeded to gather together under his leadership the principal members of the three parties which had been acting together in opposition, and formed the remarkable but short-lived administration known as ‘ All the Talents.’

Lord Grenville became First Lord of the Treasury ; Fox, Foreign Secretary ; Lord Henry Petty, Chancellor of the Exchequer ; Lord Sidmouth (as Addington had become), Privy Seal ; Lord Erskine, Lord Chancellor ; Sir Charles Grey (afterwards Viscount Howick and Earl Grey), First Lord of the Admiralty ; William Windham, Colonial Secretary ; Sir Samuel Romilly, Solicitor-General ; and Sheridan, Treasurer of the Navy. Lord Holland was made a Privy Councillor, and in October became Lord Privy Seal. Lord Ellenborough, then Lord Chief Justice, was also given a seat in the Cabinet—a measure which raised a good deal of hostile criticism.

The circumstances which led to the downfall of this brilliant galaxy, within little more than a year of its formation, are referred to further on in these letters.

1 Chesterfield Street : January 7, 1806.

The Lord have mercy on the Rev. Dr. Baird,¹ Principal of the University of Edinburgh ! I see a

¹ Dr. George Husband Baird, appointed Principal of Edinburgh University in 1793. Shortly before Ward's stay in Edinburgh, three of

great deal to praise, and nothing to correct, in the few short paragraphs Mr. Stewart has dedicated to crushing him.

I came to town yesterday, and leave it again to-morrow, so that I shall hardly see Horner; but I will send him the papers with an injunction not to show them.

The particulars you mention of poor Mrs. D.'s death¹ had already reached me, with this important difference, however, that it was said she was aware of the dog's being mad. This makes the fifth sudden and unexpected death among persons with whom I was acquainted in the course of twelve months, beginning with Lady Vincent, and ending with her. I ought to have said the sixth, for Sir Edmd. WInnington, with whom I was becoming very intimate, and whom I every day see more reason to regret, had for a moment escaped me in the melancholy enumeration. Did I ever tell you his history? If I did not you shall hear it next time I write—it is like a novel.

I heard yesterday the report you will see in the

Dugald Stewart's pupils—each of them destined to rise to great future distinction—viz. Henry Brougham, Francis Horner, and Lord Henry Petty —got into a scrape with the authorities about a challenge which had been sent to one of the professors. All three were summoned before the Senatus Academicus, but only Brougham obeyed the summons. It is stated that Dr. Baird's rebuke to him was so delivered and so accepted that a warm friendship ensued, which lasted long after Brougham had entered public life. (See *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, article on Dr. Baird.)

¹ Mrs. Duff, the sister of the Duchess of St. Albans and wife of James, afterwards Viscount MacDuff. She died at Edinburgh in December 1805, of a fever, it was said at the time, but in reality from the bite of a mad dog. Rogers wrote a poem on the sad event, and sent it three years afterwards to Sir Walter Scott, who alludes to it in a letter to Rogers which is given in *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, by Clayden, vol. i. p. 60.

‘Chronicle’ of to-day about Pitt’s illness, and intention of quitting the Government. It was added that Lord Hawkesbury was to become the First Lord of the Treasury. Surely, degraded as the public of this country is, it will not acquiesce in such an arrangement. You shall hear from me again very soon. For the present, adieu.

(Stamped on cover) Midhurst : January 15, 1806.

[First part of letter missing.]

. . . You want to know something about Miss C. Fanshawe.¹ All I can tell you is that she is the daughter of a gentleman of good family and moderate fortune, who dwells near Ryegate in Surrey. She is forty-two years old, very plain, and rather crooked —what Sydney Smith would call ‘a curvilinear old maid.’ She is, as you perceive, no middling person in point of talents, and Sotheby tells me that nothing can be more amiable than her disposition, and as far as disposition goes I will allow him to be a good judge. I never saw her, but everybody that has been in her company speaks of her conversation as being delightful, whenever her shyness allows her to talk.

One word more and I have done, for this is a merciless letter. You promised me when I was last in Scotland to be ill no more, but to enjoy from thenceforth an uninterrupted course of good health to the end of your days. But you have been very faithless, and I am angry at my disappointment. Pray let me know how you really do. Is it *only*

¹ Catherine Maria Fanshawe the poetess. She wrote the well-known riddle commencing ‘Twas whispered in Heaven, ’twas muttered in Hell,’ &c., often attributed to Byron.

your old headache? I need not say *only*, for that was painful enough, but it was not alarming. It is the cursed [*word illegible*] of which I am most afraid.

Adieu, my dearest Ivy.

Mrs. DUGALD STEWART,
Canongate, Edinburgh.

Thursday. [End of January 1806.]

Nothing is yet known about the arrangements that are to take place in consequence of Mr. Pitt's death. Most likely the King will try Sidmouth, and the débris of Pitt's Government—*i.e.* if Sidmouth is fool enough to engage in such a scheme, which many people think he will not. I never was more disgusted than by the savage exultation of some part of the Grenville family at an event which no difference in politics ought to have prevented them from deplored. Don't mention me as having said this, though the fact is notorious enough.

Petty¹ starts for Cambridge, and with every chance of success. I shall be too late if I write a word more. God bless you, my dearest Ivy.

One of the remarks was that if he died in the morning of yesterday, there would probably be an execution in his house before night.

Saturday, 5 o'clock. [End of January 1806.]

They now say that Hawkesbury is *not* appointed, but Mr. Fox thinks he will [be]. Lord Castlereagh has promised a new ministry for Monday, which looks very much as if it was to be composed of the remains of the old one.

¹ Lord Hy. Petty, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne. He was elected member for the University, defeating Lord Palmerston and Lord Althorp.

Lord Palmerston has started for Cambridge, not upon the ‘ministerial,’ for that is a word one cannot very well use when there is no minister, but in the Court interest, with every chance of beating both Petty and Althorp, unless one gives way and unites his strength to the other.

Thursday. [1806. ? about February.]

I don’t know whether the account came early enough for insertion in the evening papers, but for fear it should not ‘these presents’ are to certify unto thee that the Cape is taken.¹ The first person from whom I heard it was Mr. R. Ward, notwithstanding which I have since been induced to believe it true upon the testimony of several *credible* witnesses.

Why don’t you let me hear from you ?

1 Chesterfield Street: Saturday, 26. [? April 1806.]

My last was not a very kind letter. I told you a long story about my own affairs, but said not one word concerning yours, except to scold you.

I hope, however, notwithstanding my silence on the subject, you will give me credit for feeling real pleasure at the probability of Mat.’s² promotion. You don’t say how long he is to stay in town, or where he is to be found, but I shall easily learn both from some of our common friends.

The pamphlet upon the ‘State of the Nation’ is

¹ Taken from the Dutch by Sir David Baird and Sir Horne Popham, January 8, 1806.

² Matthew Stewart, a son of Dugald Stewart and his first wife. He went to India in 1807 as A.D.C. to Lord Minto, rose to the rank of Colonel, wrote several pamphlets on Indian affairs which attracted attention, and retired after the peace.

lying upon my table. As I had not ordered it, I presume it has been sent by the author.

I am this moment arrived, and write to you immediately—not, to say the truth, so much for the sake of apologising to you for the lecture I thought proper to give you a couple of days ago, which you may perhaps be impertinent enough not to mind, as to let you know that I am tolerably well and none the worse for my journey. My cough still plagues me a little, but I have no fever or any other unpleasant symptom, so that I hope by care and a milk diet to get rid of it in a few days.

The objection to Lord Lauderdale¹ on the score of religion must, I presume, be ‘that he is addicted to the Christian Faith’; at least that is the only objection that could be urged with anything like force or consistency by the India Company, which from its first establishment to the present day has never taken a single step towards the propagation of the Gospel. All religious offices, as they are called here, are performed there by laymen. No such thing as a clergyman in the Peninsula—except, indeed, some person under the denomination of chaplain may be found lurking in two or three of the principal factories. I remember one, Mr. T. Sydenham, a diplomatic servant of the Company, and who returned to that country under the patronage of Lord Wellesley two or three years ago, remarking to me ‘that to be convinced of the absurdity of that argument in favour of religion which rests upon its

¹ In 1806 Lord Lauderdale was offered the Governor-Generalship of India by Fox, but withdrew his claims in consequence of the strong opposition of the Court of Directors to his appointment.

being necessary to the well-being of society, a man need only take a view of the flourishing Colonies of the English in India.’ The fit of devotion which has seized the directors is really unaccountable.

Adieu. I have no time to write more now, but you shall hear from me again very soon.

1 Chesterfield Street: Thursday. [About May 1806.]

I am now very much in the habit of receiving abusive anonymous letters. One which came this morning contained a charge which, if true, would be heavy indeed—‘that I never had a friend.’ S. is at this moment in the room—that, to go no further, proves it to be false, but the note from you which I got at the same time affords a refutation of it which, somehow or another, is to my own mind still more satisfactory.

Your affectionate anxiety about me does not allow me to doubt that I *have* a friend—as warm and sincere a friend as ever existed.

My last crossed yours on the road—it would certify you as to the fact of my having the hooping-cough. It was a relief to me to know the nature of it. For a hooping-cough it is very gentle—if it had been a common cough I should have considered it as the certain foundation of a pulmonary complaint, a thing to which I had always flattered myself I had not the smallest tendency, and which would have been the more distressing, as it would have come upon me totally by surprise. I don’t suffer much inconvenience, as a proof of which I have been walking about with Drummond¹ all the morning

¹ See note *ante*, p. 29.

& went the other way round

It will last tho' for ever, and I lay my account to coughing and taking hemlock the whole summer.

I cannot give you much comfort about Lord Melville. The gentle nature of the Peers, I am afraid, disposes them too much to acquit him, and Trotter's evidence, tho' to impartial men and to those who have attended to the proceedings of Criminal Courts, it appears merely as the artful and premeditated perjury of a rogue, who, secure from justice, and irretrievably ruined in character, is desirous to save his accomplice by taking upon himself the undivided guilt of what really was a joint transaction, is still such as to afford a colourable pretext for a verdict of 'not guilty.'

I saw Mat. this morning for a moment—he seems quite well.

Pray do you know the history of all these difficulties about Lord Selkirk's¹ appointment? It seems now understood that he is *not* to go. So much the better for him, *selon moi*, who would not for a dukedom and the Garter sacrifice my time and comfort in a mission among the Yankees. I have

¹ Lord Selkirk was not sent upon this contemplated mission to America. Disputes had arisen in 1806 between this country and the United States with regard to our practice of impressing British seamen found on board their merchant-ships on the high seas, to our alleged violation of their neutral rights by seizing and condemning their merchantmen, and to our infringement of their maritime jurisdiction upon their own coasts. After the exchange of much diplomatic correspondence between the two countries, the American Government at last determined to send a special mission to England for the adjustment of differences. This was done, and the Commissioners were instructed to obtain from Great Britain a clear and precise rule for regulating their trade with the colonies of our enemies not liable to be changed by Orders in Council or otherwise. Conferences were held in London, and a clear understanding was ultimately arrived at on the principal points in issue.

heard, too, that he is a strenuous supporter of the rule of the war of 1756 [1776]. If that is the case I am glad for the sake of the country that it is to be in other hands. Right or wrong we shall be forced to give the point up, and it is better to yield at once than undertake a disastrous war.

I also understand that he considers himself as ill-used. That I don’t think unlikely. All powerful Governments are more or less insolent. Adieu.

1 Chesterfield Street : June 6 [1806].

One of my reasons for not delaying my last letter was the apprehension of what it seems actually occurred—Lord A.’s sending you an exaggerated account of my illness.

The truth is that when he called I was not able to receive him. Sick people have but a limited quantity of spirits and conversation, and I was therefore, tho’ very unwillingly, obliged to exclude an old friend whose demands upon both are not easily answered even in full health.

The worst of it is that I am not well yet ; cold has succeeded cold, and until I am able to take the bark, which I have hitherto been prevented from doing by the fear of bringing back my fever, I must remain a close prisoner. All this is certainly provoking, at the season when the world is most alive, and particularly as I had done nothing to deserve it.

I was at Worcester on permanent duty with my volunteer corps, and lived the most regular wholesome life imaginable, rising early, taking exercise, drinking even less than my usual very moderate portion of wine. In short, I have nothing to thank for it but

fate and the east wind, which has ceased to blow this day for the first time for more than two months.

I am really concerned to hear of Lord A.'s accident; it must be doubly painful to a person of his active habits. It was from G. that I first heard that poor Lady A. no longer felt towards him as she used, and as I make no doubt he deserves. Why did you hesitate to employ me as you at first intended?

It is hard to hold out the prospect of assisting to tell a fable, and then to remove it. I have always had a penchant that way, so strong a one indeed that I have sometimes been upon the point of mistaking it for a call to Holy Orders.

If you are in Edinburgh at the time of his arrival you will be attacked in a few days by Sharp¹ (whom I believe you are already acquainted with). You know that he is a very leading person (what the American savages would call 'an influential character') among the promoters of the London Institution. The citizens had raised a monstrous sum for this purpose, and are willing to give more, so that all that is to be considered is its application. Now this is a point upon which I suspect they want sadly to be *endoctrinés*. If the worshipful the Aldermen

¹ Granville Sharp, the well-known philanthropist and liberationist. His action in befriending and sheltering runaway slaves in this country involved him in much litigation, which finally resulted in the famous decision in the case of James Sommersett, in which the great principle was first laid down by the Judges 'that as sure as any slave sets his foot upon English territory he becomes free.'

Besides helping in the starting of the London Institution, which was founded in 1806 mainly by Sir Francis Baring, Sharp also took a prominent part in founding the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the African Institution in 1807, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews in 1808.

are left to their own imaginations, it is perfectly certain that it will end in their making just such another place as that we have at this end of the town, that is a mere gewgaw and lounge for grown-up persons who like to drink chocolate in a book-room, and to see bits of iron burnt under a blue glass, with the addition perhaps of a great dirty gallery full of bad pictures. I have had but little conversation about it with Sharp, but I am afraid that even his head is not quite clear of this task; but he means to consult Mr. Stewart, and I hope he will not refuse to give him some advice.

It appears to me that the only way in which they can do any real good is by making it, in some measure, a place of education, and that with that view they ought to found half a dozen professorships, with houses, and *small* fixed salaries annexed, depending for their increase upon the *honoraire* paid by each student. In a word, by doing what has already been done at Edinburgh with so much success. The execution of all this would cost about 40,000l., and they might spend the remaining 60,000l. (for it seems they will have 100,000l. in all) as idly as they pleased. They mean, of course, however, to found a library which ought to be placed precisely on the same footing with that of your college. I know not how far it would be practicable to induce them to adopt this plan, at the outline of which I have just hinted, but I make but little doubt that Mr. Stewart will agree with me as to its probable effects in an immense town containing such a number of young people whom commercial pursuits or other circumstances prevent from going to either university, but who

would grasp at instruction were it placed within their reach.

When I began I meant to have concluded in a single page, but ‘when one has begun a chapter’ (as Sterne says) ‘God knows how it may end.’ Adieu, my dearest Ivy—pray don’t forget to do what you can towards enlightening Threadneedle Street, and to pray for my final recovery. Not a word of news.

Wednesday night. [June 1806.]

‘Comparisons is odorous,’ but I am inclined to suspect that, if the truth were known, the envelopes are valued almost as highly as the letters they contain. As my last was written from bed and within a very few hours of my arrival, I think it possible that it might not have been quite sufficient to relieve Ivy from the anxieties she would probably feel about the fatigue of the journey &c., and these few lines are therefore to inform her that I have not felt the smallest inconvenience in consequence of it. Honesty, too, as well as affection, is a motive for writing—and I repay the loan which my economy rendered superfluous. By the bye—*à propos* of honesty, pray don’t embezzle the money, but give it immediately to Mr. S. I say immediately, because if you keep it in your hands more than a few minutes the temptation will certainly be too strong for you to resist.

I dined yesterday at Holland House. We had Curran there, who, with no very perfect taste in conversation, is extremely entertaining. He gave us an admirable dialogue between Richard Burke, Grattan, and Egan.

It seems that Sharp has been saying that he had

considerable hopes of getting Mr. S. to preside over the Institution. Was not this talking a little out of book? But there is no telling with whom the exaggeration rests, and I think Lady H. (who mentioned it to me) as likely to have *imagined* it as S. You had better not say anything about it to Mr. S., as it would provoke him to find that such a report had been circulated without his authority. I, of course, said that I very much doubted whether any proposal of that nature had been yet made to him, directly or indirectly—nay, whether the idea of it had ever presented itself to his mind.

It is perfectly true that the poor Doctor’s son¹ has stabbed himself in a fit of phrensy. Tierney has seen Lord S., and was told that he was recovering. His father ascribes his derangement to intense study, but I presume it is more deeply seated.

I go to Woolbeding to-morrow. You shall hear from me very soon after I get there. Direct to me at Lord R. Spencer’s, Woolbeding, Midhurst. Adieu.

P.S.—I have desired that Mat.’s parcel should be forwarded by the proper conveyance to Woolwich.

The trial of Lord Melville upon the impeachment of the House of Commons commenced in Westminster Hall on April 29, 1806, and lasted till May 17, after fifteen days’ hearing.

¹ Henry Addington, eldest son of Lord Sidmouth, was a youth of great promise, and had been a great favourite with Mr. Pitt, who used to play chess with him. Unhappily, being sent to Oxford, and ambitious of distinction, he overstrained the powers of his mind. In the summer of 1805 he was dangerously ill. When the danger passed it was found that he had sunk into a state of stupor or rather imbecility. Seldom stirring, never speaking, and giving no sign of either pain or pleasure—such was the mournful state in which he continued till his death in 1823. (Lord Stanhope’s *Life of Pitt*, vol. iv. p. 336.)

On the conclusion of the proceedings in Westminster Hall the Lords discussed the evidence with closed doors for eight or ten days. During their discussion two questions of law were submitted to the Judges, viz. :—

1st. Whether, subsequent to the Act by which the office of Treasurer to the Navy was regulated, it was legal for the Treasurer to take money from the Bank and vest it in the hands of a private banker, provided that such money was drawn *bona fide* for naval purposes ?

To this question the Judges replied unanimously that there was no provision in the Act forbidding such a transfer.

2ndly. Whether, previous to the passing of the said Act, but subsequent to the issuing of the warrant by which the salary of the Treasurer of the Navy was increased upon condition of his not making use of the public money, his having made use of that money would subject him to a criminal or to a civil prosecution ?

In their answer to this the Judges were unanimously of opinion that such an act would render the Treasurer liable to a civil prosecution only.

These two decisions rendered it certain that there would be an acquittal, and Lord Melville was formally acquitted by a large majority of the Peers on June 12.

He was restored to his seat in the Privy Council on April 8 of the following year.

[June 1806.]

I am afraid you won't think much better of our Judges than you do of your own when I tell you (what I have just heard, not having been present myself) that, upon the question being put to them, they unanimously declared that the placing of public money in a private banker's hands under circumstances similar to those under which it was so placed by Lord Melville, *is not contrary to Act of Parliament*. From the moment this decision was given, his acquittal, which was already from every appear-

ance highly probable, of course became certain. His friends anticipate in triumph his restoration to the Privy Council &c.

My father looks so well that I don’t expect to be in the House of Peers these twenty years—about the time it will take to re-establish the credit of the order after such a judgment as that they are about to give.

Adieu. I have not time to write any more, but you shall hear from me again soon. I saw Mat. yesterday, quite well.

H. of C. Friday.

When do you mean to come south? Let me know when you have settled anything. I will keep the secret,¹ but I should like to be informed that I may be in the way. I ought to add that the case was put to the Judges (as all such cases are put) in an abstract form, as a *matter of law* unconnected with what may have been the *matter of fact*.

Thursday. [Probably about July 1806.]

Your letter has delighted me beyond measure, my dearest Ivy. I cannot describe to you with what pleasure I look forward to receiving under my own roof the persons whom I love as my other parents. Pray assure Mr. S. that I shall not suffer the *smallest* inconvenience by his being here, and that I depend upon his being as much at his ease as if he were in his own house. I shall count the days till you come. I hope to heaven no obstacle will occur to prevent your journey, and most of all that that obstacle will

¹ This may possibly refer to the fact that Mr. Stewart was about to accompany Lord Lauderdale, who was sent in August of 1806 as Minister Plenipotentiary to Paris with full powers to conclude a peace.

not be the state of your health. You are a little too late in the season, but many of your friends are still in town, and perhaps, in a selfish view, I ought to be glad that you have not more.

Last time you was in town you might as well have continued in Edinburgh for me, as I hardly had a glimpse of you. People who can only meet by appointment never meet at all, at least during the hurry of a short visit to London, but now you may look in upon me whenever you have a quarter of an hour to spare, and no day will be completely a blank.

Fox is amazingly better. Ever yours,

J. W. W.

CHAPTER IV

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S ADMINISTRATION

THE brief but brilliant administration of ‘All the Talents’ came to an abrupt termination in March 1807. The cause arose as follows: On March 5, Lord Howick introduced a Bill to enable Roman Catholics and Dissenters to serve in the army and navy. George III., with his usual violent prejudice against the Catholics, informed Lords Grenville and Howick that he would never give his consent to the Bill becoming law, and it was accordingly dropped by the ministry. In the minute to the King, however, Lords Grenville and Howick informed his Majesty that they reserved to themselves the right to express openly in Parliament their views in favour of the Roman Catholic claims. The King strongly resented this intention on the part of his ministers, and demanded a positive assurance from them that never again would they urge him to make any concessions whatever to Catholics. Lord Grenville naturally declined to give any such assurance as to his conduct in the future, and informed the King accordingly that it was out of the power of his ministers to do so. The King thereupon promptly dismissed them, and on March 25 they handed over their seals of office. The Duke of Portland was sent for and entrusted with the task of forming a new ministry, he taking the post of First Lord of the Treasury; Lord Hawkesbury (afterwards Lord Liverpool), Lord Castlereagh, and Canning were appointed Secretaries of State; Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Eldon, the Lord Chancellor; Lord Westmorland, Privy Seal; and Lord Mulgrave, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Although there cannot be much difference of opinion that Lord Grenville was right in declining to give a pledge as to his

conduct in the future, his action in attaching a condition to his withdrawal of the Catholic Relief Bill was more open to criticism, and many of his followers were much annoyed, and looked upon his conduct as nothing short of political suicide.¹

Parliament was dissolved on April 29 ; so the following letter, which bears no date beyond ‘Friday,’ must have been written some time between the formation of the new ministry and the dissolution.

At the time of writing it Mr. Ward was representing Petersfield in the House of Commons. In the new Parliament he was returned for Wareham. During the short Session before the dissolution he greatly distinguished himself by his able and eloquent advocacy of the abolition of the Slave Trade. This was all the more creditable in his case owing to the fact that he was the heir to large possessions in the West Indies.

The new ministers were at this time doing all they could to excite a cry in the country against Popery, and to use religion as an instrument to favour their ambition.

Friday. [April 1807.]

When Peter asked me for a frank to you this morning, I was struck with shame at recollecting how long it is since I have written to you, and how many very kind letters remain unanswered. The fact is that first my eyes would not allow me to write at all, and that afterwards I waited in hopes of being able to communicate some favourable intelligence from the political world.

But if I wait for that, it may be long enough before you hear from me, seeing that things grow worse and worse. The new Government, destitute as it is of all that support which is derived from talents and character, will, I am afraid, terminate only with

¹ See *Memoirs of Sir S. Romilly*, 3rd ed. vol. ii. p. 50. For a full account of the proceedings between the King and the ministry relating to the Catholic Relief Bill, see Lord Holland’s *Memoirs of the Whig Party*, Book the Fourth, vol. ii. pp. 159–205.

the death of the King, or some great national calamity that will frighten people into reason. Bigotry and Toryism are so prevalent, that I am persuaded the majority out of Parliament, as well as in it, is favourable to them already, and with the means of unbounded corruption in their hands they will get stronger every day—not to speak of the effect of a dissolution, which cannot be delayed more than a few months. I mention this lest any of our friends, some of whom I perceive are much too sanguine, should have flattered you with the hopes of a speedy change.

Opposition is very strong, but I am not sure (to use the modern dialect) ‘that it contains in itself the principle of success.’ Lord Grenville is stout and able, but he an’t conciliatory ; and Lord Howick, though nobody’s manners can be more agreeable towards his friends and towards all those whom he is disposed to like, is not much calculated to captivate and hold together country gentlemen and weak brethren.

Besides, the King is so old, has had such a large family, and has been such a regular attendant upon divine service, that the greatest part of his subjects think there would be no evil so dreadful as that of shocking any one of his prejudices even in the slightest degree. In short, no person ought to come on board who is not prepared for short allowance and a long voyage, and so thinks our friend Lord Selkirk,¹ with whose desertion I was not much surprised, as I have had ‘but a poor opinion of him’ since the transaction about the American mission at the beginning of the last year, in which he did not display much candour

¹ See note *ante*, p. 38.

or much disinterested zeal for the public. And yet he is a man not without talents, and capable of very generous actions, which renders some parts of his conduct quite unaccountable. *Entre nous* I suspect that he and all his family are a little crazy.

As to myself I am afraid that I am to be a sufferer by all these things. The old gentleman has unluckily taken it into his head to be more than usually eager in Tory politics, and it is by no means certain that, in the event of a dissolution (which is sure to take place), he would bring me in again. This would be ‘uncommon disagreeable,’ but there is no help for it, and I need not tell you that I had a thousand times rather go out than do anything in contradiction to my own wishes and principles.

I find Peter is going to settle at Exeter. . . .

Horner says he likes him very much, and his opinion is a good one. By the bye, I am grown gradually very intimate with the said philosopher, and I flatter myself he has a real regard for me. He is a most excellent man. His talents (good as they are) by no means compose the best part of his character. I never met with any person all whose feelings were so correct, so delicate. It shall not be my fault if I ever lose sight of him.

Adieu, my dearest Ivy. Don’t be angry with me for my laziness, but write to me soon.

CHAPTER V

SPAIN AND THE WAR

THERE is a gap of a year and a half in the correspondence between the last letter and the four which follow, referring to a journey to Spain which Mr. Ward took in the autumn of 1808. Lord Holland accompanied Sir David Baird to Corunna, and made a prolonged tour in Spain, not returning till the autumn of 1809. Whether or not Mr. Ward was his companion during the first portion of this tour I am unable to say, as unfortunately the letters from Spain which he no doubt wrote to Mrs. Stewart, in fulfilment of his promise, are missing from those which have come into my possession. He could not, however, have been with the Hollands for very long, as he was back in London by January 1809.

It was during the Session of 1808 that Ward first began to make a great name for himself as a speaker in Parliament. On February 29 he spoke with great force in support of a motion of Whitbread's condemning ministers, and voted in the minority against the Government. Again, on March 28, he made what was referred to by Ponsonby in the debate as 'a most admirable speech' in support of the Bill to prevent the granting of offices by reversion. He also spoke with effect on several other occasions that Session.

Tuesday night. [October 1808.]

I should have answered your very kind letter some time ago, my dearest Ivy, if it had not been for a scheme which has occupied my mind almost exclusively for the last fortnight, and on which I did not finally determine till the day before yesterday. In the course of a few days I shall set out for Spain.

The fact is that, never having set foot out of this island, I should be glad to see any foreign country of which the climate is not still colder and damper than our own. France is the nearest, the most agreeable, and the most interesting ; but if I were to wait till I could go there, I might wait long enough, for peace seems to be more distant than ever. Next to that almost the greatest object of curiosity is Spain, and, happen what will, this appears to be a proper moment for trying at least to get a sight of some part of it. If the patriots succeed in expelling their tyrants, one shall be pleased hereafter to have been in it at what will undoubtedly be considered the most glorious period of its history ; if they fail, one shall not be sorry to have availed oneself of the only opportunity that an Englishman may perhaps have for many years of catching a glimpse of the south of Europe. Besides this, Lord and Lady Holland are going, which is no inconsiderable advantage. You know I am not disposed in any remarkable degree to like her ladyship, but she has behaved to me on this occasion not only civilly but even kindly—a kindness which has been so little merited by any attentions on my part, that I feel something like shame in availing myself of it. As to Lord H., I need say nothing of the pleasure of being a great deal in the society of so amiable and so accomplished a man, particularly in a place where he can and will be of more use to me than any other individual.

Neither must the ‘Scotch Doctor’¹ as Luttrell, or ‘Lady Holland’s Atheist,’ as Lord Egremont calls him, be forgotten. Putting his understanding and

¹ Allen.

information out of the question, it is no bad thing to have a clever medical man within reach in a country where the knowledge of physic has rather declined than improved since the days of Sangrado.

I shall endeavour to get out in the same vessel with them, and if not I shall follow them immediately. The state of what the Spaniards are pleased to call their inns, and other circumstances, may render travelling together inconvenient ; but we shall meet at the great towns, where, of course, far the greater part of the time will be spent. The disadvantages of the thing are—in the first place that they go to Corunna for the sake of the short passage by sea, so that we shall be in the north instead of the south of Spain, and in the next that from the unsettled state of the country the usual means of travelling may be abridged, and that we may not be able to get to Madrid, or to the place where the Junta assembles.

The worst thing of all would be the existence of a French party in the country ; but, after all that has happened, there don't seem much reason to apprehend that. The French are said to have been guilty of the most atrocious cruelties—particularly Monsieur de Caulaincourt, the same gentleman who was employed to assassinate the Duke d'Enghien, which, added to the abominable injustice of their whole design of making themselves masters of the kingdom, can hardly have failed to make them universally odious. The length of my stay will of course depend entirely upon circumstances which I cannot yet ascertain. If we proceed easily I may stay the whole winter—if we are confined to Galicia, I shall only just pay my compliments to St. James at Compo-

stella (who, by the bye, ought to bestir himself in favour of the patriots) and return by the first conveyance. It would have been better to go to Cadiz at once, but the difference between four and fifteen days' passage determined Lady H., who dislikes the sea, to the nearest though least interesting point. Besides, there is something to be said in favour of moving south instead of north as winter approaches. Lord Holland goes on Sunday. I shall follow him to Falmouth on Wednesday, but we may perhaps have to wait some time for a passage. However, I flatter myself we may sail before the 20th.

Wednesday morning.

1868
↓
... An't you quite charmed with Brougham and Lady Rosslyn? You would be still more so if you knew as I do how, upon their first acquaintance, the Countess hated the Critic, and the Critic despised the Countess. However, it seems that they have at last happily arrived at a due sense of each other's merits. His 'universality,' about which we always used to joke with him, prevents me from being surprised at anything he does. Else it is comical enough to see the lawyer, the politician, the negotiator, the geometer, setting up all of a sudden for a man of gallantry. However, it is no bad arrangement—perfectly innocent I feel sure—the only object of each being to be flattered by the other and talked of by the world.

Sydney Smith is just returned to town from Edinburgh, where he has been to repeat the good things he has heard, and enjoy the reputation he has acquired during his residence in London. I am to

meet him. He walks in while I am writing.
Laughter of course stops my pen. Adieu.

He is gone, so I have time to say that, if you write immediately, your letter will be sure to find me here, or be forwarded to Falmouth, where I shall not be till the 15th. At any rate, no harm shall befall it. Let me know how you do, and how George¹ is, for whose illness I am truly concerned, both on his own account and for the sake of those who cannot be happy till he is well. Again adieu, my dearest Ivy. I shall write to you from Spain.

As is shown by the next letter, Ward shared in the general feeling of indignation aroused in this country by the news of the Convention of Cintra.

For the convenience of those readers whose recollection of the early history of the Peninsular War is at all hazy, it may be permitted to say a few words to explain the allusions in the letter.

After routing Junot's army at Vimeira on August 21, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley ordered General Sir Ronald Ferguson to pursue the flying enemy. Sir Harry Burrard, who had only just arrived in Portugal with orders to supersede Wellesley, chose this very moment to take over the command from him, and (as Napier says), 'with the caution natural to age,' countermanded the order to Ferguson. On the very next day—the 22nd—Sir Hew Dalrymple disembarked, and in his turn took over the chief command from Burrard. 'Thus in the space of twenty-four hours, during which a battle was fought, the army fell successively into the hands of three men, who, coming from different quarters, with different views, habits, and information, had not any previous opportunity of communing, even by letter, so as to arrange a common plan of operations ; and they were now brought together at a critical moment, when it was more than probable they must all dis-

¹ George Stewart, Mrs. Stewart's boy, died in 1809.

agree, and that the public service must suffer from that want of vigour which is inherent to divided councils.¹

On the 23rd Sir Hew had decided to advance, when General Kellerman came in with an offer of terms from Junot, which included the evacuation of Portugal and the surrender of Lisbon and Elvas. This offer came very opportunely for Sir Hew, and, after consulting with Wellesley—who entirely agreed with him as to the advisability of so doing—he entered into negotiations with Junot, and eventually (on the 30th) concluded with him the treaty which is known as the Convention of Cintra. By it Junot and his army were permitted to evacuate Portugal free in British ships. The outcry in London was loud, and all three generals—Wellesley, Burrard, and Dalrymple—were recalled, and a Court of Inquiry was held on them. The Court completely exonerated them all, and public opinion has since come round to admit that, whatever may be thought of Burrard's conduct in countermanding the order for pursuit, Sir Hew Dalrymple was quite right to conclude the Convention.

Friday. [October 1808.]

I will not make you pay for this, as by a most stupid mistake I did for the last. If a member of Parliament don't know the day of the month it is fair to conclude that he knows absolutely nothing.

You may perhaps be curious to hear the opinion Ferguson entertains of Wellesley's conduct. He acquits him of all share in the Convention, and so does Lord Paget and all the officers that have just come back. They ascribe it wholly to Dalrymple and Burrard. Wellesley seems to be their idol. They are going to give him a piece of plate worth 1,000*l.* When this circumstance was mentioned at a dinner of Junot's by Lord Lovaine, the French officer to whom he addressed himself said that, not to be

¹ Napier, *Peninsular War*, bk. ii. chap. 5.

behind them in gratitude, they (the French) ought to give Sir Hew Dalrymple a present of at least twice that value.

I shall be amazingly glad if Wellesley really comes out quite clean. For the sake of the British name one wishes that the glory of the man who won the battle of Vimeira should not be tarnished. Besides, he is a person of such pleasing manners and gentlemanlike conduct that it is impossible to know him, however slightly, or even to have sat in the same assembly with him, without feeling interested in his favour.

My departure remains fixed for Wednesday.

Falmouth : Friday, October 21 [1808].

I am extremely glad that Mr. Stewart likes the idea of my expedition to Spain. It is not a pleasant country to travel in at best, and the present critical state of affairs must have broken up society a good deal. Still, however, on the whole, I am glad I have determined to go there. It would be worth while if it were only for the sake of seeing the Catholic religion—that formidable superstition which has had such a weighty effect upon the fate of mankind—still existing in full power and wealth.

My present plan (I forget whether I told you so before or not) is to get to Madrid as fast as I can. The capital is the place for strangers (and, judging from England, I should say for natives too); besides, in case the patriots are beat, which I am inclined to think will be the case, my road will still be open to Cadiz or Gibraltar. I have been here five and the Hollands ten days—I waiting for the packet which sails, wind permitting, to-morrow—they for a frigate

(the 'Amazon') which has been detained beyond its originally appointed time by fresh instructions.

Lady H. has resolved to force herself on board it, in spite of the evident reluctance of poor Captain Parker, who has some friends of his own going with him. By the bye, I don't think the friendship between her ladyship and myself is likely to be so perfect as you imagine.

Of all persons that never did me any harm, I dislike her the most—which is the more remarkable, as I never had anything like a quarrel with her. The fact is that she shocks me by the extreme badness of her heart, which she contrives to display in an inconceivable variety of ways. If you never saw her with any of her children you can form but a very imperfect idea of her character. With respect to this expedition to Spain, which she has made Lord Holland undertake, though it is a proper thing enough in a young man like myself, yet I very much doubt the prudence of it in his situation. He has already been enough on the Continent for any reasonable end, either of curiosity or instruction, and his availing himself so immediately of this opportunity to go to a foreign country again looks a little too much like a distaste for his own. The death of his uncle left him at the head (in some measure) of a considerable connection in politics—he has held a great office, and has a great game to play. All this ought to make him extremely cautious not to give rise to a suspicion of his being too much attached to foreign notions or foreign manners—which, if once excited, would ruin him irretrievably as a public man. It is just the thing about which the inhabitants of this island are most

jealous—even to an absurd degree. I am much mistaken if he has not already done himself a good deal of harm in that way. The disgust which it was natural enough for a liberal and enlightened man to feel at the stupid prejudice many of us entertain against everything that is foreign, probably first threw him into a prejudice of an opposite kind, which, heightened by the love of argument and by the instigation of Lady H., who, of course, hates a Court where she is not presentable, and a town where she is only partially visited, has often induced him to say things and to maintain positions quite ridiculous or quite offensive.

This is not merely a remark of mine. I have heard it several times from persons who love him, and in the great outline of their political opinions agree with him. I am sorry for it, for he is a most amiable man, a most delightful companion, full of accomplishments, and of an excellent understanding, and it is therefore the more to be lamented that education and accident should have, to all appearance at least, divested him of that which (all rhetorical cant upon the subject out of the question), next to the partiality a man should have for his family and friends, is one of the best and most useful feelings of the human heart.

I am writing on Saturday morning, the packet being within an hour of sailing, so I must make an end quickly. I was truly gratified to perceive that your last letter was in a more cheerful tone. I saw Peter for a moment in Exeter—it occurred to me that, if you were afraid of the winter in Scotland, that would be an excellent opportunity for G. to try a warmer climate. Not but what I am aware of the

objections both on the score of feeling and of prudence to parting with him.

My dearest Ivy, adieu. Pray let me hear from you. I shall be glad of two lines if want of time or, which God forbid, uneasiness of any kind should make it inconvenient to you to write more.

Direct under cover to ‘The Hon. Charles Bagot, Office for Foreign Affairs, Downing Street, London.’

Falmouth : Tuesday [October 25, 1808].

I just send you a line to say that, after beating about the Channel two days, we were obliged to put in again by this confounded south wind. If it blows much longer it will make me so late that I shall very likely give up the whole thing and proceed to London instead of Madrid. This is provoking enough, and I am, as you may imagine, in very bad humour. It would be ridiculous to send such a note as this to almost any other person, but I am quite sure you are anxious to know where I am and what I am doing. Ever yours,

J. W. W.

Here is a man named Bruce with his son—the young man is going to Spain. They say they are distant relations of yours. I can't congratulate you upon the old man, who is not very unlike the late Lord Kinnaird—at least it strikes me there is some resemblance.

CHAPTER VI

THE MRS. CLARKE SCANDAL

THE world in London had scarcely ceased talking about the trial of Lord Melville, and were already discussing the probability of his return to office, when they were regaled with a fresh and still worse scandal in the highest of high life. The personage implicated this time was no less than H.R.H. the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, his accuser being a certain Colonel Wardle, and the chief witness against him the notorious Mary Anne Clarke, the Duke's former mistress. Mrs. Clarke had, when under the Duke's protection, been living in a most sumptuous style in Gloucester Place, where she had an establishment of ten horses, twenty servants, including three men-cooks, and so forth, all supposed to be provided for out of an income of 1,000*l.* a year allowed her by the Duke, but paid very irregularly. There was little or no doubt, however, where most of the money required to maintain such an establishment came from. Any officer in the army who wanted promotion or special employment, and who could afford to pay Mrs. Clarke's scale of prices, had but to apply to her to use her influence over her royal lover. Colonel Wardle, who raised the question in the House of Commons, was a man of but indifferent reputation, and had himself been on intimate terms with Mrs. Clarke, after the Duke had discontinued his liaison with her. It was generally believed that it was in order to revenge herself on the Duke for having given her up and stopped her allowance that she accused him of having shared with her in her scandalous profits. The House went into Committee on the subject on February 1, 1809, and continued to investigate it until March 20, when the charges of personal

corruption against the Duke were declared to be non-proven. There was no question, however, but that Mrs. Clarke had received large sums for the use of her influence, and the evidence of indiscretion, if not actual connivance, on the part of the Duke was sufficient to compel him to resign his post, in which, however, he was reinstated two years later.

House of Commons: Wednesday [February 1, 1809].

I hear to-day that Lord Melville has been desired to hold himself in readiness to attend at Buckingham House. He was to have been there to-day, but the roads are so bad that the King can't come up till Friday, when the interview is expected to take place. My authority is Lord Temple; from what source his intelligence is derived I do not know, but it is such as induces him to believe in it. I have heard the same thing since I got here from Lord Albemarle and one or two other persons. It is certain that Melville's friends have been for some time past complaining of the Government, and particularly of the manner in which the Admiralty, that department which he will probably be called to fill, has been managed by Mulgrave. Lord Aberdeen, whom I met on the birthday of the Princess of Wales, was full of this, and spoke of every member of the administration but Canning in terms of very little respect. Canning, you know, is the person who has been most desirous from the beginning for Lord M. to return to office,¹ and is said to have exclaimed against the political timidity of his colleagues who opposed it. If he really does again

¹ Lord Melville never did return to office, or take further part in politics. He died in 1811. Lord Mulgrave was replaced at the Admiralty by Charles York on May 10, 1809.

become a minister, I shall be very curious to see the effect upon the public mind ; but I suspect it will be far less considerable than it ought.

As to opposition I don't anticipate a very brilliant campaign. Sheridan, drunk, lazy, discontented, and declining rapidly in his faculties, seldom attends. Windham is unwell at Bath, but I hope he will return for Cintra.¹

These are our two remaining men of genius. As to the rest, you may see by the debate of last night what a diversity of opinion prevails among them, and how little solicitous they are to conceal that diversity. The questions that are to come before us are chiefly of a military nature, which a popular assembly is by no means well calculated to discuss.

Of a few broad features we may perhaps be able to judge, but with regard to details and points disputed, even among professional men, we neither have, nor deserve to have, the smallest authority. Perhaps, though this is an opinion I shall not dare to hint at, the best way would have been to go to work roundly, and call upon ministers to show why any troops were sent to Spain at all—*i.e.* it would have been the best way if many of the members of Opposition itself had not been already committed upon a contrary opinion. But the more I hear, the more I am persuaded that the Government was completely deceived by the foolish hot-headed people they employed to report

¹ The debate on the Convention of Cintra took place on February 21, when Lord Henry Petty moved (1) that the Convention had disappointed the hopes and expectations of the country, and (2) that the causes which led to its conclusion had arisen from the misconduct and neglect of ministers. The motion was defeated, and the previous question (moved by Lord Castlereagh) carried by a majority of fifty (*Parl. Deb.*, February 1809).

upon the state of that country, and that if they had sent, as they ought to have done, judicious and cool men upon that service, they would have received from them accounts which would have led to a very different line of conduct.

The Honourable House is extremely full to-day, and very impatient to behold Mrs. Clarke, who is to be brought to the Bar. I have not the smallest idea that Wardle will make out his case. It is probable that the Duke of York has given rather more to the solicitations of his mistress than duty or prudence would have allowed, but he can hardly have been foolish enough or base enough to grant favours which he knew were made objects of traffic ; still less can he have participated in the profits. However, the whole story of his living with these ladies, which is now for the first time made public, will do him a great deal of harm. It was of course well enough known in London before ; but the good people in the provinces, I really believe, fancied that he and his Duchess were the true models of conjugal fidelity and happiness. Her Royal Highness is at least even with him.

Adieu.

P.S.—I own I am sorry Mr. S. has determined to retire from his academical employments.¹ The University is maintained by him and Playfair.² It will expire when they cease to labour for it, and they will be succeeded by a brace of Edinburgh parsons (parson or no parson, I prefer the Oxford

¹ Professor Stewart was much affected by the death of his boy (George) early in 1809, and, his health beginning to fail, he retired from lecturing, and took up his abode at Kinneil.

² Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh.

brand), and there will then be no place of liberal education in the kingdom.

The room for writing letters is emptied, so I presume Mrs. Clarke is arrived.

Poor Wilberforce was sadly disturbed at the thought of this Babylonish person being brought into his holy presence.

Saturday. [February 1809.]

I find I underrated the strength of the Colonel's case. He gains ground considerably. The charge of direct participation in Mrs. C.'s gains is certainly not made out, but she appears pretty clearly to have exercised an influence not very creditable to his Royal Highness. It is also evident that she was living at an expense so utterly disproportionate to the income she received from him that it ought to have excited his suspicions. I hear the common people in London are prodigiously incensed, and I rather expect that the public feeling will generally be against him—though of that I have as yet no means of judging accurately. It will of course be a good deal affected by collateral circumstances, which do not bear upon the main point in question. Now, unluckily, these are all against him. Adieu.

I shall continue from time to time to trouble you with anything that occurs to me about what is passing in the world. When you have time and spirits to write, let me know how you do.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. W. W.

1 Chesterfield Street : Saturday, 1st [April, 1809].

I have not time to write more than ten words. Those, however, I will write to let you know in what light you appear to *some* people, who, it should seem, see with very different eyes from mine. Mrs. S. dined a few days ago with Rogers to meet Walter Scott. She asked him about several people in Scotland, and particularly about you—whether you was not highly popular, amiable, &c. He answered that ‘indeed you was a *nice little woman.*’ You may easily imagine how I laughed when she repeated to me this authentic description of the immeasurable Ivy. Your letters have been sent.

Adieu, my dearest *little friend.* Ever yours,

J. W. W.

Pray acquaint Mr. Stewart with Scott’s discovery.
My most cordial congratulations to G.

CHAPTER VII

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S RESIGNATION

THE Duke of Portland's last administration, which was never a strong one, began to split up early in 1809. The Duke himself was at this time over seventy years of age, feeble, and past work, so that Canning and Castlereagh were the principal leaders. Unfortunately, these two statesmen did not agree well together. Their chief bone of contention was the policy to be pursued with regard to the war after the Convention of Cintra, Canning, who was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, urging that the whole military strength of the kingdom should be applied to the support of Sir Arthur Wellesley in Spain, whereas Castlereagh, the Secretary for War, was all in favour of attacking Napoleon elsewhere. Unfortunately for the country, Castlereagh's counsels prevailed in the Cabinet, and the result was the ill-fated Walcheren Expedition of 40,000 men, commanded by the Earl of Chatham, and a powerful fleet under Sir Richard Strachan. The idea was that Antwerp and Flushing were to be captured, and Bonaparte's fleet and arsenals in the Scheldt destroyed. The actual result was that, though Walcheren was occupied and Flushing besieged and taken, Antwerp was too much for us, and held out, and the troops sickened and died in large numbers in the unhealthy swamps, so that at last Walcheren had to be abandoned and our troops recalled. An inquiry was held as to Lord Chatham's conduct of the campaign, and clearly showed that its failure was due to his incompetence, indolence, and disregard of instructions. He attempted to defend himself, however, in a letter to the King, by throwing the blame for his delays on the dilatoriness of Sir Richard Strachan, which gave rise to the well-known epigram—

Great Chatham, with his sabre drawn,
 Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan ;
 Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
 Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Differences of opinion between Canning and Castlereagh had reached such a pitch in April 1809, that Canning at last told the Duke of Portland that either Castlereagh must be removed from the ministry or that he (Canning) would resign. The Duke promised Canning that he would get rid of Castle-reagh, but 'funked' the job of doing so, and procrastinated. Things went on for some time as before, Canning continuing to be on outward terms of friendliness with his rival. At last Castlereagh accidentally discovered what had been going on behind his back, and was, not unnaturally, much incensed. This led to the celebrated duel between the two statesmen, which took place on Wimbledon Common on September 22, 1809, and subsequently led to the resignation of both combatants.

The blow finished the poor old Duke, whose health had been bad before. He immediately resigned, and died on the 30th of the following October.

1 Chesterfield Street : September 6, 1809.

I see, from what you say in answer, that I did not quite clearly explain myself about Rose's book.¹ . . . Jeffrey's *reply* (for to call it a *review* would be a strange misapplication of the term) in his last number is, as might have been expected, spirited and ingenious, and in one or two instances (as far as I am capable of judging) successful. But he is peevish and even scurrilous—a tone which is by no means warranted by that of Mr. R., who is civil, calm, and gentleman-like throughout. As J.'s criticism is purely hostile, he has of course selected some of the clumsiest expressions, but there are some passages in the book

¹ *Observations on the Historical Work of C. J. Fox*, by the Rt. Hon. George Rose. Reviewed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1809.

that seem to me very well written, and on the whole it is anything but dull. The truth, I cannot help thinking, is that Mr. Fox's 'historical work,' as it has been affectedly called, should never have been published. He was a very great man, and those who were the guardians of his fame ought not to have consented to his appearing in any character in which he lost anything of his accustomed superiority over other men. His literary reputation sinks completely before that of two of his co-temporaries--Burke and (in a very different line, to be sure) Sheridan. Besides, I am inclined to imagine that when the generation of those who have heard him, and lived with him, and witnessed all the great efforts of his wonderful genius, is gone by, those who come after will allow his book to go for more than it ought in forming their estimate of him. If I am right in this conjecture, the publication of it was only setting up a false and disadvantageous standard for him to be measured by through all future ages. Whilst I am about it—for I write, as I say, to you everything that comes uppermost—I will make one more remark which has often occurred to me. I think he was unfortunate in the period which he selected. A great statesman—a person much concerned in great affairs—can write with advantage the history either of some time so remote that his own party feelings are not likely to have any material influence in warping his judgment, or of the very time in which he has lived, in which case we must be content to put up with his prejudices for the sake of profiting by his superior means of information. But it unluckily happens that the period Mr. Fox chose is one which excited in him

as much party feeling as the American war or the revolution in France, though at the same time he had no peculiar means of knowing more about it than any other inquirer might have known. In short, it united the inconveniences and excluded the advantages of both the two cases I have above stated.

So much for the books of the two right hon. gentlemen, concerning which I meant to say two words by way of making myself understood, and I have written a long chapter—probably without making myself better so.

Now for men and things. Opposition, as I already told you, and as you may easily perceive, is in a sad, disjointed state, so much so that I almost despair of it. If it were tolerably well organised, and if the people had feeling ‘even as a grain of mustard seed,’ the Government would stand but a bad chance next campaign. The Spanish business has been strangely managed; still, however, there may exist a second opinion on that subject among reasonable men. But then the expedition! The grand expedition to Walcheren under the Earl of Chatham! No official person that I have seen but what appears ashamed of it, and to be sure it stands at the head of all absurd and mischievous plans. We have lost but few men by the sword, but the mortality is dreadful. Baron Temple has just told me that we had 8,000 sick. From the tone of the Government papers one would suppose that they must throw all the blame upon poor Lord C. I dare say he was not very active, but why did they send him? I have not yet been able to ascertain the precise fact. Some say that Flushing might have been taken at once by a *coup de main*,

and that we might then have proceeded to Antwerp before the French had been able to collect more than a very inconsiderable force to oppose us ; others that the thing was utterly impracticable from the beginning, and that our ministers were the dupes of false intelligence.

Lord Webb Seymour¹ is still in London. I fell in with him a short time ago at Worthing, where I went to see my father and mother. I was not aware of his being there, and discovered him by a most characteristic circumstance. I arrived in the evening at the inn, and was shown into a room in which I was told I might dine, though it belonged to another gentleman, as he was gone out. Whilst dinner was preparing, I proceeded to examine some books belonging to the said gentleman which I found upon the chimney-piece. The first I opened was 'The Edinburgh Review,' and the next—a small pocket volume—the 'Novum Organum.' I of course asked immediately for the name of the person of whose light summer reading at a watering place I had just seen so curious a specimen, and was infinitely amused

¹ Lord Webb Seymour, brother of the Duke of Somerset, and a former pupil of Dugald Stewart, is thus described by Lord Cockburn : 'He had left his own country, and renounced all the ordinary uses of rank and fortune for study; and never abandoned the place he had selected for its prosecution, but continued here' (Edinburgh) 'during the rest of his life, with his books and literary friends, universally beloved and respected. Slow, thoughtful, reserved, and very gentle, he promoted the philosophical taste even of Horner, and enjoyed quietly the jocularity of Smith, and tried gravely to refute the argumentative levities of Jeffrey. His special associate was Playfair. They used to be called husband and wife, and in congeniality and affection no union could be more complete. Geology was their favourite pursuit. . . . Two men more amiable, more philosophical, and more agreeable there could not be' (Lord Cockburn's *Memorials*, pp. 182-3). Lord Webb Seymour died April 19, 1819, and his friend Playfair three months later.

when I discovered it was my old acquaintance, Lord Webb. If such are his recreations, what must his serious studies be !

I did not go to Bounds¹ after all. As the devil would have it, I was taken the day I was to have gone with a fit of sickness and headache—in short, a bilious attack, the first I ever had in my life, and I heartily pray it may be the last, for a most disagreeable thing it is. However, by applying to the usual remedies, I got quite rid of it in forty-eight hours, and it has left me rather better than before—that is, as well as it is possible to be.

Don John Hookham² is terribly unfit for his situation—he was made to write light compositions in verse and prose, and to cut jokes in the small circle of his own intimates. I may perhaps be disposed to over-rate him, for I certainly am vain of his having been very civil to me, and that with some reason, since I believe I am the only Englishman that came to Seville whom he did not use like a dog.

I am afraid that all hope of poor Arbuthnot has been long since extinct. I forget what it was he sailed in—a small thing, I believe—most likely she was swamped.

I saw Hoppner yesterday, who is just come from Seville. He says Wellesley is doing what he can to stimulate the lazy Junta to a little exertion, and takes

¹ Lord Henry Petty's.

² John Hookham Frere, who had been one of the chief contributors to the *Anti-Jacobin*, was on October 4, 1808, sent to Spain as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Central Junta. He was greatly blamed for having given bad advice to Sir John Moore, which led to the disastrous retreat to Corunna, and was accordingly recalled, and the Marquis of Wellesley was on April 29, 1809, appointed Ambassador to Spain. Frere left Spain in August, having been created 'Marquez de la Union' by the Central Junta.

with them a higher tone than they have been accustomed to from poor Frere, who took all they told him for gospel, and thought them the wisest and most enlightened of men. But it will have no effect—besides, it is too late. By the bye, I must tell you that I have heard many heavy complaints against Don Gasp. Melch. Jovellanos¹ himself from very respectable quarters. The high popular party—that is, those who think nothing can be done without a radical change in the Government—speak in the harshest terms of his conduct since he last came into power. They accuse him of deserting in practice all the principles he has been at so much pains to establish in his writings ; in particular they lay to his door the continuance of all the odious old restraints upon the freedom of the press. The difficulty of getting at the truth with regard to leading people, even in one's own country, is considerable ; of course it must be far greater abroad. I will therefore not pretend to decide whether these charges are well founded or not. This much is certain, that Jovellanos is a very distinguished member of a Government by which the press is kept under severe restraint, and that he has incurred the displeasure of some of the most active and enlightened men. I must reserve for another time an account which I had from Lord Holland this morning of a letter to Jovellanos from Jeremy Bentham. I am sure it will divert Mr. S. You shall have it now, though it is shockingly late, and you must be tired of reading. That eminent sage, that

¹ Gaspard Melchior Jovellanos, the distinguished statesman, author, and philosopher. He was at this time the leader of the patriots, and member of the Central Junta.

walking *principe*, has, it seems, discovered, after a very curious and accurate calculation, that his condition would be much improved if he could pass the remainder of his days at Mexico. He thinks that there is a reasonable chance—such a probability as ought to be made the ground of action by a wise man—that he should live six years longer there than in England, besides other advantages—or, to express the whole result more correctly and in philosophical language (*vide Dumont passim*), that he suffers under thirteen pains and enjoys only eleven pleasures here, whilst in the happier climate of America he should possess fourteen pleasures and be afflicted with only twelve pains. But then there are some difficulties in the way of this plan. In the first place he would not submit to visit Old Spain on the way, as he hears Cadiz, from which the fleets sail, is a sad, aguish situation. Again, he insists not only upon sailing direct from England, but the thing must be so contrived that upon his landing at Vera Cruz, he may proceed direct to Mexico without being obliged to pass so much as a night there—seeing that it is ten times more unwholesome than Cadiz, and that a very few hours spent there might at once cut him off from all the six pleasures that depend upon health and longevity, which you perceive would make a horrible balance against him, and spoil the whole plan. Lastly, he must be allowed to import all his books about the *principe* &c., free from the search of custom-house officers. Upon this important subject, then, he communicates with his brother philosopher, and desires his assistance. I have seen Jovellanos's reply, which is just what might be expected from a

man of sense writing to a lunatic whom he did not want to offend. Adieu.

I have a great deal more to say, but it would be shameful to extend this merciless epistle any further. Pray write to me as soon as you can. I shall be angry if you don't.

1 Chesterfield Street : September 28, 1809.

I should have written to you during all this fighting and changing, if I had been here. But I have been staying ten days with my father and mother at Worthing, and was therefore ignorant of all that the 'Post' and the 'Chronicle' did not acquaint me with. 'People' (as the man in the play says) 'that live in the country can't be expected to know anything.'

Yesterday evening I came back, and found your letter—for which many thanks. All the world is still in suspense awaiting the arrival of the Opposition leaders. Lord Grenville (as Lord Essex has just told me) is to be here to-night or to-morrow morning. Until they come, and it is known what is proposed to them, it is almost in vain to speculate upon the result. It is impossible, however, not to be curious as to the way in which they will get rid of some of the difficulties that their return to office will be attended with : whether they will insist upon the Catholic question ; whether they will stipulate for bringing 'All the Talents' in again just as they were before, or coalesce with some of the members of the Tory Government ; whether, in case of a coalition, it will be with Perceval or the Canning part of (what will then be) the *late* administration. At any rate, I don't

think the Whigs of the old school will be by any means so ready and zealous in their support as they were at the beginning of the former Government headed by Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville. Indeed I should not be at all surprised to see an Opposition formed out of those materials with my friend the Brewer at its head. This would be a comical contrast to the other Opposition, consisting of the discarded members of the Duke of Portland's administration.

The next fortnight must be very amusing. If I hear anything that is not likely to stare you in the face the first paper you take up, I will write.

I am sorry to find you have been so much plagued with your teeth. Speaking from my own experience I should be inclined to call the drawing of a tooth rather a pleasant thing than otherwise. I have lost three, and they came out with the greatest ease.

It is a pity you could not have employed Dumérque, who is certainly the very prince of dentists.

✓
I have seen Miss Edgeworth's 'Tales.' 'Mancœuvring' I began, but could not go on. 'Almeria' is good, and 'Ennui' quite delightful. Lady Geraldine is the most enchanting of heroines. It is no small power of writing that this same Miss Edgeworth possesses.

I have no fault to find except perhaps here and there a little tinge (very little, however) of primness or pedantry. Adieu: I am interrupted, and the bell is ringing.

I must, however, just tell you my visitor's story about the duel. It is said that Castlereagh's challenge consisted of three sheets of folio paper, and that Canning, upon casting his eyes on the last sentences,

which were couched in pretty strong language, exclaimed : ‘ I had rather fight him than read it, by G—d ! ’

The few people I have seen since I came are all agreed that Canning’s conduct has not been of the fairest description towards his colleague. I also hear that the said epistle in folio was very well written (which, by the bye, I can hardly believe of a letter of Castlereagh’s), and quite unanswerable as to the main points. Adieu.

CHAPTER VIII

PERCEVAL, PRIME MINISTER

THE position of affairs upon the resignation of the Duke of Portland may be best described by quoting from a letter of September 23, from Mr. Charles Arbuthnot (who was then Secretary of the Treasury) to Mr. Croker.¹

‘The Duke of Portland’s state of health made his resignation necessary. The question then was, who should be his successor? Canning thought that the minister should be in the House of Commons, and he was aware that the choice must be between him and Perceval. He felt that Perceval, having led the House, was the obvious person to become minister; but he stated distinctly that, in the event of such an arrangement, he himself should retire. In short, he would not consent to remain in office unless he were Prime Minister. Perceval, on the other hand, though of the same opinion as to the expediency of having the minister in the Lower House, would have consented, and entreated Canning to consent, that the Duke’s successor should be some third person in the House of Lords; and I really believe that he would not have objected to any person for that situation whom Canning might have chosen to select. I know, even, that there was a doubt in Perceval’s mind (who has the best regulated ambition I ever witnessed), whether for the general good he should yield to Canning’s pretensions; but his friends and relations would never have consented to such a lowering of himself. And so, alas, our two former champions in the House of Commons have, for the time, separated; but their separation has been painful to both, and there has been nothing between them but the extreme of cordiality. When it

¹ See *Croker Papers*, vol. i. pp. 15, 16.

became certain that the loss of Canning could not be avoided, the King directed his remaining servants to submit to him what they considered to be the best new arrangement.

'Their opinion has been (and it is now given to the King) that, under the present circumstances, their endeavour ought to be to form an administration upon an extended basis; that the admission of Lord Sidmouth and his party might, by counteraction, produce a diminution instead of an addition of strength; and that a junction, upon equal terms, with the Grey and Grenville party would be that which would be most advisable. To this the King has consented, and should the offer be accepted with the cordiality with which it is made, I shall flatter myself that, notwithstanding the unfortunate loss of such talents as Canning has, we may still have such a strong administration as the exigencies of the country require.'

The overtures to Lords Grenville and Grey did not bear fruit. Those two statesmen very rightly declined the offer. To quote the words of another eminent Whig statesman of the period, they refused to 'unite in an administration with persons whom they had constantly represented as having supplanted them in office by a dark and disgraceful intrigue, as having set up a false cry of danger to the Church in order to excite the populace against them, and as having entered on their office upon the most unconstitutional principles. Even if they were dead to all sense of honour, and were regardless of everything but their own interests, they could not have listened for a moment to such a proposal. The consequence would have been that, degraded in character, they would in a short time have been again dismissed through the intrigues of their colleagues, and could never have become again formidable to any administration, however constituted. Nothing indeed could contribute more effectually to destroy all confidence in all public men than so base and unprincipled a coalition.'¹

Perceval accordingly proceeded to form his administration as best he could without help from the Whig Party. Lord Liverpool succeeded Castlereagh at the War Office, and Lord Bathurst temporarily took Canning's place at the Foreign Office,

¹ *Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly*, 3rd ed. vol. ii. p. 127.

till it was known whether Lord Wellesley, who was then in Spain, would accept the post of Foreign Secretary, which he did shortly afterwards.

Canning, though out of office, continued to give independent support to Perceval. His conduct throughout this business was much criticised, and accusations of ‘intriguing’ were brought against him. There does not seem, however, to have been any sufficient ground for them.

Saturday [October 1809].

Things are just as they were yesterday. I understand that the remaining ministers have by no means given up the idea of patching up a Government.

They will of course represent the conduct of Lord Grey and Lord Grenville as an insolent attempt to ‘take the Cabinet by storm,’ and compel the King to surrender at discretion, and as the country is stupid enough to believe anything of that kind, it may produce some effect. Still, however, it is impossible they should go on long, and if they don’t get Canning back they must go out very soon after the meeting, which they will of course delay till after Christmas if they can.

It is again strongly rumoured that the Austrian war has recommenced.

I got a letter to-day from Admiral Berkeley,¹ dated Lisbon, Sept. 10. He is in better spirits than I had supposed people could be there at present. He says ‘the armies remain *in statu quo*, the French being quite as badly off, if not worse than our own for supplies. At present we are in plenty, but a complete remount of cavalry is wanting.’

Lord Ebrington was at the battle in which

¹ Who then held the command on the coast of Portugal.

Venegas was defeated.¹ His account of the Spanish soldiery is, I hear, rather more favourable than we have been accustomed to get from rational people. They are certainly a fine race of men, but so miserably behindhand in the art of government and war that I utterly despair of success.

Tierney, whom I have been walking with, talks of Brougham for Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in case of a change. I should be very glad of it. It is a situation for which he is admirably calculated.

If I remember right it was the practice formerly for gentlemen in the remote counties and in Scotland to hire a person in London to write them a letter occasionally containing news of what was going forwards. I mention this that you may not be surprised if, at the end of the year, I bring in a small bill. I suppose, however, that they bargained for their letter being legibly written, which, I fear, mine is not—as it is almost dark and I cannot see it. Adieu.

Tuesday [October 1809].

You are probably better informed than we are as to what is now a matter of considerable curiosity—whether Robt. Dundas² will take office or not. He is an odd person for a ministry to depend on ; but, such as he is, I don't see how they are to do without him and his crew.

They say, and indeed I believe it, that your friend Lord Palmerston is to be Secretary at War, probably

¹ Battle of Almonacid—August 11, 1809—in which Venegas was defeated by Sebastiani. See Napier, vol. ii. p. 431.

² Son of the 1st Viscount Melville, and afterwards himself 2nd Viscount. He had been President of the Board of Control, and then Irish Secretary in the Duke of Portland's Government, and in November 1809 he returned to the Board of Control under Perceval.

with a seat in the Cabinet. This appointment will perhaps be a subject of criticism, but with very little reason, for he surely is as fit for that office—as much pointed out for it by public opinion—as Lord Mulgrave (who, in conjunction with Mr. Croker, now disposes of the British Navy) is for the Admiralty, or Robt. Dundas for the conduct of the war.

The day is too fine for writing, or I should have a good deal to say about Canning. ‘Be to his faults a little blind,’ &c., would be my advice to Opposition upon this occasion. If they use him civilly he will soon be on their side—that is as soon as the questions about the expeditions are disposed of—and his value is immense. He is out and out the greatest speaker in the H. of C.—for I regard Sheridan as extinct, and Windham is uncertain and not popular. Besides, they will begin the campaign under rather awkward circumstances. Ponsonby’s incapacity is admitted on all hands. Whitbread takes a line of his own, and is determined to ride the popular horse as far as he will carry him.

Lord Henry Petty’s seat in the House of Commons ain’t worth three months’ purchase;¹ so that, unless some distinguished recruit can be raised, Tierney—Citizen the Right Hon. George Tierney—will become the principal person on the front bench, Sheridan and Windham being incapacitated for the reasons I have before mentioned.

I write in too great a hurry to explain myself quite clearly; but you will, I think, see at once the nature of the case.

The old Duke of Portland is going at last.

¹ Because Lord Lansdowne was dying.

Lord Grenville stands for the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford¹—Lord Eldon is to be his competitor. I hate and despise the University, and yet such is the power of early association and great names that I cannot help looking upon the Chancellorship as an object of great ambition, and being extremely anxious for Lord G.'s success. Ever yours,

J. W. W.

1 Chesterfield Street : Wednesday [October 1809].

The public certainly does not appear satisfied with Canning's case, and, to say the truth, I don't think he can look back upon the whole transaction with much pleasure. I don't like, however, to join in the cry against him, because I well know that it is occasioned fully as much by personal hatred, and by a mean jealousy of his talents and success, as by any one feeling of his misconduct in this last instance. Indeed, I doubt whether any such feeling exists among the leaders of the party. When Lord Granville Leveson²—who had not only supported their Government, but who had been present at all those private meetings of their particular friends which took place at Lord Grey's just after their dismission from office, and the object of which was to pave the way to their return to it—deserted them at the very first division, and afterwards went as Canning's Ambassador to Petersburg, no cry was raised against him; on the contrary, they interposed the influence of their own character and authority to screen him. Lord Grey (as if he had nothing to account for himself) kindly consented to ease him

¹ He was elected Chancellor on December 14, 1809.

² Afterwards created 1st Earl Granville.

of a part of that load of blame which many people were inclined to heap upon him, and the framer of ‘the —— article’ was sent off to Russia as great as a Tory ministry could make him, and as white as a Whig Opposition could wash him. The fact is that *he* had no talents that could alarm them—to his political profligacy they were perfectly indifferent, or perhaps applauded it in their hearts, whilst they laughed at the dupery of their more implicit and consistent followers. They therefore were ready enough to protect him, and disregarded all the ill-effects that might arise from the success of his apostasy.

Canning’s case, putting it at the worst, ain’t half so bad ; but he has overtopped those who, because they were so once, thought they were always to continue his superiors, and in a division of the spoil his share would be too large.

These, and not his disingenuous conduct to his colleagues, are his real crimes. Not that I approve of his intrigues ; but, as I don’t think him worse than his neighbours, I don’t like to say much about the matter. Such as he is, I do not think there is much danger of his coming in with Wellesley and Melville. He could not do so without including Perceval and many of the other members of the present Government, and the quarrel between them seems at present too violent to allow of such a coalition. The point upon which everything seems now to turn seems to be this—whether the leaders of Opposition will insist, or give it to be understood that they intend to insist upon the Catholic Question as a *sine qua non*. What they ought to do I do not pretend to decide, but I feel pretty certain as to the consequences. If they

make this the condition of their service, the King may appoint anybody he pleases to the great offices of State, and the country will support him. Upon that subject it is just as obstinate as his Majesty. The prejudice would expire rapidly if the Court did not keep it alive ; but as long as the King is anti-Catholic, the people will be so too.

I was talking to Tierney upon this subject yesterday. From him I understand that Lord Grenville and Lord Grey have not yet announced their final decision. I shall be very curious to hear it. At any rate, they ought not to delay it longer than is absolutely necessary in order to make up their minds. They owe it to their followers to acquaint them with the precise ground upon which their opposition stands. If they don't insist upon the Catholic question, I think they will succeed in overturning the present very weak Government. I had almost forgot to mention that the necessity of a union with Canning is somewhat diminished by a reconciliation which it seems has taken place between Lord Grey and Whitbread. Whether this re-union of the brothers has been accomplished by the brewer's becoming a little more aristocratic, or by the Earl's return to the creed of reform, I know not, but I am told it is cordial and complete. It is vastly unlucky that the axiom of the political economists—viz. ‘That demand is the mother of supply’—does not hold good with respect to a parliamentary leader. A Select Committee should be appointed to inquire into the reasons which prevent this valuable article from appearing in the market.

Lord Liverpool takes the department of ‘War and Colonies.’ Richard Ryder succeeds him as Home

Secretary. *Quære*, Will the duties of that high office allow him leisure to audit my Lord Stafford's accounts, which he has hitherto done, and received for it an annual douceur of two thousand pounds? For my own part, if I were a great nobleman, I should come at once to a distinct understanding with my steward, auditors, &c., that they should upon no account take places in the Cabinet under pain of not being received again into my service, since such a practice, if encouraged, might occasion to me great loss and hindrance of business. Don't mention this fact about Ryder. It may, perhaps, not be generally known, and I should not like to circulate a story against him. So much for polities. I write to you whatever comes into my mind at the moment. It gives me such pleasure to do so, and if it is ever of any comfort to you by diverting your mind, even for a moment, from a painful subject, I have a double reward.

I am going to live at Whitehall—when, Heaven and the carpenters know—I hope at Christmas. It is a tolerable house—looks upon the river, and is very conveniently situated.

I forgot to add to my account of the arrangements that George Rose,¹ it is believed, will be Chancellor of the Exchequer. I met him yesterday, but did not ask him. The rest I had from himself. Adieu. I am too lazy to read what I have written.

I don't know how far Castlereagh is a favourite,

¹ Rose had been Treasurer of the Navy in the Duke of Portland's administration, and continued on in his office under Perceval. Though a follower of Canning, he did not approve of Canning's resignation, which he considered to be prompted by personal ambition and an attempt to break up the Government. He was offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer by Perceval on October 23, 1809, but declined it on the ground of age.

nor does it much signify, for he cannot come in with his late colleagues, still less with the Whigs.

Wednesday [November or December 1809].

Many thanks for your note. I hear, though not from any very good authority, that, in spite of all his brother could do, Lord Lansdowne¹ gets six and twenty thousand a year, exclusive of his younger brother's portion, which might have been five more. This with a marquisate, three seats in Parliament, a certain Garter, youth, health, and a high reputation, make no bad lot in life. On the whole, however, I believe he would rather have stayed a little longer in the House of Commons. By the bye, as to the matter of fatigue, he is as strong as a horse, and, indeed, I don't think attendance in Parliament such a very severe thing, particularly for people who are not in office and who can afford to lie in bed the next day.

Nothing stirring in the way of news. Croker tells me he believes something good has happened in the Mediterranean, but they have no details, and guess only from rumour.

Your sister,² I am afraid, has suffered a great deal. Indeed, the condition of a subject of the House of Austria has been melancholy indeed for some time past.

I hear no more of Canning's new statement. Everybody seems against him except just his own particular cronies. It is very vexatious that a man of such excellent abilities should have damaged himself so much.

His friend, Lord Granville Leveson, is going to

¹ Lord Hy. Petty succeeded his half-brother as 3rd Marquis of Lansdowne on November 15, 1809.

² The Countess Purgstall.

marry Lady Harriet Cavendish. Lady Bessborough resigns, I presume, in favour of her niece. I have not heard what are supposed to be the secret articles of the treaty, but it must be a curious domestic document. Lady H. has neither beauty nor wealth, but she has rank and talents. People that know her say she is very clever, and makes better verses than the late Duchess—which, Lord knows, may very well be.

This is a short note to send five hundred miles, but it costs nothing but the paper, so it don't matter. I wish I could be with you for a few days—it would give me all the pleasure in the world. Adieu.

House of Commons: Monday, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 [December 1809].

I have only time to say we have just won the battle. Wellesley within the last hour or two has received full powers.¹ Canning is come down to the House, and I have it from him. He mentions it without reserve.

You will find that Wellesley, Canning, and Lord Moira have all behaved admirably throughout the whole course of this transaction.

Thursday [December 1809].

Many thanks for the verses—they are really deserving of great praise—such a command of poetical language—and so correct a taste. The *old* style, too, is very happily imitated, with this difference, however, that people did not write so neatly a couple of hundred years ago. I will show them to Spencer when I see him, and let you know whether they take him in or not. It seems odd to me to read her verses.² I have

¹ He was appointed Foreign Secretary in December 1809.

² Refers to Maria Stewart, Mrs. Stewart's daughter. She was like her mother in having a gift for poetry.

not seen her since she was a mere child. The last time I was in Scotland she was away on a visit. Does she remember me at all ?

Did you ever see Mrs. Tighe's 'Psyche' ?¹ If you have not I will endeavour to get it. They say it is admirable.

I am afraid Lord Grenville will not be the successful candidate at Oxford. It grieves me sorely that he should fail, for he is made on purpose for the situation.² Five Bishops support him, and Vernon has written to his chaplain a letter, in which he declares his belief—
 1^{mo.} that the said William Wyndham Baron Grenville *is* a Christian ; 2^{do.} that he is *not* a Roman Catholic. This may do some good among the lower clergy, who are sadly afraid that his lordship admits five more sacraments than he ought.

Adieu.

At the opening of the Session of 1810, Lord Gower moved an amendment to the Address to the Throne, expressing sorrow and indignation at the failure of the Walcheren expedition, and condemning the conduct of ministers with regard to the war generally. Ward, on January 23, made a long and powerful speech in support of the amendment.³ This speech was the first of several which he made that Session, which were described by Lord Brougham as being 'some of the most splendid orations which have been heard in Parliament, whether we regard the closeness of their reasoning, the force of their sarcasm, or the inimitable beauty of their composition.'⁴

[January 24, 1810.]

I was very nervous when I wrote yesterday. It

¹ It was printed privately at first, and not published till 1811, after Mrs. Tighe's death.

² He was, however, elected Chancellor on December 14, 1809.

³ See *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. xv.

⁴ See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxvii. p. 78.

is a good while since I have been in the House before, and, besides, the magnitude of the occasion made the thing more *alarming*. However, I got off more decently than I expected. My prediction as to the event has proved perfectly accurate. They beat us horribly. I did not hear much of Perceval's speech, but what I did hear was very inferior to his usual rate. He has probably been too much paralysed with jobs and squabbles to think much of the subjects of debate. In spite of that he is a very clever man. To those, however, who remember Mr. Pitt holding the offices of Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury, such exhibitions in a Prime Minister are rather melancholy.

Canning, too, was rather under his average. He was evidently depressed by the sense of having incurred the disapprobation of the public, and the House received him rather coldly. It is quite evident that this Government is just as strong as the last, and that his Majesty may have whom he pleases for his minister, and that his faithful Commons will support the choice.

I believe a great many of our people had suffered themselves to be buoyed up with vain hopes of a more favourable result. It was therefore comical enough to see the long faces that our lamentable division produced.¹

I am very much pleased with my new house. It is oddly enough shaped, but I have three excellent rooms looking to the Thames, and it is within a stone's throw of the House, the Opera, and the Park—that is

¹ The amendment was lost by 147 for, to 263 against it.

of the three chief places of gentlemanlike resort. Besides, it is perfectly quiet, which is a vast advantage.

Brougham is to come in for Camelford in Petty's place. I am extremely glad of it, both for his sake and for the sake of the party, which sadly wants an infusion of talent and activity.

I see Mr. Stewart's tame hyæna (Lauderdale) walking about the streets. After all I believe he is a good-natured, friendly man, as well as a person of considerable talents and unwearied industry. But still I can't help having a dislike to him.

Adieu.

Whitehall: Wednesday.

House of Commons: Monday [February 1810].

Many thanks for your letter. I have no time at present but just to tell you that Perceval has given up his objection to our examining Sir David.¹ So he is beat again! He has been defeated so frequently of late, that, if anything could overturn a Government supported by the King, I should think that he must fall. Most people are sanguine, but I cannot help being rather of opinion that, unless he takes fright, he may go on to the end of the chapter.

Brougham arrived to-day from Cornwall²—an M.P. Like a blockhead he came down to-day too late to take his seat, so we lose his vote to-night.

Castlereagh has astonished all the world by his speech the other night. I am glad he succeeded, for, though an abominable minister, he is an excellent man and a perfect gentleman.

¹ Sir David Dundas, the Commander-in-Chief. He was examined before the Committee on the Scheldt Expedition on February 5, 1810.

² He was returned for Camelford on February 5, 1810.

Kinnaird has shot a man's eye out by mistake in Norfolk. He took him for a pheasant. Sir George Wombwell is the unfortunate sufferer. We Edinburgh-bred gentlemen ought not to meddle with field sports. Brougham tried it a few weeks ago at Lord Robert's, but he set fire to the powder horn and burnt off his own eye-lashes. This was not so bad as Kinnaird's business. He had a right to do what he pleased with his own person ; but after all it was a clumsy experiment. He endeavoured to explain it all upon philosophical principles ; but, the more he said, the more the Duke of Argyll and Lord Ponsonby, who are no philosophers, laughed.

Poor Eden¹ has never been found, but I am afraid he threw himself into the river. Adieu.

Whitehall : Thursday, 22 [February 1810].

The article on the state of parties, like everything that Jeffrey writes, is ingenious and striking, and, like almost everything that Jeffrey writes, it is pert and hasty.² To say nothing of his reasonings, it appears to me that he is utterly mistaken in his facts. It is true that there are three parties—the Tories who are powerful, the Jacobins who are powerful, and the Whigs who were powerful, but whose inconsistency, insolence, perfidy, and jobbing whilst in office have brought them, in spite of their property and talents, into utter discredit. The mistake, I think, consists in supposing that the whole population is divided

¹ William Fredk. Elliot Eden, M.P., eldest son of the 1st Lord Auckland, by Eleanor Elliot, sister of the 1st Earl of Minto, and brother to the Earl of Auckland, who was Governor-General of India. He was found drowned in the Thames.

² This article appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1810.

into three parties—that every individual falls under one description or another. Now, as far as my own observation goes, I am inclined to believe that the neutrals form as great a body as all the rest put together. If this be true, his whole theory must of course fall to the ground at once. Even admitting his facts, I am not much inclined to agree in his conclusions. He wishes the Whigs to unite with the high popular party—that is, with the Jacobins—for the purpose of moderating and controlling them &c. Now, to say nothing of the disgrace attendant upon such a proceeding, it would be utterly fruitless. The regular Jacobin leaders, Burdett, Cobbett, &c., will never allow themselves to be superseded by Lord Grey and Lord Grenville, still less by Messrs. Ponsonby and Tierney. They would be great fools to allow these noblemen and gentlemen to come in at the eleventh hour, and run away with all the power and popularity. It is idle to think of going along with them. When you have gone with them as far as you can they will go still further, if it is only to mark the separation and secure their own ascendancy. If I recollect right (for I have only looked at the thing once, and that hastily) J. also says that there ought to be a reform in Parliament, because the people wish for it. If the two propositions contained in this sentence form part of the Whig creed, all I can say is that I am a Tory. In the first place I utterly deny that the people do wish for parliamentary reform. If they could be polled upon the question, I would stake my existence upon the result being ten to one against it. Even in Westminster the united powers of curiosity and faction will not bring a

thousand people together to attend a discussion about it. I went down to Palace Yard on the last occasion. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the figure the Reformers cut. Again, I am by no means persuaded that the people's wishing for reform is a reason for *immediately* granting it to them. A *long continued* and *strongly expressed* wish of the people of every country ought, no doubt, to be gratified ; but it is the part of a wise and strong Government to resist popular clamour, to choose the proper season for granting requests, and to wait till it has had time to distinguish between the real permanent will of the country and a mere transitory cry. Adieu.

I write in a great hurry, for I was fool enough to sit up all night at the Duchess of Dorset's, and the morning is but short.

Copleston is the author of the answer to the 'Edin.' It has some merit. The answer to Knight is complete. But, as I candidly told him, I am all for the Scotch and all against the English universities—particularly Oxford. It is a d——d place, and not to be defended.

His style in this pamphlet¹ don't please me ; it is tediously metaphorical. But he can write well sometimes. I will send you a short but admirable specimen.

¹ Richard Payne Knight had written an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1809, severely criticising Falconer's *Strabo*, a publication of the Clarendon Press at Oxford. Copleston of Oriel defended it in a 'Reply' published at Oxford in 1810, and a sharp controversy ensued. See the joint article in the *E. R.* for April 1810, by Sydney Smith, Playfair, and Knight, and referred to hereafter on p. 111.

CHAPTER IX

SOCIAL AND LITERARY

Whitehall : Thursday [April 5, 1810].

Now for my story, which ain't much of a story either ; but I was put in mind of it by your mentioning Montagu Alison's marriage, and your anticipation of happiness from that event. A few days before I received your letter, I happened to call upon a friend, meaning to ask him to take a walk in the Park. He was out, but they said her ladyship¹ was at home. I went upstairs, and we waited about together on the balcony. Amongst other subjects of chit-chat, we spoke of the present Lady Borringdon, and by a natural connection of the late one,² and then generally of women's behaviour to their husbands, &c. In the course of the conversation I happened to say, quite innocently (for I had no more suspicion of her than I have of you), 'Virtue may be difficult enough to many women who are unsuitably or unhappily married, but in others it has very little merit ; in you, for instance, who have been lucky enough to be made choice of by a man of rank, fortune, and character—young, handsome, and passionately fond of you.' Every word of this eulogy was strictly true, and

¹ In a letter of more than two years' later date, the writer says that, as all the world had by that time heard the story, there was no harm in mentioning that the lady referred to was Lady Caroline Lamb.

² Who had been divorced about a year previously.

indeed I hardly know any person of whom everybody entertains so favourable an opinion. She looked grave and remained silent while I was talking, and then walked about with some agitation. I could not imagine what was to come. At last she said : ‘ Mr. W., I am going to make you a most extraordinary confidence. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that I have been conducting myself in the most foolish and most shameful way. Not that I have anything *positively criminal* to accuse myself of, but, though married to such a man as you describe my husband to be, I have made appointments, engaged in a secret correspondence, and am violently attached to another person.’ If one of Col. Congreve’s rockets had fallen through the window, I should not have been more astonished. She went on, without requiring an answer—which indeed I was hardly able to give—and, after professing her misery, repentance, and determination never to see him again except once to take leave of him for ever, asked me whether it would not be best to confess the whole to her husband. I did what I hope you will think right—that is, entreated her most earnestly to persevere in her resolution of giving up this connection whatever it might be, and just as earnestly to conceal from her husband that it had ever existed. I own, though generally no great inquirer into other people’s concerns, that I felt some curiosity to know who the all-accomplished person could be whom she preferred to a man so well calculated to retain her affections. From motives of delicacy, however, I did not ask, but she voluntarily informed me ; and I can assure you that my second surprise equalled if it did not

exceed my first, when she pronounced the name of one of the greatest blackguards in London. He is young, indeed, well-born, and well-looking, but in every other respect a more complete contrast to her husband cannot be imagined. I never remember to have heard of anybody more generally disliked, or more completely excluded from the pale of good company. He is quite confiscated to habits of low profligacy, and not deemed a sufficiently respectable associate even by the members of the Whip Club. I met him a few evenings ago for the first time in my life at the Argyll Street Rooms, to which (in spite of her good resolutions) she had brought him. By way of exciting the admiration of the company, he acquainted us that for the last fifteen mornings he had breakfasted punctually at 9 o'clock *before* going to bed. I have not seen her since, and as I cannot make any inquiries upon so delicate a subject for fear of betraying the secret, I do not know how they are going on, and my novel must therefore break off at the end of the first chapter. But as it is a 'novel taken from real life,' you will, I dare say, agree with me in thinking that its bare commencement affords matter for a good deal of surprise and reflection. It is not only the most singular case that ever fell under my observation, but I own, so ignorant was I of the world, that I did not imagine such a case existed. I had always supposed that, when a woman was well married and well used, she was sure to behave well. But here all the usual principles of calculation completely fail us.

It is true that nothing criminal has happened. But that, in my view of the subject, is of no great

consequence, for if my wife's affections were estranged to a ruffian, and my honour consequently in some measure left at his mercy, I should care mighty little about the rest. Perhaps I might learn to think differently, but such is my present notion. I ought to add, in order that you may more justly appreciate the lady's merit, that she is only two and twenty, and that it was a love match on both sides.

I don't know why I should trouble you with this long history, except that it struck me very much at the time, and that it stands in direct contradiction to what I know to be your theory upon the subject, and what is certainly my own. And, after all, I still believe that, in nine hundred and ninety-nine instances out of a thousand, good usage and a respectable character produce good conduct in a woman. This, which I have mentioned, is the thousandth. I am not disposed to draw any inference from it unfavourable to the 'fair sex.' However, one is not sorry, from curiosity, to have remarked it. Don't say anything upon the subject, as there are people who might put names to the story.

We made a sad job of Walcheren at last.¹ Amongst other things it was debated miserably. Windham indeed and Tierney spoke well, but on the whole the case was not made enough of. It was very selfish and very ill-judged in the gentlemen on the front bench to give Brougham no good opportunity of speaking, and then at last to insist upon his getting up at a time of night at which I never remember the

¹ Lord Porchester's motion condemning the policy of the Government in undertaking the Walcheren Expedition was defeated on March 30 by a majority of forty-eight for ministers (*Parl. Deb.* vol. xvi. p. 422).

House to have listened with common patience to more than three men—Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan. It is very provoking, for a great deal depends upon a *good start* in these matters. As for myself I never dreamt of opening my lips upon the question. I knew how little room there would be for me at any rate, and, as Brougham and Lamb were both inclined to speak, I could hardly have obtained a hearing, except by standing in their way, which I was not impudent enough to wish.

Opposition must be considered as completely beat. The truth is that the country is outrageously against them, and that it prefers anything to the Grenvilles. Unluckily this prejudice is not wholly without foundation. Lord Wellesley made an excellent speech the other evening in answer to Lord G. He had much the best of it both in point of argument and eloquence—at least so it appeared to me.

Sydney Smith goes in a few days. He has given a good deal of offence to many weak brethren by a sermon on toleration. The proprietor of the chapel in John Street has thought it necessary to forbid the preachers there to lend him their pulpit. Perhaps this may be the foundation of the story you heard. Pray did you ever read his visitation sermon at Malton? He sent it to all his friends, with the exception of myself and, I believe, Sir S. Romilly. It is a most singular performance. . . .

When does Mr. Stewart expect to appear in print?¹ He ought not by rights to be later than the end of May or the beginning of June—that being about the period at which Lord Webb Seymour and other gay

¹ His *Philosophical Essays* were published in 1810.

✓ philosophers lay in their stock of metaphysical books to carry to the watering-places. Adieu. You are habitually a great reader, so I make you no apology for writing you a long letter. By the bye, I must tell you before I have done that amongst other merits my house has that of having one side entirely covered by a huge *ivy* tree. It grows in Lady Grantham's garden. When I was repairing the other day, the builder expatiated to me at great length upon the pernicious qualities of the said tree, which he said retained the wet, loosened the bricks, harboured vermin, and I know not what besides. I replied that I was perfectly aware of the nature of this *evil*, but that, as I was prohibited by an express clause in my lease from injuring it, I must endure it with patience. You have no idea how this foolish circumstance amused me. I send you a leaf which I have just pulled.

Again adieu. Pray let me know how you do, for I am not pleased with the account you give of your health.

[April 9, 1810.]

Burdett was carried to the Tower this morning. The mob resisted on Tower Hill, and I understand a few people were killed; but, on the whole, the military have conducted themselves with great forbearance. The town is quiet now. We have just had a letter from Burdett to the Speaker read from the Chair. It was written on Friday evening, and declares his determination to resist the warrant in very disrespectful terms.

Monday.

Brockett Hall : Friday, 27 [April 1810].

An odd circumstance has occurred, the result of which I am curious about. Seven or eight days ago, happening to call at the Club in Piccadilly, I saw a letter directed to Lyttelton lying upon the table, with the name of O'Connor (after the official form) on it. My first impression was to put it into a cover and send it to him, as the people of the House did not know his direction in Worcestershire, where he was gone to spend the holidays. Upon consideration, however, I thought that, as it probably related to an affair of honour, I had better not meddle with it, as I might, perhaps, afterwards have to reproach myself with having by my officiousness accelerated a fatal event. I therefore left it where it was. The next day I met Maxwell (Carriden), and mentioned the circumstance. He told me that my uncle (Mr. Bosville) had actually shown him a copy of the very letter, which, as might be supposed, related to Lyttelton's attack upon O'C. in the H. of C.¹ On Monday I made my uncle show it to me. He had got possession of it in consequence of a request from O'Connor to look over the original draught of it, and he had succeeded in expunging some very outrageous expressions—particularly the word 'cowardly.' How-

¹ On April 10, 1810, William Henry Lyttelton spoke in the debate in which Sir Francis Burdett's letter to the Speaker was declared to be a breach of privilege, supporting the Chancellor of the Exchequer's amendment which declared the letter to be a high aggravation of the offence. Lyttelton's 'attack' against O'Connor was his statement 'that he (Sir Francis Burdett) had been attended in his house by the brother of a notorious and avowed traitor,' viz. by Roger O'Connor, the brother of Arthur O'Connor, who had been imprisoned for seditious libel, and who afterwards went to France as an accredited agent of the Irish rebellion and was made a General of Division by Bonaparte.

ever, as it stands it is pretty violent, and ‘mean’ and ‘base’ still remain, which I fear are rather too hard for a gentleman to put up with. In the meantime Lyttelton knows nothing of the matter—at least he did not on Wednesday when I left town, as the letter still remained at the Club. It has been shown confidentially to so many people that I rather think the magistrates must have got wind of it by this time, and they will of course interfere to prevent a duel. If they do not, I cannot well conceive how the thing can end without a meeting between the parties. O’Connor, however, seems to have gone to work oddly enough, and not like a man who was quite in earnest. In the first place he delayed his demand for an explanation ten days or more after L.’s speech. *That* he endeavours to account for by saying that Sir Francis desired him to do nothing till after the Westminster meeting. Be it so: but then, why did he send the letter to a Club? and with his name upon it too? It is, I believe, customary on such occasions to employ a friend, and, at any rate, to ascertain that the letter has actually been delivered into the hands of the person for whom it is destined. In short, I suspect he is *not game*, and wishes to have all the credit without the danger of challenging L. I return to town to-morrow, and expect to hear something more on the subject. By the bye, L.’s speech, as far as it regarded O’Connor, was very foolish—and, as far as it regarded Burdett, very brutal. But good feeling and good taste are not his province.

[My friend the ‘Fermentarian’ is running out of the course terribly. His appearance at the City dinner was as unexpected to his friends as it was injudicious. Waithman has talents, and Whitbread may naturally feel well inclined towards a kindred spirit ; but what in the name of fortune can induce a great parliamentary leader to go to a public meeting for the purpose of flattering and paying homage to such a creature as Col. Wardle ? I do not pretend to say what opposition *ought* to do, but of this I am sure, that, unless they by some formal authentic declaration separate their cause from that of the Burdettites, they will soon lose all support from the people of property.^{1]}] . . . Adieu. This is too long a letter for a person whose eyes are weak.

[? May 1810.]

It is very good of you to write to me, but I am afraid it is rather selfish of me to allow you to do it, as it must hurt your eyes. However, when you can afford a line just to let me know how you are going on,

¹ There is some confusion of dates with regard to this paragraph (in brackets), as the events therein referred to took place about a year previous to the Lyttelton and O'Connor incident. Waithman (who was one of the liverymen of the City of London) invited Colonel Wardle, S. Whitbread, and Sir Samuel Romilly (who, however, declined) to a public dinner on April 21, 1809 (see Sir Samuel Romilly's *Memoirs*, 3rd ed. vol. ii. p. 112, where Sir Samuel gives his reasons for declining the invitation). Unfortunately this is one of the letters of which the original has disappeared ; so, if there is an error, it is impossible to correct it. The probability is that the passage in brackets was on a piece of paper belonging to some earlier letter, and was inserted here by a mistake on the part of the copyist. Waithman was elected M.P. for the City of London in 1818, and again in 1826, 1830, 1831, and 1832. He was also elected Lord Mayor in 1828. Colonel Wardle was voted the freedom of the City on July 6, 1809. He lost his seat in Parliament in 1812, and afterwards fled to the Continent to avoid his creditors.

it will give me the greatest pleasure. Write often a little—that will not hurt your sight, and I shall be quite content with half a dozen words, provided the communication between us is kept up. I should dislike very much to have it interrupted for any time.

I have never met with the collection of poems you mention, but I believe I recollect the copy of verses to which you allude. It diverted me very much at the time.

Really this is a comical world in which we live. A confidence, if possible, still more singular than that which I mentioned to you some time ago, has been made to me since. It is not precisely of the same nature, but it astonished me as completely.

I have not read the ‘Lady of the Lake.’¹ Two guineas is too much for six cantos, and I shall therefore wait patiently for the 8vo. People say it an’t so good as the other two.

To all outward appearance it equals the Reviewer² and *his* Countess. By the bye, I am sorry to find that people in general are not so well satisfied with his appearances in Parliament as the partiality of friendship and the desire of seeing my own predictions verified had at first induced me to be. He is not a favourite with the House, and there is a sort of hardness in his manner which does not take. It is very odd, for in private nobody is more popular.

We had a great speech from Canning upon Reform. It was the only speech of the night.

¹ Published in May 1810, and reviewed in *Edinburgh Review* for August.

² Brougham and Lady Rosslyn.

Whitbread, at least the latter part of him, which was all I heard, quite detestable.

Pray let me ask you, for I have not hinted a doubt to any other person upon so delicate a question, what is the impression which Lyttelton and O'Connor's correspondence has made upon your mind? Some whispers have lately reached my ears, that L. was somewhat too gentle in the correspondence, as he certainly was a good deal too rough in the speech. He acted under good advice, but I must fairly own that, though I should dislike extremely to be shot at, yet if I had been left to my own judgment as to the answer to be returned to O'Connor's first letter, I should have felt it necessary to take a higher tone. However, it is best as it is. Adieu.

*Wednesday.—P.S.—*Did I ever tell you that the Princess of Wales is become a great friend of mine? I say a *friend*, for the post of danger is occupied by Lord H. Fitzgerald. She is a lively, good-natured, amusing woman.

I have met Lady Charlotte Campbell there lately. As well as one can judge of a person from seeing her half a dozen times, I like her very much.

Whitehall : Tuesday [May 1810].

'From the author' simply will (I think) do for all states and degrees.¹ It will save a great deal of trouble, and, what is of quite as much consequence, a great deal of time. The presentation copies ought, if possible, to be sent before the book has appeared in every shop window.

¹ Referring to Mr. Stewart's *Philosophical Essays*, published in 1810.

I stumbled upon Price¹ the other day at the Priory, where I was carried upon a morning visit from Cashiobury. He will be in or near town for the next ten days. If Mr. Stewart likes, I will say some civil things on his part to P. when I give him his copy, and that may perhaps save a letter; but let it be sent *soon*, for in point of civility that appears to me to be more than half the battle.

I am rather inclined to look upon Playfair's loves with indulgence. The *litterati* in our English Universities (none of whom are fit to keep the door of his lecture-room) are in general such bears about women, that one is rather pleased with the contrary extreme. However, it must be comical enough.

You will be glad to hear that Lady Rosslyn is in that situation 'in which ladies wish to be that love their lords' as the 'Morning Post' would express it. She is to be confined in October. What say the good people in Scotland?

You will probably not participate in my ill-humour with Brougham for his attack upon Mr. Pitt in the last 'Edinburgh Review.'² But you will at least allow that it is not very prudent. He is just become a member of an assembly in which it is desirable (for a young man particularly) to enjoy some share of the *personal* favour and good will of his audience, however the majority of them may differ from him in his political opinions. Why then insult and irritate people by wholesale? A great number of persons, and those

¹ Sir Uvedale Price, writer on the *Picturesque*, and on Landscape Gardening. He married Lady Caroline Carpenter, daughter of the 1st Earl of Tyrconnel.

² See article on Erskine's speeches in *Edinburgh Review* for April 1810, pp. 119-121.

highly respectable for character and talents, have a sort of religious veneration for the memory of Mr. Pitt, and naturally regard such an invective as Brougham has thought fit to publish, as an unprovoked outrage on their feelings. One ought not to shrink from maintaining any principle that one believes to be important from the fear of making enemies, but it is very foolish to get oneself hated for the pleasure of abusing a great man who is now canonised by death. The mischief will all fall upon his own head. Nobody will think the worse of Mr. Pitt because he is libelled by Brougham, but many people will think the worse of Brougham for libelling Mr. Pitt. What makes this ‘sortie’ of his the more strange is that he is now acting with Lord Grenville, who is just as responsible for the State trials¹ as Mr. Pitt; and, in the next, that he was (if I mistake not) the author of an article or two in the same journal during the lifetime of Mr. Pitt, in which he thought fit to compliment him very highly. After all, I like Bruffam (as the Chancellor insists upon calling him) very much, and his talents are quite surprising; but he every now and then does things that provoke one beyond measure. All this violence, too, about Reform will end in no good.

Lord Grey goes to Northumberland on Friday. He is monstrous cross about public affairs, and swears that he don’t care if he never comes back again. I asked him if he meant to return before the meeting; he said ‘Certainly not,’ and that it was very doubtful whether he should come then.

¹ Those of James Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, for printing a seditious libel, and of John Frost for sedition, both in 1793.

Among the papers of Doctor Davies, the late Provost of Eton, have been found several of the best exercises of his favourite pupils—Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley, and Canning. Lord Wellesley's verses are chiefly upon *religion*; Lord Grenville's upon *love*; and Canning's favourite topic is the charms of retirement, and the renunciation of ambitious pursuits. Adieu.

[May 25, 1810.]

Windham is going on well,¹ but Lord Grenville is very ill. It is a complaint in his head. He labours under a dreadful depression of spirits, and is quite incapable of business. His father died of a complaint in the head, but whether this is the same sort of thing or not I cannot tell. I have been assured this morning by a person on whose authority I place some reliance (though after all he may be wrong) that there is very little chance of his ever appearing again as a parliamentary leader. Altogether we conclude the Session prettily. Lord Grey, our other General, is in an agony of disappointment and rage, and talks of retirement. Some people suspect that a negotiation is going on underhand, by means of Mackenzie, at Paris.

I am very much diverted by seeing my friends the philosophers falling foul of each other in the House of Commons. Brougham made a most able reply to Horner on Wednesday evening, which, according to a laudable practice of which I believe Sheridan is the original author, he has taken care to get puffed in the newspaper to-day. I did not hear

¹ He was operated on by Cline on May 17, for the removal of a tumour, but never recovered from the shock, and died on June 4.

their speeches, but I think Brougham was right in his argument. People seem to think, however, that he had better not have vindicated the ministers for the pleasure of thrashing an old friend.¹

Adieu. I wrote a couple of days ago, but the illness of Lord Grenville is so important an event in the political world that I thought I might as well send you a line about it. Sir H. Halford was with him yesterday. When he returned to town he was asked whether there was any *delirium*. His answer was, ‘There is nothing that amounts to that, but Lord Grenville’s mind is entirely occupied by one idea.’ The distinction is a fine one.

Whitehall: Friday.

Thursday [June 1, 1810].

A most singular accident has happened to the Duke of Cumberland. Last night he was awakened by a blow of a sabre upon his head, which was followed by several more upon other parts of his body. He started up, and, being a strong resolute man, succeeded in wresting the weapon from the hands of his assailant,

¹ A committee of the House of Commons had been appointed to consider the proceedings with reference to papers signed by Sir Francis Burdett relating to his apprehension and committal to the Tower; and the process served upon the serjeant-at-arms in an action brought by Sir Francis, and the summons served upon the Speaker, were referred to this Committee. Their report was ordered to be printed on May 11, 1810. On May 23, Francis Horner moved the recommittal of the report with a view of moving resolutions declaratory of the existence of the privilege to the utmost extent to which it had been claimed. Broughton in reply asked whether they did not believe that there were a great number of most respectable people who doubted the existence of the necessity of the privilege—persons who were entitled to consideration, and whom it was the truest wisdom to conciliate. He thought that the House ought to go all reasonable lengths to satisfy the people, and that they would never unnecessarily and wantonly exercise privileges that might be misconstrued (*Parl. Deb.* vol. xvii. pp. 174–5).

who then ran out of the room. The Duke, it seems (probably from beginning to feel the effects of his wounds), was unable to pursue him ; but, having alarmed the house, a search was made. They found the door of his *valet de chambre* (an Italian who had lived with him many years) fastened. Upon breaking it open they saw this man weltering in his own blood. He had fled to his room immediately after making this strange attack upon his master, and cut his throat with a razor. The Duke is wounded in several places. In particular, he has one very bad cut upon his head, but he is not supposed to be in any danger. No account has yet been given of that violent resentment which prompted so outrageous an act. I have not inquired from what part of Italy the man came, but I would lay a wager he was a Piedmontese. He was dead before they came into his room.

The Prince went down to Windsor early to break the news to the King.

Poor Windham has gone on longer than anybody expected. Yesterday we were flattered by being told there was a gleam of hope. But he has had a bad night, and has been growing rapidly worse during the day, so that it must be soon over. People of all parties are afflicted at the prospect. Adieu.

I am in hopes of hearing from you soon. I have just read the ‘Lady of the Lake,’ which was lent me by a charitable and wealthy friend. It is quite charming. I doubt whether Rogers will survive it.

Saturday [June 1810].

Sir H. Halford went down yesterday to tell Lord Grenville that he must not go to the Commemoration. He has been recovering very slowly, so slowly as to have very much disappointed his brother, though he is by no means sanguine.

Playfair's part of the review¹ is, like everything Playfair does, quite excellent. Of Knight's I am no judge, being no proficient in 'the silly art of verbal criticism.'

Smith's has a good deal of wit, but he has followed the example of his antagonist too much in using coarse ungentlemanlike language. But when a couple of parsons or a couple of fish-women fall out, there is no setting any limits to their vocabulary. To be sure my reverend tutor began first, but that is no excuse for Smith. But the truth is that he is naturally coarse, and a lover of scurrilous language.

On the whole, Brougham's parliamentary appearances have certainly disappointed me, and I observe he is not popular with the honourable House. Horner is better liked.

Assassins come from Piedmont just as chairmen come from Ireland, singers from Naples, &c. From what you say I presume it turns out (though I have not taken the pains to inquire) that the Duke's valet was 'da Torrino.' Do you remember, in Alfieri's 'Life,' he mentions it as an extraordinary instance of magnanimity in himself, that after having offended his servant (by throwing a candlestick at his head), he ventured

¹ See note, p. 94 *ante*. R. P. Knight had written many critical works on classical subjects, and contributed pp. 169-77 of the joint article in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1810, already referred to.

to let him sleep in an adjoining room to him, and of generosity and forgiveness in the man that he did not yield to this temptation to cut his master's throat?

They talk of the Doctor's coming in. I shall be very glad, if it is only because it will probably drive Canning into decided opposition. We shall not do much good without him—and perhaps not much with him.

I am writing in my committee-room.¹ The India Judge, as Cobbett calls him (Anstruther), is now giving evidence. We had all the Scotch grandees yesterday—Melville among the rest, who is a very pleasant man to meet in the way of business.

It was the Duchess of Beaufort (who is really a rich person) who lent me Walter Scott's poem. By the bye, her Grace is one of the most delightful people I know, and not the less delightful for having preserved a completely spotless reputation. If I were required to name a perfect specimen of an English lady, I should pitch upon her—in spite of her morality and even religion—for she is guilty not only of getting up early in order to superintend the education of her children, but also of going regularly to church. Adieu.

I must have done amusing myself, and mind my business.

St. Leonard's Lodge: Tuesday [June 1810].

Unless you are unwell, or unless Maria is unwell (which God forbid), you deserve a great scolding for not writing to me. It is an age since I had anything except half a dozen lines, and even they are of an old date. Indeed I am so angry that I do not

¹ Ward had been appointed Chairman of the Committee on Sinecures.

think I should write to complain, if I did not happen to be at this moment in the unhappy situation of *the odd man*. There are three pair of people in the room —two playing at chess, and the others flirting—so that I have no resource, and my letter is not the least a compliment. Seriously, if I don't hear from you very soon, I shall begin to think that something is going ill; so pray get the better of your laziness, and send me a single line.

I called upon Horne Tooke¹ the other day. He has been so ill for a long time, that I hardly expected he would be able or willing to see me. However, to my surprise, he let me in. He was stretched upon a couch, and looked dreadfully ill. But his mind is still powerful, and it is impossible not to admire the magnanimity which enables him to endure so much suffering without a complaint. He has read Mr. Stewart's book. It has made him very angry, and he abused the Scotch bitterly. Indeed, I believe he hates them from the recollection of old times when he was engaged with Wilkes in opposition to Lord Bute, independently of any fresh causes of offence.

The lady of this place (Mrs. Beauclerk) tells me she has met you at Holland House. She is really a delightful person—very sensible—her manners excellent, and magnificently beautiful. Her lot in life is not quite so good as one should have wished for her. Mr. B. is clever, well-educated, and perfectly a gentleman, but his invincible shyness and secluded habits prevent him, and consequently her, from being

¹ Ward had from his early youth been an intimate friend of Horne Tooke. Tooke died on March 15, 1812, after a long illness, and Ward wrote the article on him in the *Quarterly Review* for June 1812.

much in society. She comes to town perhaps for three weeks in spring ; everybody makes a fuss about her, and then she disappears for the remainder of the year. The Princess is here at this moment, and, to do her justice, gives less trouble than one would expect a great personage to impose upon society. She has formed an intimate friendship with Mrs. B.—I believe a little for *sake's sake* as they say.

The day before I left town, I saw a letter giving rather a bad account of Lord Grenville. He has had an attack of vertigo again during the hot weather. The letter was from Lady Grenville to Dr. Vaughan. Vaughan showed it to me, but I suppose it ought not to be quoted. She seemed a good deal alarmed.

By the bye, I see you are not the only lady that can imitate her husband's hand. Hers so much resembles Lord G.'s that I could have almost sworn to it.

I saw Canning a few days ago. He don't go to Spain. I take for granted that you gave no credit to the absurd story of a mission to Palermo &c., which was propagated with so much diligence by Citizens Brougham and Perry.¹ Adieu.

Write soon under pain of excommunication.

Whitehall : Friday [June 1810].

Your letter found me at St. Leonards on Tuesday. I passed another day there on my way back from Brighton. I was even more than usually glad to hear from you, as the interval was beginning to grow long. However, the anxiety you have felt, and the

¹ See note *ante*, p. 107.

fatigue you must have undergone, sufficiently explain your silence.

I am very much vexed at the account you give of your eyes. It is a misfortune in which I sympathise, though I believe our complaints are not exactly of the same nature. My sight is, as it always has been, remarkably strong; but cold or reading too long makes my eyes sore and inflamed. I fancy that the cursed smoke of our coal fires contributes to it not a little, for I observed that my eyes were never so well as in the burning climate of the south of Spain. If you think it worth while and will describe your case minutely, I will ask Ware about it. He is the best man we have, and may perhaps put you into a way of doing something that may relieve you, or at least prevent the increase of the inconvenience.

I have not seen Malone's book¹ yet. His talents are but of a very inferior cast, and he is quite incapable of doing justice to that incomparable person, Mr. Windham. He was by far the most agreeable of our great men. He had infinitely more literature, and more thought upon subjects not connected with politics, than Mr. Pitt, and the consciousness of his own reputation and talents had not extinguished in him, as it had in Mr. Fox, all desire of pleasing in society. When bearing one of the greatest offices in the State, the day after a splendid speech in the House of Commons, he was just as alive to everything that was going on, just as ready to engage in any trifling conversation, and just as anxious to obtain the good will and consult the feelings of every individual in the company, as any young or obscure person could have

¹ His *Memoir on the Life of Mr. Windham*, which appeared in 1810.

been whose fortune and credit depended on his making himself agreeable. No man had so haughty and magnanimous a contempt for popularity when it was to be purchased by the slightest sacrifice of principle ; but for all the favour that could be obtained by wit, good nature, and the most exquisite good breeding, his life was a perpetual canvass.

Lord Milton (that worthy young nobleman and future pillar of the Whig interest) said a few words about him in the H. of C. in such a way as to make every man of taste regret that such a task should have fallen into such hands. In fact, he failed totally. Canning then got up and made a very pretty speech, for which he had the more credit because he could not possibly have foreseen the opportunity which Lord M.'s failure would give him of making any speech at all on that subject. It was an instance, too, of placability, for Windham had a most violent and (as I think) unreasonable prejudice against him, which he expressed to me in very strong terms a short time before his death. The chief reason for this dislike was Canning's conduct to Castlereagh. Poor man ! He little knew that his own dear friends, Lord Grey and Lord Grenville, had been just as desirous to throw him overboard as ever Canning had been to drive Castlereagh from precisely the same situation. But they kept their own counsel better, and the thing did not become notorious. . . .

You have probably not seen Mme. du Deffand's letters which Miss Berry has just published. The preface is amusing enough and sensible, but ill-written, particularly in those pages which she probably thought most shining.

My father has not stirred from his couch these three months. His complaint was a mortification in his leg, which at one time threatened his life. But he is now recovering very fast, and will in all probability enjoy better health than ever. It is not one of those attacks which leave any traces behind them. It is either fatal or harmless. He has borne his long and painful confinement with infinite patience.

Adieu. Write when your eyes permit you. I am going into Kent in a day or two to pay my respects to my noble friends the Lords Lansdowne and Aberdeen. Lord L. is at Bounds; Lord A. at Tunbridge.

Brighton: Thursday [August or September 1810].

I delayed sending you a letter longer than usual, because, to say the truth, I thought there appeared some unwillingness to write in yourself. Long intervals between your letters, excuses that could hardly be serious, &c. &c., looked a good deal like it. However, I shall say no more upon this topic, as it is not a very agreeable one, but proceed to other things, as I am a good deal in arrear. In the first place, I have a thousand apologies to make both to you and to Mr. Stewart for neglecting so long to convey his book to Price. The truth is that, having accidentally missed an excellent opportunity of sending it to him by Lord Aberdeen, I waited a long time in vain for another, and at last it quite escaped my memory. However, when I did recollect it, I behaved quite honestly—confessed the truth, and took the whole blame upon myself—so that Price, though he may

justly complain of me, must be as well content with Mr. Stewart as if he had received the book the day it was published. I understand he is preparing to reply, and that Lady Caroline is particularly eager upon the subject.

As to Horner, any cause of complaint he may have imagined himself to have against me would hardly have produced that *general* effect upon his temper which Jeffrey remarked to me when he was in England. Perhaps the state of his health may have occasioned the alteration in his disposition. About a year ago he seemed very unwell. Now he is quite stout again, and with his health appears to have recovered his good humour. Not but what he is still sufficiently positive and impatient of contradiction; so much so that I find the people with whom he lives most—Abercromby, for instance—find it necessary utterly to banish from conversation any subject on which they differ from him materially.

However, be this as it may, he is a man of an excellent heart and an excellent understanding, and I shall always entertain for him the utmost respect and affection.

Our gracious Sovereign (to use Tierney's phrase) is as good as new again, so things will go on in the old way.

Some months ago I read a little of Miss Berry's book.¹ I thought the preface very badly done. It is very odd that she should have lived so much with people of fashion without acquiring better manners, and so much with people of talents without learning

¹ Her letters of Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole.

to write her own language tolerably. I am sorry for it, for I think much more favourably of her than those will do that judge by her writings. She has good talents, and is besides friendly, honest, and sincere; but she has a loud, harsh voice, and is unacquainted with grammar. Adieu.

CHAPTER X

THE REGENCY AND PERCEVAL

TOWARDS the end of 1810 the King became hopelessly insane, and the first duty of Parliament, in January 1811, was the passing of a Bill conferring the Regency on the Prince of Wales. The Bill passed on February 4, and the Prince took the oaths as Regent on the 6th.

The Whigs not unnaturally thought that now their turn had come at last, taking it for granted that the Prince would not desert his old friends. Great, therefore, was the amazement and annoyance amidst their party when the Prince showed no disposition to make a change of ministers.

Such, it is true, had been his original intention, and just before he became Regent a new ministry had actually been arranged with Lord Grenville at its head, and Lord Grey, Ponsonby, and Whitbread amongst its members.

The principal instrument in effecting the change in the Prince's intentions was the King's chief physician. The part he played in this matter is thus described by Sir Samuel Romilly in his '*Memoirs*.'¹

'He was in the habit of waiting on the Prince from the beginning of the King's illness, and, as was at that time reported, of representing to the Prince that the King's illness was much more alarming than it appeared in the ostensible reports made to be seen by the public. Of late, however, he has represented to the Prince, in the strongest manner, the probability of the King's recovery; has told him that the King frequently makes the most anxious inquiries after him; and has represented to the Prince that a change of ministers would in all probability, as soon as it was communicated to the King, produce such an

¹ 3rd edition, vol. ii. p. 177.

exacerbation (this is the very term he used) as might put an end to his life ; and he has very strongly forced upon the Prince the reflection that he might be considered as, or that he would in effect be, guilty of parricide. The Queen too wrote a letter to him to say that the King had been informed of all that had passed during his illness, and was in the highest degree gratified by the manner in which the Prince had conducted himself while these matters had been pending. The Queen has not seen the King, and consequently wrote only from Perceval's representation, or rather (as I know the Prince himself has observed) by Perceval's dictation, the word 'pending' being (as the Prince has said) likely enough to have escaped from a man once accustomed to the language of lawyers, but which would never have occurred to the Queen.'

Sheridan also seems to have played a leading and somewhat discreditable part in this intrigue, and to have been engaged by Perceval, on account of the Prince Regent's liking for him, to advance the interests of the existing ministry. According to the Duke of Buckingham¹ it was at the instigation of Sheridan that the Prince, on February 4, wrote a letter to Perceval announcing his intention not to change his ministers, and stating that his sole consideration for so doing was his 'filial duty and affection.' This letter, however, was so expressed as to convey the impression that, if the Prince had consulted his own wishes only, he would have acted differently, and seemed to suggest the hope that the ministry might voluntarily resign. Perceval, however, in his reply declined to place this interpretation on it, and assured the Prince that, whatever ministers he might think proper to employ, he would find in his support and countenance ample means to enable H.R.H. to maintain the interests of the kingdom.²

As will be seen, Ward entirely approved of the Prince's decision, although he was to have been included in the new ministry if it had been formed.

Whig expectations were again raised in the beginning of 1812.

¹ *Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. i. p. 33.

² For the full text of these letters see the Duke of Buckingham's *Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. i. pp. 31-34.

The restrictions imposed upon the Regent by Parliament would expire on February 18, and the Prince had for some time previously mentioned that as the date at which he should think himself at liberty to call into his service such ministers as he approved of. His real intention, however, all along appears to have been to retain the old administration; but his hope was that, by putting off an open avowal of his determination, something might happen to afford a decent apology for his taking a step which must appear so extraordinary to the nation. No such event, however, occurred. So, shortly before the expiration of the restrictions, the Prince was obliged, in a letter to the Duke of York, written for the purpose of being communicated to Lord Grey and Lord Grenville, to announce his intention.¹ In this letter the Prince said that his selection of ministers at the time of his becoming Regent was solely decided by his sense of duty to his father, to which every private feeling gave way. After speaking in terms of high praise of the successful conduct of affairs by his existing ministers since the commencement of the Regency, he went on to say that a new era had now arrived. ‘I have no predilections to indulge, no resentments to gratify, no objects to attain but such as are common to the whole empire . . .’ and ended by saying, ‘I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed would strengthen my hands and constitute a part of my Government.’

In a postscript he added that he would send a copy of his letter immediately to Mr. Perceval.

The Prince must have known that this proposal to Lord Grenville and Lord Grey, the acceptance of which would have involved a sacrifice of principle and character on their parts, must be rejected by them. Lord Grenville certainly thought the offer insincere, and a mere trick to separate him and Lord Grey,² and both he and Lord Grey had no hesitation in declining the offer.

¹ This letter of February 13, 1812, is quoted in full in the Duke of Buckingham's *Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. i. p. 225.

² See his letters to the Duke of Buckingham in *Memoirs of the Regency* vol. i. pp. 230-1.

Perceval's administration, therefore, went on as before, except that Lord Wellesley resigned the office of Foreign Secretary, and was succeeded in it by Lord Castlereagh.

Thursday [December 1810].

It seems quite certain that the King cannot get well time enough to prevent a Regency and another administration. They are making arrangements as fast as they can. You probably know more about it than I do from Lord Lauderdale and Adam. Yesterday I was told, as a secret, however, and therefore you must not quote me, that the great hitch at present was about Canning and Whitbread. Lord Grenville is afraid of the House of Commons unless he can have them both ; and Whitbread refuses to act with his right hon. opponent. Besides, the good stout Foxites *de la vieille roche* had a violent objection to him. On the other hand, he is a great speaker, and the Brewer himself is by no means free from objection. Half the people of property in England take him for a Jacobin. Altogether it is an awkward dilemma. My present impression is that Whitbread will, and that Canning will not, come in. Will it not move your heart to see this uncourtly tradesman wrest the office of Secretary at War from the gentle hands of the Viscount Palmerston ?

All candid people confess that Perceval has raised himself very much by his conduct in this transaction. He has shown great integrity, good temper, firmness, and ability. But I think he will be very hard pressed to-night, notwithstanding all these good qualities. Adieu.

[February 1811.]

I am curious to know how people take this *no change* in Scotland. Here the inferior members of the Whig party were outrageous at first, but they have grown cooler upon finding that their leaders take a more discreet tone. It is an odd affair. I heard of it on Thursday night ; but, what is very singular, the ministers themselves were not made acquainted with their own good fortune till the next day. Lord Liverpool thought himself sure of being turned out as late as Friday morning at 12 o'clock. Adieu. I am very glad you are better.

Tuesday.—I find the post don't go for ten minutes, so I shall go on. Whatever may be thought of the P.'s conduct by his own friends, there is no doubt that it will make him very popular throughout England, and nothing would be more unwise, as a party measure, than to express any dissatisfaction. If we do, the people will all say that H.R.H., from the most commendable motives of filial piety, abstained from doing what might have had a bad effect upon the *good old King*, and that Opposition, like a parcel of villains, are angry with him for this act of virtuous forbearance, and desirous to sacrifice his father to their profligate ambition.

I have seen your heroine, Mrs. Apreece.¹ She has

¹ Mrs. Apreece, the widow of Shuckburgh Ashby Apreece (who died October 6, 1807), was a lady very well known in the society of Edinburgh, where she lived and gave very distinguished parties. On April 11, 1812, she married Sir Humphry Davy, an event which gave rise to the following epigrams—quoted by Miss Edgeworth :

‘To the famed widow vainly bow
Church, Army, Bar, and Navy ;
Says she, “I dare not take a vow,
But I will take my Davy.”’

begun well—taken a house in Berkeley Square, and proceeded immediately to give dinners. She has asked me for Saturday, and I think it unlucky that I can't go, as I am curious to see what sort of a person she is. The exterior is bad enough. She is fiercely ugly to be sure.

Monday [February or March 1811].

. . . . The King is nearly well at this moment, but I understand he don't mean to reassume the Government immediately. The P. was certainly quite right in not changing the ministry. It would only have exposed himself and his friends to odium and ridicule. But it is a pity that he did not make up his mind earlier. Too many of the preliminary steps were taken. Not only the Cabinet was formed, but even the subordinate situations were offered. By the bye, they behaved very handsomely to me. Lord Grenville proposed to me the Joint Paymaster Generalship.¹ I took a few days to consider of it—

Also—

'Too many men have often seen
Their talents underrated ;
But Davy owns that his have been
Duly *Apreeciated*.'

(See *Life of Maria Edgeworth*, by Augustus Hare.)

¹ In a letter of February 1, 1811, Creevey, who was expecting to be offered a place in the new Government, mentions Whitbread coming up to him at Brooks's, and asking him in the presence of Ward to call upon him the next day at twelve, whereupon 'Ward said—"There, Mr. Under-Secretary, you are to be tried as to what kind of hand you write, &c. &c., before you are hired"; and then we walked home together, and he told me he had been offered to be a Paymaster of the Forces, and that he had refused it, and that he was sure this notice of Whitbread was to offer me an under-secretaryship in his office.' In the same letter Creevey refers to the letter written by the Queen to the Prince of Wales, which Whitbread said was 'evidently dictated by Perceval,' and that the Prince 'had been quite taken in by it.'

as a man ought in any affair of consequence, even though he may have a pretty strong bias from the first, and then declined. As it turned out, this was particularly lucky, though I can safely say that the precarious state of things had no influence whatever on my decision, and that if they were now in power, and with every prospect of a long and successful administration, I should still look back to it with perfect satisfaction. Some of my friends were very earnest with me to accept the offer; but my own feeling, supported by what I thought better authorities, was against it. For instance, I had not only the advice but the example of William Lamb, a man every way so respectable that his judgment would always with me have the greatest weight. I had various reasons—I will just mention two. In the first place, I had great doubts whether I could contribute enough to the support of a government to make it worth their while to bestow upon me so high and lucrative a situation—and I had rather they should owe me a little than that I should owe them a great deal. In the next, I have for a long time past sat very loosely to the party, and have not hesitated to blame them openly in conversation for many of their proceedings, both in and out of office, though I have always supported them by my vote. Now I doubt whether it would have been quite consistent with high notions of honour to draw my connection with them closer, just at the moment when they were coming into power, and to cement it by taking a valuable place, and one for which there must have been so many competitors. In addition to these I must confess that the circumstance of Canning

not being included in the arrangement somewhat contributed to indispose me to take a situation myself. Not that I blame them for not taking him, but still I should not feel quite comfortable if I held an office under a government to which he was eagerly opposed. I could say a great deal more upon all this subject, but I must make an end, as I am going out. Of course I should wish you not to utter a syllable about it. Ever yours,

J. W. W.

[About March 1811.]

I don't know whether you have already seen the enclosed verses.¹ They were written some months ago, but Rogers has only just mustered nerves enough to print them—publish he never will another line so long as the '*Edinburgh Review*' lasts. The subject of them was, in my opinion, a very bad man, and that perhaps may influence my judgment of their poetical merit. You, I believe, think him a true patriot, a 'man of the people,' and may like them better on that account.

I give you notice that an amusing book has been published—a fact of which all London readers are bound to certify their friends in the country as soon as possible after they become acquainted with it—'*The Life of Lord Charlemont*,' by a Mr. Hardy. He is a very gentlemanlike, liberal, sensible person. His style, to be sure, is rather Irish, and it is mostly about parish politics, and debates in the Dublin Vestry; but then there are anecdotes about Hume,

¹ This refers to some verses by Rogers on Fox, with whom he had a personal friendship.

and letters from Burke, and one from Horry Walpole, in which he appears in a very ludicrous point of view. By the bye, I used always to wonder how a son of so great a man as Sir Robert Walpole came to be so ridiculous a person, and how the talents he possessed came to be of such a totally different kind from those which made Sir Robert master of these kingdoms for so many years. However, Lord Holland solved the enigma by telling me that Lady W. was a person of very middling reputation, and that Horace W. was suspected, or rather perfectly well known, to be the son of Lord Hervey (Pope's Lord Hervey). This is a most satisfactory theory; it accounts perfectly for the phenomenon. He was a Hervey all over.

I have not seen anything more of Mrs. Apreece, but I shall probably meet her at Miss Berry's this evening. I fancy she gets on pretty well; but this is a vast place, and nobody makes much sensation.

The Prince came back from Windsor on Sunday strongly impressed with an idea that the King was not likely to recover. He ought to wait quietly till the end of the Session, and if he an't well by that time he may safely change the ministry.

Let me hear from you soon.

Whitehall, April 2 [1811].

Many thanks for both your letters. Poor Sam!¹ How he would be annoyed if he could see the paper you sent me! It is extremely well done. You would do honour to any critical corps in the land. The truth is that the verses are no great things. I thought

¹ Rogers.

so at first, but as I don't much like Fox, I distrusted my own judgment. I was talking about them the other day with Lord Holland—of course he has a strong prejudice of an opposite kind. But even he does not think they have much merit. Such as they are, however, he assures me they are better than the far-famed and long-laboured ‘Columbus.’ I quite agree with you that this species of half-publication ought not to be encouraged ; Malone did the same thing with regard to a little miserable stupid memoir on the life of Mr. Windham. . . .

By the bye, Lord Blandford has been consulting me about sending Lord Sunderland¹ to Scotland. I advised him to it earnestly. Lord S. is a very fine lad, just seventeen, and has gone through Eton. As he seems to have good parts, and a good disposition, and as he is one day to be a very great nobleman, it is of consequence in every point of view that he should have a good education. I wonder whether there would be any chance of *Dieb's*² taking him. I am not at all commissioned to make this inquiry. But in case Lord B. (who with all his absurdities has the merit of being most anxious about the education of his children) should mention it to me again, I should like to be able to tell him whether the best house of that kind in Scotland would be open to his son.

Speaking of Rogers I forgot to tell you a story with which I was fool enough to be very much diverted. Some time ago Lady Charlotte Lindsay

¹ Afterwards 6th Duke of Marlborough.

² He apparently refers to Professor Playfair by this name. See *post*, p. 168, Letter of July 6, 1812, P.S.

called upon Lady Oxford and found her just returned from her morning drive. She had taken with her the youngest of her children, three or four years old. Lady C. asked him where his mama had taken him. He lisped out ‘to see the pretty pretties.’ Upon inquiry it turned out that Lady O.’s visit had been to Rogers, and that the person she had found with him was Lewis! The ‘pretty pretties’ is certainly an admirable appellation for this amiable pair of bards.

I have not read Playfair’s article upon Madame du D[effand] yet, but I mean to read it ‘the first rainy day.’

My curiosity is very much alive about this posthumous work of Lord Clarendon.¹

Sydney Smith is in town. I have not seen him yet. His brother is to be at home this summer. The prospect don’t rejoice me, for I have a notion I shall dislike him immensely.² I hate all dogmatical and, still more, all argumentative people, and I hear he is both. Lord send he may cut no figure in Parliament, for then there will be no bearing him. But perhaps all this may be very unjust, and the Indian sun may have fairly baked out all his evil qualities. Ever yours,

J. W. W.

¹ Entitled *Religion and Policy, and the Countenance and Assistance each should give the other*, by the 1st Earl of Clarendon, and published at Oxford in 1811 by the Clarendon Press, and reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review* for February 1812.

² ‘Bobus’ Smith entered Parliament in 1812. As will be seen by several allusions to him in later letters, Mr. Ward completely changed his preconceived opinion of him.

Whitehall : Monday, 29 [April 1811].

How could you take into your wise head that I should suspect you of such a piece of bad faith—in any case, and particularly in this? The verses were of course printed with a view to their being published. He sent them to everybody—even to people whom he knew very slightly, and would have been sorely disappointed if they had not found their way to the ‘Morning Chronicle.’ By the bye, Canning told me yesterday that he some time ago received a poem upon the ‘*Pains of Memory*,’ from some anonymous correspondent, and that it contains many beautiful lines. He sent an answer expressive of his approbation to the direction that was given him, and the unknown bard has now consulted him as to the question of publication. He seems in doubt what advice to give, so that I suppose the defects balance the beauties. It is a far more poetical subject than that which the ‘pretty pretty’ chose. This puts me in mind that the other ‘pretty pretty’ has written a new melodrama, or some such thing, which is to come out to-night.

Jeffrey and Sydney S. are both here. Sydney is in prodigious glory. By the way, I must tell you a trait of him which is truly characteristic of him. You remember of old what a source of amusement I used to be to him. Well, it is just the same now. He looks at me till he thinks of a joke, and then away he goes for half an hour, but so good-humouredly and inoffensively, as well as with so much drollery, that it is impossible even for the object of his attack not to laugh and be pleased. We had a scene of this sort the other day at a dinner with

Luttrell, Lord Cowper, Lord Aberdeen, &c. &c. I laughed myself almost to death, answered as well as I could, when laughter would allow me utterance, and we passed a delightful evening. You may imagine that all this by no means prepared me for a grave epistle which I received from him next day, in which he complained formally ‘that we had got into a habit of *rowing* each other,’ candidly owned that ‘he was as much to blame as I, but that the whole thing was wrong, and might lead to an interruption of the good humour with which he hoped always to meet me.’ Then came something about his *clerical character*, prudence, gravity, discretion, and the Lord knows what besides—and all this not ironical, but in sober good earnest. I wrote him an answer, half joke half earnest, merely to remind him that I was not the row-er but the row-ee, and had been so for many years—laughed at him when we met, and we go on just as usual. The history of all this is, that he is subject to ebbs as well as flows of spirits, and that when the tide is out he takes a gloomy view of things, reproaches himself for the extravagancies of his own conversation, and seeks comfort by laying the blame upon somebody else.

Mr. Henning¹ has not yet appeared. I know nothing of the fine arts, being descended in the female line from the Consul Mummius; but I know some people that are less barbarous, and to them I will certainly mention him. If he really has merit I don’t think he is likely to want encouragement, particularly

¹ John Henning, sculptor, born at Paisley, and came to London in 1811, where he soon acquired a considerable reputation. Mrs. Siddons and Princess Charlotte of Wales both sat to him.

after the Prince Regent's speech at the Academy dinner.

It is very provoking that you should be made ill by bad weather this year. It has been by far the finest spring I ever remember with us.

Have you heard anything yet about the man we have got here who is teaching people an art of *Memory*? It must be a *Hum*—but disciples are flocking to him, and he will make five or six hundred guineas by the season. His name is Feinagle,¹ a German.

Whitehall: Monday [May 27, 1811].

. . . The Princess is always worst when she is desirous to show off. On such occasions she is sure to say and do everything that is most absurd. I fancy, from the account he² gave me of his conversation with her, that she exhibited herself in a very unfavourable point of view to him. He is mistaken, however, if he does not think her to a certain degree [*word missing*]. She is remarkably quick and apprehensive, and, in spite of her total absence of taste and conduct, not by any means wanting in a ready perception of character. She has a good memory too, and might have acquired a good deal if she did not unluckily think that there is a royal road to knowledge. The excellence of her moral character is well known.

¹ Gregor von Feinagle, author of *The New Art of Memory*, came to England in 1811, and delivered lectures on memory at the Royal Institution and elsewhere. In consequence of the mystery he made of his methods, he was denounced by some as an impostor, but he gained many adherents.

² There is nothing to show who 'he' is, or what Princess is alluded to, but presumably it is Princess Charlotte. The passage omitted has no reference to this subject.

You are to have Payne Knight in Scotland this year. You ought to see him. His cheerful, active mind, his various information, and his perfect good nature can hardly fail to please. He goes with Lord Aberdeen, who is also a most amiable man and my particular friend. He is quite the flower of your nobility.

I am just going down to the House of Commons to hear whether any of the patriots mean to give notice of a motion about the Duke's restoration.¹ I am by no means sure, let your friends Lauderdale and Adam say what they please, that this is quite a proper measure. However, I shall not take part against him. The whole question fairly belongs to the Jacobins. They made use of it whilst it was in vogue, to discredit the gentlemanlike part of Opposition, and now they have got it again they may make the most of it.

Thursday [June 1811].

I was quite delighted to see Mr. Playfair yesterday. Either his journey has improved his health, or the presence of Mrs. Apreece had given a temporary brilliance to his aspect, for I think I never saw him look better. He tells me that he saw you and Mr. S. a little while ago, and that you are both well. At first I had heard that he was to stay here only a few days, but I am glad to find that he is to tarry among us for a fortnight or three weeks. He is an admirable person, and I wish we had a few like him in England.

¹ The Duke of York was reappointed Commander-in-Chief on May 25, 1811. On June 6 following Lord Milton brought forward a motion against his reinstatement, and was supported by Whitbread, but the motion was lost by 296 votes to forty-seven.

The story about Lady Westmorland¹ is long enough to make a moderate novel. I don't think Tacitus himself could have compressed it into a moderate compass. However, as I have alluded to it, and as you may perhaps hear some lies upon the subject, you shall have it in as merciful a form as I can give it you.

I have long known Lady W., first here, then in Spain, and after her return in England again. The winter before last (1809–10) I saw a good deal of her, and we were for some time upon friendly and indeed intimate terms. But though she is young, pretty, and clever, I never what is called 'made love to her.' The indiscretion would have been monstrous, and the guilt of such a design upon a person of so wayward and unsettled a mind not inconsiderable. Not that I have the smallest reason to suppose that, if I had entertained any views of that kind, I should have been successful. On the contrary, as far as my observation of her character goes, I am inclined to believe Lady W. a perfectly virtuous woman. But I mention this particularly in order that you may understand clearly the footing upon which our acquaintance stood. Generally we were upon the best terms, and she reposed the greatest confidence in me. Indeed, as she was upon very bad terms with Lord W., I heard more than I was particularly anxious to hear. However, I made no use of it but to endeavour (but with mighty little success) to

¹ This was the second wife of Lord Westmorland, and step-mother therefore to Lady Jersey, who was the daughter of Sarah Anne Child, the great heiress, who made the runaway marriage with Lord Westmorland in 1782, and died in 1793. The second Lady Westmorland was a Miss Saunders.

compose her mind, and reconcile her to her condition. Sometimes, however, and for the last two months more frequently, she would pick quarrels with me, which made the subject of long, eloquent, unreasonable notes. She never had the smallest foundation for anything she complained of, and it was not quite agreeable to be engaged in perpetual causeless squabbles. However, as she is a woman, a pretty woman, and possessed of many good qualities, and as I was by this time well acquainted with the morbid irritability of her mind, I always replied with the utmost caution and kindness. The last time I saw her that season we were better friends than usual. It was at an Assembly. I remained in conversation with her for a good while, handed her to her carriage when she went away, and she seemed to have no reproach to make me. From that time she disappeared from the world. I heard various contradictory stories upon the subject. Many people said she had made an attempt upon her own life, but others denied it so positively that I hardly knew what to think. This much seemed pretty certain, that symptoms of mental derangement had appeared. However, no topic occupies people for long together here, and for several months I heard little more about Lady W. I now recollect that those to whom I spoke of her (which I did but seldom) did not enter into the conversation very readily or very fully, but that circumstance did not strike me, or, if it did, I ascribed it wholly to that delicacy which almost everybody feels in speaking of an unfortunate person.

You may perhaps recollect that I once told you of a very singular confidence which had been made

me by a lady of my acquaintance.¹ She is very much in the habit of saying whatever comes into her head, without regard to discretion, and it is to her I owe the knowledge of what might otherwise have remained always concealed from me. One morning that I was calling upon her, she made some joke—I forget what led to it—about ‘ladies stabbing themselves,’ evidently pointing it at me. I stared with as much astonishment as at the story she had formerly told me about herself. ‘What in the name of fortune can you mean?’ ‘Why, you need not pretend ignorance; everybody knows it—I mean the story about Lady Westmorland.’ This story I had some difficulty in getting from her, as she insisted that I must be playing the *hypo*, and knew it as well as she did—nay, better. When she had told it, I thought it so strange that I had some doubts whether it might not be all the creation of her own fancy, and suspended my belief till I had it upon better authority. Lord Aberdeen was the person whom I consulted. He, like the lady, lifted up his hands in utter amazement at my ignorance, which, like her too, he could hardly believe to be real. When I had at last convinced him that till within a few hours I had known nothing of the matter, he told me (or rather repeated to me, for she had been correct enough in her story) that Lady W., whose mind had, as I knew, been for some time before becoming daily more and more unsettled, had at last fancied that she was beset by a gang of conspirators against her honour and peace, of whom I was the chief. The existence of this ideal conspiracy she proved by a fact which was equally the

¹ Lady Caroline Lamb.

✓ offspring of her own imagination. She had seen me one day reading a letter to several of my acquaintance in the street. She knew this letter to be her own, and by our merriment she could perceive we were turning her into ridicule. With this story she went to Lord Westmorland, and told him that such an insult to her, and consequently to him, could only be atoned for by my blood, and insisted that he should immediately call me out. She had even prepared for him a ‘formula’ of challenge, and—upon what principle of selection I know not—pitched upon Palmerston to be the bearer. After expostulating with her for some time in vain, Lord W., conceiving this to be a clear case of insanity, sent for Willis. When Willis came she appeared very much terrified, but rather more calm, and begged to be allowed to pass a few minutes alone in her own apartment in order to compose herself before she followed him. She was permitted to retire, and instantly plunged a penknife into her side in such good earnest that it very narrowly escaped giving her a mortal wound.

||| Her history since has been the subject of so much controversy that I am utterly unable to unravel it. It appears, however, that upon her recovery, some physicians (Vaughan, I believe, and Pemberton) having become responsible for this step, she was withdrawn from the care of Willis—in opposition, however, to the wishes of Lord W. He, it seems, still thinks her deranged. In the meantime Lady W. has appeared everywhere this year under the protection of Lady Jersey, who, not content with a merely defensive plan, has thought it necessary, in justice

to her mother-in-law,¹ to cut her father, whom she abuses everywhere as the worst of human beings. She treats him as the law does one of the King's enemies, with whom it is criminal to hold any intercourse.

Lord Burghersh has been guilty of this species of treason, and his affectionate sister has in consequence renounced his acquaintance, and even endeavoured to exclude him from the society into which she goes. Lady Duncannon has shared the same fate. As I have not that claim to her ladyship's hatred which is founded on consanguinity, she is content to visit my sins only with that sort of half-cut which is indicated by a distant curtsey and a repulsive look, and with occasional remonstrances addressed to such of her female friends as presume to converse with me in her presence. I have told this long story very imperfectly, but I was forced to do so for fear it should never end at all. Adieu.

Whitehall : Saturday [June 1811].

You have probably by this time received a long letter I wrote you a week ago containing a 'true history.' You will, I think, be diverted by such a strange incident. The curious fact of it is that I should have so long remained ignorant of the share I had in it. We meet continually, but always without speaking. At first it was awkward, but now it don't signify.

After all I did not think the fête² very magnificent.

¹ Her step-mother.

² On June 19, 1811, 'the Regent gave a grand festival, probably the most splendid and the most expensive that ever was given in this country. About 3,000 persons were entertained at supper. . . . A reason given for this festival was that it might give employment to the manufacturers; and

It was chiefly remarkable as the largest collection of well-dressed persons eating together under the same roof that ever was exhibited in this country. The rooms are handsome, and there was a prodigious abundance of plate borrowed from half the noble families in England. But the supper (which I chiefly meant) was only moderate—vastly inferior to what I have continually seen at private houses. The crowd of course consisted very much of persons who are unaccustomed to go out, who were therefore very much annoyed at finding themselves in a hot room in the dead of night, and who communicated their ennui and misery to the rest of the world. However, on the whole it went off better than one could expect, considering the radical incurable absurdity of the whole plan.

His Royal Highness is certainly at this moment more courted and powerful than he ever will be again. Both parties are vying with each other in submission to him. But the choice must soon be made, and the mask will fall from the countenances of the unsuccessful candidates for his favour. I am inclined to think—though I well know how uncertain all conjectures upon such a subject must necessarily be—that he will try a partial change, and the new arrangement will not include Lords Grey and Grenville. At least, if that is his wish, he will easily be able to accomplish it. The bonds of party connection are becoming every day looser and looser, and people naturally and fairly consider themselves at liberty to follow their own individual inclination and convenience. Indeed, for

it was desired that the dresses of all the guests should be of British manufacture. It does not seem likely, however, to gain the Regent much popularity' (Sir S. Romilly's *Memoirs*, 3rd ed. vol. ii. p. 211).

some time past, all attempt at regular concerted opposition in the House of Commons seems to have been abandoned. Some think that the change will be made as soon as Parliament is up; others (and I think with greater appearance of probability) that it will be delayed till the Restrictions¹ have expired.

You have timed your visit to York unluckily. Sydney's² absence is a great loss. I wish you had been a little later. It would have given me a chance of seeing you. I have partly promised to make him a visit, and if you had been at hand I should eagerly have embraced that opportunity to perform my engagement. I hope the change of air is doing Maria good. Adieu.

P.S.—I wish love and lovers all at the Devil. Lady Charlotte and Petersham were here yesterday. They sat *tête-à-tête* for an hour at my writing-table, and have twisted my sealing-wax into such a shape that I can hardly use it without burning my fingers.

Whitehall : Thursday [end of June 1811].

I am rather glad you are likely to get my letter at last, because it contains a long rigmarole history which I should wish you to know, but which I could hardly persuade myself to write again. On the whole the fête was a tolerable fête, but I cannot quite forgive the bad supper. What Lord Holland said to me is, I think, perfectly true—‘that it went off as well as so foolish a thing could do.’

¹ The Restrictions imposed by Parliament on the Regent, which were to cease on February 18, 1812.

² Sydney Smith was Rector of Froston in Yorkshire from 1806 to 1829, but only went to reside there in June 1809.

By the bye, I think rather better than I did of the chance that your friends the 'Talents' have of power under the new *régime*. The P. dined on Monday with Lord Grey, and was particularly and studiously gracious to the whole party, and especially to Charles, the said Earl. But this is not half so good a symptom for them as his zeal against the Government candidate in the Irish election of a peer. On the whole I think he will try a Whig ministry. They must submit, to be sure, to a good many humiliations, and there will be some difficulty in making the arrangement, but still I would rather bet in favour of its taking place.

I am very sorry you quit Yorkshire so soon. Meeting you on some expedition of this sort is almost the only chance I have of seeing you at all.

Lord Aberdeen is rather a reason against than for my coming into Scotland. I could hardly be there without paying a visit to Haddo. Now it is so much beyond Edinburgh, and the climate is so execrable, and the country so frightful, that I should not have nerves for such an expedition. This year he will, I am afraid, be prevented from going at all by the illness of Lady A. She has been unwell for some time, and, being of a consumptive family, it is impossible not to entertain apprehensions as to the result. However, he appears sanguine.

I have not met *Dieb* at dinner yet; however, I shall to-morrow at Kinnaird's. He was at Devonshire House last night in remarkable beauty and spirits. Adieu.

Tunbridge Wells : August 13 [1811].

You really deserve a scolding for doing what the strongest constitution will not enable one to do with impunity. There is nothing half so dangerous—but that comes of being a *lazy Ivy*.

I have been here about ten days, and shall stay till the end of the week. It is the pleasantest place of the sort I ever was in. More good society than I ever remember to have seen collected together out of London.

Luttrell and Frere are staying in the house with me, and we have the Harrowbys, Aberdeens, Charlemonts, Mr. and Mrs. Tighe, and twenty more people besides, all very *knowable*. Between F. and L. I hear nothing but good things all day long. Frere is certainly a most extraordinary man. I doubt whether so much wit combined with such profound and various erudition has been found in any individual since the days of Arbuthnot.¹ Add to this that he is simple, cheerful, and good-natured, enjoying his own existence, and desirous that other people should enjoy theirs. But of all men with whom I ever was acquainted, excepting only our other ambassador, Dr.,² the least fit for the conduct of affairs.

Lord Pembroke tells me that the King's life is not in the least danger, so he may go on through another Session. In the meantime I am more and more persuaded that the P. does not mean to take my worthy friends the *Talents* to his councils. He don't like them, and they are dismally unpopular. However, I don't think he will keep this ministry just as it is.

¹ The friend of Swift, and physician to Queen Anne.

² ? Drummond.

He will make some alteration if it is only to show us that he can make it. There was a story some time ago of his having begun negotiations with Wellesley and Canning, but I know not how to believe it.

The poor D. of Devonshire adds another to the list of Farquhar's victims. He utterly mistook his case. I am very sorry for his death, though I hardly knew him, for it is a distressing event to many people whom I know and like. The present D. is gentle and amiable in his disposition, but quite a boy in understanding and acquirements. Luckily he is very much attached to his sisters, who are very good and sensible, as well as very agreeable women. I hope they will manage him till he has acquired knowledge and experience enough to manage himself. Hitherto he has behaved admirably. It is a sad blow to the party. Tierney talks of talking holy orders.

I am tolerably well in health, which I suppose is all one has a right to expect after thirty. Adieu.

P.S.—I suppose Lord Robert¹ has made an excursion from Howick into Scotland. Mrs. Bouverie is there. Their marriage (which it is to be presumed will soon take place) is a comical enough event.

Whitehall: Wednesday, October 23 [1811].

. . . . I have been here for more than a fortnight and don't think of stirring. London is very quiet at this season, but not disagreeable. There are always a few people to preserve one from absolute solitude, and after all there are not many luxuries greater than one's own room and one's own books. I had

¹ Spencer, the third son of the 2nd Duke of Marlborough, married the widow of the Hon. Edward Bouverie.

some notion of going into Staffordshire—for I have business at Himley, and the Harrowbys have a party at Sandon which I should like if I was once there. Indeed, I have despatches from Luttrell to-day, in which he gives a favourable report, but I am too lazy to go.

I find the Lambs, who are shrewd fellows and have some means of information, think that at the drawing up of the curtain we shall behold the Marquess of Wellesley sitting at the Prince's right hand, with the Grand Vizier's cap on his head. If the Prince means to do anything for the Catholics this will not improbably be the case. If he favours them, Perceval (whom I believe to be perfectly honest upon the question) *cannot* be his minister. As to Opposition, even if he were inclined to try them, they could not make up a government. The opinions that are entertained by the most considerable individuals of the party upon fundamental points of policy are diametrically opposed to each other. Lord Grenville is for recalling the army in Spain. Lord Holland and his friends are for prosecuting the war with vigour. As we have gone so far already, they are perhaps right, and certainly they have nine-tenths of the people at their back who are eager for maintaining the contest. The Prince too is eagerly on that side.

The appointment of David Boyle¹ is a good stout thing. It is doubtless intended to enlighten the minds of those (if any there were) who still entertained any doubts as to the Regent's ultimate intentions. It is comical enough that the Scotch part of

¹ Appointed Lord Justice Clerk, October 15, 1811. He had been Solicitor-General for Scotland in the Duke of Portland's administration.

Opposition was always the most warmly attached to the Prince. They had formed with him a close and particular connection, and have been the only people in those politics that have seen much of him since the Regency : Lauderdale, Erskine, Keith, Dundas, W. Adam, not forgetting our poor friend Kinnaird, who will be ready to die of rage and vexation. Seriously, I should not be surprised if it were to affect his health. I long to see and to hear Lord Erskine. At any rate I hope the new arrangement will include Canning. Adieu.

5 Seymour Place : Friday, 27 [December 1811].

You are yourself so execrably lazy about writing that I shall make you no manner of apology for delaying this so long. However, it is right to acquaint you—first, that I am not murdered, nor even robbed (at least to my knowledge), which is something in these days and in this metropolis.¹ By the bye, these things make the people cry out against the laxity of our police. The fact, however, I am inclined to suspect is that it is next to impossible to prevent outrages of this sort from happening in those parts of the town that are inhabited exclusively by the lowest and most profligate wretches in the nation, except by entrusting the magistrates with powers vastly too extensive to be prudently vested in such hands. They have an admirable police at Paris, but they pay for it dear enough. I had rather half a dozen people's throats should be cut in Ratcliffe Highway every three or four years than be subject to domiciliary visits, spies, and all the rest of Fouché's

¹ Several horrible murders had been committed in London in December 1811. See *Annual Register* for 1811, pp. (165) to (173).

contrivances. But perhaps, after all, this is not the alternative, and some plan might be devised that would unite protection with liberty. By the bye, it is a curious circumstance enough that in Bright-helmstone, which, when it is full, contains twelve or fourteen thousand people, there is literally no police at all. There is neither mayor, bailiff, headborough, nor, in short, any vestige of municipal government. The nearest justice of the peace lives at Lewes, nine miles off. Yet there is no place so quiet or so completely free from crimes. The doors are all left unbarred, and yet I never heard of anything being stolen. So much for police, and now to continue the thread of my narrative.

I have got into a new house. It looks to the Park and is very airy and cheerful. I grew tired of Whitehall. The river, though beautiful in summer, made it cold the rest of the year, and the offices are detestable. This is not my own. I wish it were, but I can only get a lease for three years.

There is nothing new—nothing at least that has reached my ears. The ministers certainly think they are to continue in office. However, this opinion rests entirely upon the Prince's general conduct towards them, and not upon any positive assurance on his part. I know almost for certain that ten days ago he had not opened his lips to them upon the subject. He is quite right. It is his obvious interest to protract, as long as he can, the period of doubt and (consequently) of subserviency in both parties. As to Opposition, the affair of the debts will be sufficient to ruin them. If they oppose the payment they mortally offend the Prince, and by supporting

it they lose the little remains of their popularity in the country. I speak upon the supposition of his owing a great deal, which some say is not the case.

I hardly think he will attack the Princess. No ministry will like to add such a troublesome business to the difficulties with which they must at any rate be encumbered. Besides, his conduct would form in the eyes of the public such an excuse for hers that I very much doubt whether any strong measure would be popular. It would be droll enough to see H.R.H. standing upon the *moral ground* with the Tories at his back.

I am sorry for poor Sir Harry, who is very anxious for this bauble. It is not Lord A. that deprives him of it. He has a host of enemies headed by Sir Joseph Banks, and they were quite determined and quite able to exclude him, even if Lord A. had not stood. Adieu.

P.S.—Pray tell me who the ladies are with whom I am said to be so deeply enamoured.¹

5 Seymour Place: Wednesday [January or February 1812].

I can tell you nothing, though the time for the drawing up of the curtain is so near. If the Prince has made up his mind he keeps the secret extremely well. On the whole I rather incline to think that Perceval will continue minister, and the vacant offices will be filled up by Castlereagh and the Doctor. It

¹ There was a report at one time that he had been a suitor for the hand of one of the daughters of the Earl of Beverley, but that his overtures had met with decided rejection. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1833, vol. i. p. 367.

is generally supposed that Canning and Wellesley¹ understand each other, and that they have a scheme for making up a sort of third party to the exclusion both of Lord Grenville and Perceval; but I hardly think this will succeed. Let the Prince do what he will, there are great difficulties. If he keeps P. he must break his word and desert his friends, and *throw off* by establishing a character for being the weakest and basest of mankind—to say nothing of the Catholics, who will grow very troublesome. On the other hand, if he changes the Government he must turn out the most popular man in England, which Perceval undoubtedly is, and break with all that party which has supported his father during the whole of his long reign. In short, he must be horribly embarrassed. They say, too, that his health is very bad. Indeed, his stomach must be composed of materials quite different from those which nature generally employs in the formation of that organ, if it is not completely destroyed by the quantity of alcohol he has been pouring into it every day for thirty years. At present I understand his medicines are a sort of drams, composed of saffron and such like combustibles. I remember this was the way poor Mr. Pitt went on for the last year or two. His nerves are, of course, quite gone.

Since writing this I have been out, and heard

¹ On January 16, 1812, Lord Wellesley tendered his resignation to the Prince Regent of his office of Foreign Secretary. The Prince, however, more than once pressed him to retain it. On February 18 he was offered the Lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, but declined it, and on the following day he finally resigned, and was succeeded by Lord Castlereagh. The other 'vacant office' was that of First Lord of the Admiralty, which had been resigned by Charles Philip Yorke.

some things which very strongly confirm me in the opinion that Perceval will remain minister. If my information is correct, we shall know all in a day or two. I shall write again when I hear anything. By the bye, I have been by no means well, and I am still rather so so. Adieu.

P.S.—Among other people I saw Mr. Grenville this morning, who thinks the Wellesley and Canning speculation the most probable, and stated many excellent reasons in support of his opinion; but he is quite wrong for all that, as I have since learnt.

I was wrong in what I said about the Doctor, for I don't find there is much chance of his being applied to.

Seymour Place : Thursday [February 1812].

My information about Wellesley was quite correct. He has certainly resigned. What will be the effect of this it is impossible (near as we are to the 18th) to foresee. But, on the whole, I do not think Perceval will continue minister. Not that Wellesley's resignation would at all affect the votes of that dutiful and obedient body called the Honourable House, but that it will probably affect the Prince's determination. Yesterday it was said that P. had already resigned, but I don't believe that it is true. However, I understand from those that heard his speech on Tuesday night that it had a very *valedictory* appearance. I don't think the Prince is inclined to take Opposition as a body, and to the exclusion of everybody else. If they make that a condition it will be very foolish. They will have the country against them, and enable him to get rid of them for ever. They ought to take almost

anybody he proposes, provided he consents to Catholic Emancipation. Indeed, they will want some support beyond what they can have from their own troops, particularly in the H. of C., where they have no man that is at all a match for little Perceval.

I was very much diverted with what you told me about Mrs. F. She has read in the Scripture that the wise men came from the East. I am not at all surprised at her proceedings. She is evidently one of those female philosophers who have raised their minds from the contemplation of the *individual* to that of the *species*.

I forgot to say that Yorke, too, is certainly out—not from political, but from personal reasons. He is distressed and nervous beyond measure about the losses in the Baltic, and cannot bear the responsibility any longer. The truth is that he is a very humane, good man, and with a great deal more feeling than generally belongs to politicians.

Adieu—the post is going.

J. W. W.

Seymour Place: 6 o'clock, Monday [May 11, 1812].

Within this hour Perceval has been shot by an assassin in the lobby of the H. of C.

Colonel Palmer, who was by, thinks the wound mortal, but he was still alive when he left him.

J. W. W.

CHAPTER XI

UNDER THE BANNERS OF CANNING

THE ministerial crisis which had been expected in February on the expiration of the restrictions on the Regent was thus brought about in a more startling and dramatic manner. The assassination of Mr. Perceval by the half-crazy Bellingham brought things to a climax. Bellingham's intention, according to his own confession, had been to kill Lord Grenville, who had refused to support some claim of his at St. Petersburg ; but he said that Perceval came in his way, and he felt he must kill somebody. There was no doubt that he was mentally deranged, but, to the scandal of British justice, the Court refused an application for a few days' delay in order to obtain evidence of his insanity, and he was condemned to death and executed within a week of the committing of the act.

The catastrophe would have afforded the Prince Regent a fair opportunity of putting his former friends, the Whigs, into office again if he had only been so minded. Apparently, however, nothing was further from his wishes, for we are told that he declared no less than three times in one day that he would have abdicated if Lord Grenville had been forced upon him.¹ An attempt was made by the Government, directly after Perceval's death, to induce Lord Wellesley and Canning to join the administration ; but the negotiations came to nothing, owing to Lord Liverpool's decided objection to entertain the question of Catholic Emancipation. A motion was then made (on May 21) in the House of Commons for an address to the Prince Regent, praying him to take measures for the formation of a strong and efficient administration, and it was carried by a majority of four against ministers, who thereupon tendered

¹ See *Moore's Memoirs*, by Lord Russell, vol. i. p. 296.

their resignations. The Regent then proceeded to attempt the formation of a new administration, and on June 1 sent for Lord Wellesley and Canning to help him. They again started negotiations, with Lords Grey and Grenville on the one side, and with Lord Liverpool on the other; but their efforts were fruitless, owing to their inability to secure an agreement on the two main points of discussion, viz. the Catholic claims and the prosecution of the war in Spain.

The Prince then entrusted Lord Moira with a similar commission, which, however, was also destined to fail. Lord Moira again addressed himself to the two great Whig leaders. This time the negotiations went off on a different ground. Lord Grey and Lord Grenville refused to join any administration unless the offices in the Household were to be in the disposition of the ministry, considering this course to be necessary in order to protect the Government from intrigues at the Court, where the Yarmouth influence was supreme. They were severely taken to task by many of their own followers for not yielding this point, and Sheridan, in commenting upon their behaviour, observed that he had heard before of people knocking their heads against a wall, but till then he had never heard of anyone deliberately building up a wall in order to knock his brains out against it. Ward's indignation, as expressed in his letters, was so great as to induce him to break off his connection with the Whig party, and, as he says, 'to place himself under the banners of Canning.' In one of his letters he says 'the judgment of posterity will be clearly against them.' As to this very doubtful assertion, it may be of interest to quote the opinion of another distinguished member of the Whig party, who took a very different view from that of Ward. Sir Samuel Romilly, in his '*Memoirs*',¹ says:—

'The whole of the negotiations for a new ministry have been conducted, unquestionably, with a previous determination on the part of the Prince, and of those who enjoy his confidence, that they should not end in Lord Grey and Lord Grenville and their friends being in power. . . .

'The whole matter has ended pretty much as I expected

¹ 3rd ed. vol. ii. p. 261.

It might have been much worse if Lords Grey and Grenville had not been deterred from taking office by the obstacles which were purposely thrown in their way. They would have been suffered to remain in the ministry but a very short time; some pretext would have been anxiously watched for, and eagerly seized, to turn them out with loss of character; or a new cry against Popery would have been raised, and they would probably have been the victims of it.

Ward's disaffection seems to have given considerable offence to Lord Grey, for he wrote to Brougham on August 1, 1812, suggesting that he (Ward) preferred office to a character for public principle and consistency.

Brougham defended his friend in a letter of August 2,¹ in which he states what he believes to have been Ward's reasons for his change of allegiance. Some extracts may be here quoted as throwing light on Ward's views at this time, as they appeared to Brougham, at any rate. Brougham says: 'I really think you are wrong as to his motives, which, if altogether personal and private, and on that account less respectable in some sort, are, I know, quite free from any tinge, even the slightest, of corruption or place-hunting. In truth, had Canning been in office he would not have declared or thought of it; and a year ago he often said to me (when annoyed by things in the House of Commons) how he wished you were all in office, that he might join the ex-party, viz. Canning. I had several long and most warm conferences with him before he made up his mind, and of course said what occurred to me freely. At the same time, when he put it to me whether, *in point of honour*, he was acting blamably, I could not say so, considering his loose connection at all times with us, and his decided difference on some points. I did not conceal from him, however, that this might not be the opinion of all his friends.'

'I can tell you distinctly how this matter stands. . . . He greatly admires, somewhat likes, and in no little degree fears Canning, for his classical attainments and his jokes and flings. So do William Lamb and Granville Vernon, and so do Peel and all the other young fry about the offices—very inferior to

¹ See *Life and Times of Lord Brougham*, vol. ii. p. 23.

our youths, of course. Now Ward, like them, is a dealer in a certain sort of ware, very marketable up to a certain price and for some time, but base in its real nature, and which don't keep—I mean little prize essays of speeches, got up and polished, and useless, quite useless, for affairs. To have Canning—the leader in this line—against them and sneering at them they do not like, and not being men of very great minds (though very good and clever men—one part of them at least), they would fain at all costs be with him. First they move heaven and earth to get him and you together, and then, when the clay and gold won't unite, they go after the former. Depend upon it, this is at the bottom of it all. I know the men, and have sounded them for years ; of this I never saw a moment's reason to doubt. But this feeling prevails in different strength in them. In Ward it is predominant, and he follows it. He does not like our House of Commons leaders, and particularly objects (as many others do, and, in my fair and candid opinion, with much reason) to Tierney, whose errors and fears really do mightily diminish his acknowledged merits. . . .

' My answer to all this is (and so I told Ward) that we look not to Tierney but to you, and to George Ponsonby as your friend. Then he objects to our leader's not being in the House of Commons—a misfortune, no doubt—and says if you had remained there he should no more have thought of looking abroad to Canning than to Lord Liverpool. In short, you see there is a mixture of likings and dislikings, all for the most part groundless, in my opinion, but not in his I verily believe. Place he really cares nothing about, and I believe he never would take it with any set of men. As for another tie, that which I or any of his old and personal friends (I believe it applies to me chiefly) may have over him, on this we have often spoken together ; but, unfortunately, we differ on some radical points. He is an alarmist about reform and popular principles, and he considers me as being a Jacobin, or at least a sort of link between you and the Mountain—very absurdly, as I have often told him, for I don't believe (as far as my opinions signify) I ever thought of going beyond you in anything of the kind. The question of peace and neutral points,

perhaps the most important of any, I put to him strongly, and found he considered his differences with Canning on the former to be no greater than with you on the latter. I really forget how he answered, for, in truth, I considered the case as up before we came to that part of it. . . .

'Whatever you may feel as to Ward, you may rest assured there is nothing base or shabby in him—quite the contrary.'

All negotiations for a coalition with the Whigs having failed, nothing remained but for the old Government, weak as it was, and unpopular in the country, to struggle on as best it could. Lord Liverpool was appointed First Lord of the Treasury on June 4, and, though his ministry was admittedly the weakest that ever existed, it yet contrived to hold together for no less than fifteen years. Conscious, however, of the weakness of his Government, and of its need for fresh blood, he, at the end of the Session, made one more attempt to induce Canning to come to his assistance, and offered him the post of Foreign Secretary in place of Lord Castlereagh, who was, however, to be allowed to retain the lead in the House of Commons. Most of Canning's followers, moreover, were to have been placed in office. Canning's friends considered that Castlereagh should yield the leadership as well as the Foreign Office to Canning, and that, unless this point were conceded, the offer should be rejected. Canning resolved not to act upon their or his own judgment, and referred the question of the leadership to three members of the House of Commons. They decided that Canning ought to insist upon the lead of the House of Commons, and he accordingly declined Lord Liverpool's offer, coupled as it was with that condition.

Seymour Place: Wednesday [May 13, 1812].

As Bellingham is become an object of curiosity, you may perhaps like to see his petition and his handwriting. I therefore send you the enclosed. The poor wretch seems to have been driven to madness by hard usage inflicted upon him by the brutal despotism of Russia.

I am very much grieved at Perceval's death. Many of his *opinions* I disliked—but there was nothing to object to in him besides his *opinions*. His talents were admirable, and if he had not been bred a lawyer he would probably have risen to the character of a great man. He wanted Mr. Pitt's splendid declamatory eloquence, but in quickness and dexterity as a debater he was (I think) hardly inferior to him. On the whole he appeared to me the most powerful man (independently of his situation) that we had in Parliament since the death of Mr. Fox. Perhaps I ought to except Lord Grey, but I am not sure. In private, by the universal consent of everybody that knew him, he seems to have been possessed of all the qualities that can make human nature amiable and respectable—particularly good temper and generosity. I have heard several well-authenticated instances of his liberality at a time when he was himself in comparatively narrow circumstances—and as to his temper, in spite of all the conflicts in which he was engaged, and all the business with which he was overwhelmed, he never was observed, even by his family and those who approached him most nearly, to be at all ruffled, except once. It was for the eight and forty hours preceding the day on which he first met Parliament as Prime Minister. He was then remarked to be gloomy and silent, but neither before nor after did his cheerfulness and kindness to everybody about him sustain the smallest interruption. Nothing could be so gentlemanlike and fair as his management of the House of Commons. Indeed, I do not believe that in the height of his prosperity he ever showed the least mark of insolence.

Nothing was known yesterday as to the new arrangements, but I take for granted that Wellesley and Canning will come into power, but whether they will have Ministry or Opposition for their associates seems quite uncertain.

You don't tell me how you like Lord Byron's poem,¹ which you will be pleased to do in your next, or I shall pass a 'non-intercourse Act' for ninety days, and follow it up by actual hostility.

J. W. W.

Send me back Bellingham's papers.

Monday, House of Commons, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 [June 4, 1812].

The negotiation with Lords Grey and Grenville terminated on Saturday. Lord Moira's commission has been put an end to to-day, and Castlereagh has just announced Lord Liverpool as First Lord of the Treasury.

J. W. W.

Saturday [June 1812].

It is vexatious at all times to see one's friends defeated, but it is ten times more so to see them defeated by their own imprudence. By grasping at too much they have lost all, and for ever. Bobus Smith says, comically enough, that the houses of Hertford and Liverpool ought to take for their supporters *two whigs* instead of the griffins, lions, or whatever other animals at present adorn their coats of arms. I suppose you know that even Whitbread disapproves of this monstrous proceeding. It is rather droll that we should live to see Sam out-whigged by Lord Grenville.

¹ *Childe Harold*, the first two cantos of which appeared in March 1812.

Monday
H.C. - 1/2 past four.

The Negotiation with Lord Grey
- Granville terminated on Saturday.
~~But~~ Lord Minto's Correspondence
has been put on one side to-day,
and Castlereagh has just
announced. Lord Liverpool as
first Lord of the Treasury.

I W W

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I should write pages if I were to give way to my disposition to comment upon this event, but at present I shall say no more. Let me know what people say in Scotland.

Seymour Place: Monday [June 1812].

I am really sorry for Madame Purgstall. Her situation is indeed gloomy. The presence of a single person to whom one was very much attached might supply the want of all other society—make one feel at home in a foreign land. But when that person is gone, all must be solitude, helplessness, and desolation. The interests of her child and the difficulty of getting away will, I suppose, retain her in Germany, else her wish must be to return to Scotland. The country in which she lives will be quiet at least for some time—unless, indeed, which is no very likely event, Buonaparte should get into a scrape in the north. If that were to happen, Germany would probably rise up again in arms to harass his retreat.

Pozzo di Borgo (Lord Minto's¹ friendly Corsican) was with me just now—but I don't find there is any news. He don't seem sanguine as to the result of the Russian war. Yet one cannot help indulging *some* hope. The system of retreat is wise, but then they don't appear to have carried it on *as a system*. If they had we should have heard nothing of prisoners taken, and magazines plundered by the French.

On the whole I am inclined to flatter myself that we shall escape an American war.² The war party in America will hardly be able to induce the country to submit to all the expense and misery of a struggle

¹ When Lord Minto was Viceroy of Corsica.

² The war with the United States did, however, break out on June 18.

with England now that she has yielded the main point in dispute.

Nothing is stirring at home. I think, however, that it is right to tell you that you must no longer consider me as a *political* friend. The Whig party has been for some time past in such a strange disjointed state, and the last refusal appears to me to have placed their whole opposition upon such an unreasonable footing, that I have formally taken my leave of them, and placed myself under the banners of Canning.

It is always disagreeable to quit those with whom one has long acted, and I only did it when I found that I could act with them no longer. No man is more willing than myself to submit to the judgment of his commanding officers upon subordinate questions, but when the difference becomes fundamental, it is better to quit the service. And I am able to say with perfect confidence and with truth, that in leaving the Lords G. I have abandoned no principle, and violated no tie either of gratitude or friendship. I had contracted with them no intimacy, I had incurred to them no obligation. On all material points on which I agree with them, I agree with Canning.

On some very material ones I agree with him and disagree with them ; and as the only true foundation of political union (between independent people) is political agreement, I consider myself at full liberty to join the person whose opinions are most in unison with my own. I quit the Whigs in perfect good humour with them. Indeed, if I felt any personal resentment rankling in my breast, I should distrust my own judgment and pause.

I am apt to suspect that the refusal, though apparently approved of in a moment of ‘exaltation’ by the bulk of the party, has given great secret disgust, and will have a dismal effect upon their divisions next session.

Canning was in negotiation with the ministry, but he is off entirely, which I am glad of, as I had rather support him or any other leader *out of power* than in. By the bye I daresay I shall be suspected of having made a good bargain for myself. It is so far from being true, that if he had come in the other day I should have had no office whatever. Nay more, I am not even sure of a seat, which under the Whig dispensation I should have been. But you need not mention either of these circumstances.

Poor Tom Sheridan¹ sets out to-day for Scotland, I am afraid never to return. Death is marked upon his countenance. It is a sad pity, for he is a delightful creature—gifted by nature with the most amiable dispositions and with excellent talents.

As to myself, I don’t think I shall go far from town. Scotland tempts me on many accounts, but it is *very* far, and I am *very* lazy.

Lord Byron and Rogers were going together to the North, but the treaty broke off upon a difference of opinion as to the mode of conveyance, the peer insisting upon four horses, the banker having determined to take only a pair.

By the bye, do you remember a strange history

¹ The son of Richard Sheridan, and father of the three beauties, Lady Dufferin, the Duchess of Somerset, and Mrs. Norton. He went out to the Cape for his health in 1813, became Colonial Treasurer, and died there in 1817.

I told you two years ago about a married lady of my acquaintance? It was Lady Caroline Lamb, and the hero Sir Godfrey Webster. All the world has heard of it since, so there is no harm in telling you.

She has now quitted Sir Godfrey, or rather he has quitted her, and she has fallen in love still more violently with Lord Byron.

An't this strange for the wife of such a man as William Lamb? However, I really believe that the public see the worst of it, and that there is no real harm. But then the world in general does not make so charitable a conclusion, and the scandal is infinite. I wonder he don't throw her out of the window, which is precisely what in his case I would do, and then send Childe Harold after her. Lady M[elbourne] and Lady B[essborough], the two pious women, made a joint effort to lecture her, but she told them that she only followed their example, so they said no more.

Yours ever,
J. W. W.

5 Seymour Place: Saturday [June 1812].

Arbuthnot has no scruples about franking a quarto, and therefore why should we? I have just sent the book to Downing Street, so I presume it will go by this day's post. I have had it directed to your brother at Edinburgh because I do not know whether the mail may not be carried on horseback to Borrostowness, in which case the inducement on the score of humanity as well as of convenience to leave such a letter behind would be considerable. Let me know whether it arrives safe, and how you really like the verses. There are some shamefully careless lines,

but on the whole it is a most extraordinary performance. I don't know a better stanza than that which concludes 'The Samian Bactrian Sage, &c.'¹

I met him by accident three years ago in Portugal. I had never seen his first poems or his 'Scotch [sic] Bards,' &c., so that I had no prejudice about him one way or the other. But I had not been half an hour in his company before I perceived that he was a person of no common mind. This discovery, however, by no means prevented me from cheating him extremely in the sale of some English saddles with which I equipped him at Lisbon to make the tour of Portugal and Andalusia. The portrait which he has drawn of himself in the eighth stanza is, I am apt to think, a pretty accurate resemblance. He is lame of both feet, but his figure and face are good. Hitherto he has, I believe, not seen much society; but a few days ago Lady Caroline Lamb found means to lay hold of him, and I met him at supper at Lady Bessborough's on Thursday night, surrounded by peers, peeresses, privy counsellors, and other distinguished persons who had solicited the honour of being presented to him. He does not, however, seem to take to these glories as kindly as Walter Scott does.

He has reconciled himself to Lord Holland, on whom he made so outrageous and unprovoked an attack in his satire. He made the first step himself by a letter accompanying a copy of 'Childe Harold.'

'Mais qu'est-ce qu'en dira le Journal de Trévoux?' as Voltaire exclaims. What will Jeffrey say? He has a difficult part to play. If he praises,

¹ *Childe Harold*, canto ii. 8.

people will say he is afraid ; if he condemns, it will be ascribed to persevering malignity.

Kinnaird is here in great force. His temper is certainly improved ; that is all he ever wanted to be a delightful companion. His rage against the Prince diverts me extremely. It is not much more than a year ago that he quitted a room (I think it was at Lady Charlotte Greville's) where the Princess happened to be, from sympathy with the resentments and injuries of his royal friend. Now he thinks her case a hard one, and Tierney agrees with him.

Sydney came on Tuesday—in extasy to find himself in London again. He is, however, grown very decorous, and went away from Lady Bessborough's the other evening before twelve on account of Good Friday. But this is a secret. And yet a lady told me the other day that she had heard that I, Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Nugent, and *one Smith, a clergyman*, were a set of good-for-nothing people *who made open profession of unbelief*. Poor Sydney ! So in spite of the *iotas*, he is numbered with the wicked. By the bye, I like what I have seen of his brother very much. He is a cheerful, unaffected, good-humoured man, and it grieves me that he should have such a scraggy wife.¹

I am asked to Lady Glenbervie's some evening next week ; probably I shall meet your friend Miss Elliot there.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

P.S.—By the bye, you are too hard upon my friend Lady M. It is mere good nature towards the young people.

¹ She was a daughter of Lord North.

Seymour Place : Monday, 6 [July 1812].

Mere insanity, depend upon it, and nothing else. They thought the offer was insincere—granted for the argument's sake—and what then ? If the Whigs wait till the person exercising the royal authority makes a cordial affectionate proposal to those whose profession and business it is to limit his power and thwart his wishes, they may wait long enough.

If they serve the Crown it must be *always* against the inclination of him that wears it. Every king *must* hate them in his heart, and only wait for a fair opportunity to capsize them and bring in the Tories, who are the natural allies of the monarch. Saying that they will not take office except with the hearty goodwill of their master, is saying that they will not take office at all. What they had to consider was, not whether the offer was sincere, but whether it was such an offer as they could in honour accept. Now I must confess it appears to me that it was of a nature that not only allowed them to close with it, but rendered their rejection of it absolutely culpable. Compare it with the offer of 1806. The old King then forced them (with Charles Fox at their head) to give up *the whole Catholic question*—to make a certain proportion of his Tory retainers peers as the price of the same dignity conferred upon some of their own friends. Nay, they were even content to give him up two out of three of the white staves that have now become so important in their eyes. *Here* the household was the *only* obstacle ; they had *carte blanche* as to men, and as to measures. Surely the particular situation of the country at this moment ought to have had its weight upon their decision. There

never was a time when a change of ministry seemed likely to be productive of more important consequences. It was impossible for them to foresee and calculate upon the imbecility that has suffered the repeal of the Orders in Council.¹ They must have laid their account to a continuance of that system and a rupture with America. Then the Catholic claim, which remains not opposed indeed by the Cabinet, but not granted, and exposed to all the effects of the Chancellor's malignant dexterity in irritating and picking a quarrel with the Catholic body. But all the threatening evils were to be incurred, and all the certain blessings were to be foregone in order to redeem an impudent pledge, and carry an imaginary point of honour ! In the heat of party such a mistake may be tolerated, and even applauded, but the judgment of this country is, and that of posterity will be, clearly against them.

What is worst of all, they have to a certain degree made the Prince popular—at least, they have relieved him from that vast load of odium which used to press upon him, by taking a part of it upon their own shoulders. They were beginning to enjoy some share of the public favour, but they are now laid aside again as insolent, impracticable men. Everybody must allow them to be honest, but I am afraid their character for wisdom and temper is irreparably injured.

Our importation from India this year makes a

¹ Of January and November 1807, prohibiting trading with the ports occupied by the French. It was the action under these orders which led to the American War of 1812. They were repealed as to America on June 18, 1812.

delightful accession to society. I am quite charmed with Bobus. Your impression of him I recollect was not so favourable. But everybody agrees that he is vastly improved—mellowed and softened (like a pipe of Madeira) under the tropical sun. You will understand what the change has been when I say that he is *not* disputatious, *not* rough, and *not* overbearing.

Mackintosh, too, is extremely agreeable. You have, of course, heard that he has undertaken to continue Mr. Hume's 'History'; his work will come down to the breaking out of the French Revolution. They are both to be in the next Parliament. Mackintosh will not succeed in a popular assembly. He must look to literature exclusively as the foundation of his fame. Bobus is more likely to succeed.

Brougham is at the height of human glory.¹ The gratitude of the commercial people is not to be confined to empty praise. They are taking vigorous steps to bring him in at Liverpool next election. His notions upon popular questions are not much to my taste, but I heartily rejoice at his prosperity. It is delightful to see the success of great talents and industry—particularly in the person of an old friend.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

P.S.—You are to have all the world in Scotland this summer. Sir Humphry and Lady Davy set out to-morrow; Kinnaird takes Tom Sheridan (who I am afraid is dying) with him. Mackintosh goes

¹ Owing to his successful attack on the Orders in Council which caused them to be withdrawn, and gained him immense popularity in commercial circles.

soon—but there is no end of them, Playfair I find advances into Yorkshire to meet his former love.¹ Poor Dieb, I am sorry for him. The widow's choice has given chemistry a most undue triumph over the exact sciences.

Did you read Lord Holland's speech upon the Catholic question? It is quite admirable.

Seymour Place: September 3 [1812].

Sydney's paper in the last number of the 'E. R.' took me a little by surprise. I expected a regular Whig manifesto, drawn up by John Allen, the atheist, or some other approved hand. Not but what I knew these to be the opinions entertained by both the Smiths, but I thought that Sydney's personal connections would prevent him from expressing them in so public a manner. However, he has chosen to speak his mind, and has done it with considerable ability and effect.² I only differ from him in thinking

¹ Lady Davy, formerly Mrs. Apreece.

² See Sydney Smith's article on the 'Negotiations for a Ministry' in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1812. In stating the first proposition made to the Opposition, viz. that they should join Lord Wellesley and Canning, that Lord Wellesley should be First Lord, that the Cabinet should consist of thirteen, including five of the Opposition, to be named by Lords Grey and Grenville, of Lord Erskine always acting with them, and Lord Moira commonly acting with them, and the remainder to be selected by Lord Wellesley, the article says, 'We are so far from considering this to be a fraudulent offer on the part of the Cabinet, that we have really very grave doubts if it is to be considered as a very unreasonable offer. . . .' It then goes on to say, 'Upon the second offer made by Lord Moira we have also grave doubts; though on this occasion the leaders of the Opposition have a much better case. . . . It seems on the whole better that the Opposition should have secured a favourable issue to all the great questions now in dependence by coming into office, and having guarded the principle respecting the household, that they should have relaxed in the exercise of it upon this particular occasion. . . . The leaders of the Opposition should also have remembered that it is hard upon the common soldiers of the party to serve for ever without pay; that their opportunities of

that the *second* offer was the best of the two, and consequently the rejection of it most indiscreet. You, I know, don't agree with either of us. I will not argue the matter with you, but this I can safely assure you, that there never was a point within my recollection upon which the public was so perfectly agreed as in condemning the conduct of the Lords G. in this negotiation. Except among the immediate, personal, and particular friends of the party, I have not heard a dissenting voice, and even in that class there are a great many that openly condemn the refusal. What Sydney says about 'serving without pay' is true enough, and is pretty generally felt, though it required all his *naïveté* to say it. By the bye, I wonder if he is quite aware of the harm he has done his friends by diffusing such an opinion of their conduct among all the innumerable readers of the 'Edinburgh Review'? His praise of their disinterestedness (which, by the bye, I don't think they deserve—nor would you either if you knew them as well as I do) is no balance to his condemnation of their blunders. I have not heard what they say yet, but I don't doubt they will be angry.

I cannot make out whether there will be a dissolution¹ or not. On the whole I am rather inclined to fear there will. One of the motives I have heard assigned however for dissolving is a bad one. It seems they thought it would weaken Canning's squad.

tasting the sweets of office are very rare; that it is a very galling thing to see, for years together, their opponents getting rich and powerful merely because they are foolish and dishonest. . . . If the Opposition have erred, however, they have erred, as they always do err, upon the disinterested and the generous side.'

¹ Parliament was dissolved on September 24, 1812.

Now the fact is that if they dissolve to-morrow he will be just as strong in the next Parliament as he is in this—perhaps stronger. Besides, the loss of a vote or two would not much signify. If they could *dis-solve* his speeches they would do themselves some good.

Have you seen Walter Scott's newest poem?¹ I see it is advertised. If he succeeds again he really must be a wonderful man. The last thing,² to be sure, was bad enough—but then it was in stanza and written for charity—which sufficiently accounts for the failure. Now that he starts fresh in the ballad measure and with two thousand guineas in his pocket,³ he will very likely do as well as ever.

I have only just finished Miss Edgeworth,⁴ and am lost in wonder and delight. How the deuce she contrives to know London life so well—for I never heard of her on this side of the water. She deserves all Jeffrey has said of her.

By the bye, I wish you would write some books for my amusement. You could not employ your leisure better.

I am sorry to find that Knight, who is just come back from Scotland, did not happen to fall in your way. The Pagan is very well worth knowing. Besides his talents and information, which are very considerable, and improved by daily exercise, he has a cheerfulness which diffuses itself at once over every

¹ *Rokeby*, published January 1813.

² *The Vision of Don Roderick*, published in July 1811 for the benefit of distressed Portuguese.

³ The price he received for *The Lady of the Lake*.

⁴ Ward wrote the review on Miss E.'s 'Patronage' in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1814.

society into which he comes, and an activity and eagerness in his pursuits which (particularly at his time of life¹) is quite delightful, and which I hardly ever saw in any person of the same age—except in Playfair. Adieu, for I must make an end. Write to me soon, and direct as usual, though I am at last going to leave town.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

¹ Knight was at this time about sixty-two. His sceptical opinions were attacked by Horace Walpole.

CHAPTER XII

THE NEW PARLIAMENT

PARLIAMENT was dissolved on September 24, 1812, and the new Parliament assembled on November 24. At the General Election the cry of ‘No Popery’ was raised, and it cost many distinguished members of the Whig Party their seats.

Ward, though a supporter of the Catholic claims, was, however, successful at the election, and was returned as member for Ilchester.

Brighton : Tuesday, 20 [October 1812].

I did not write to you during the suspension of franking, seeing that my words are by no means worth their weight in gold. Now that the privilege is restored I shall send you scraps of paper from time to time as usual.

The poor Whigs have been sadly defeated by this dissolution. At least, that is what I hear, but one knows nothing for certain except in London. Romilly,¹ you see, is beat at Bristol, Brougham at Liverpool, and I understand that George Eden, W. Lamb, Horner, Tierney himself, are without seats. I am very sorry for it, both from personal regard to most of the individuals concerned, and because the Whigs with all their blunders are better than the ministry to which they are opposed.

¹ He retired from the contest on October 14, but was afterwards returned for Arundel.

Brougham, I have heard, might have been brought in for Liverpool if it had not been for the obstinacy and greediness of that foolish man Roscoe and his party, who wanted to bring in two, and by that means lost both. It is really provoking, for B. was beginning to cut a great figure in Parliament, and to realise the predictions of those among his friends who, like myself, always thought he would succeed. And now he will be bitterly angry at his failure, and turn downright Jacobin. The loss of Horner, too, and Lamb, I deeply lament. It is hard considering the sums that have been wasted by that family that he could not get the sum that would have been required. But perhaps some of them will find seats after all. For my own part I am very sorry, and under no obligation to anybody.

You have probably seen Walter Scott's poem already. Pray tell me something about it. I never buy those fine wire-wove quartos, so that as far as I am concerned it will be unpublished till the 8vo. price, 18 shillings, comes out. What are *you* going to print? Another volume of the 'Phil. of the H. M.', or something detached?

I have been reading the 5th volume of Burke and Lacretelle's '18^{ième} Siècle,' and am now looking over the 'Correspondance Littéraire du Baron Grimm.' They will amuse you.

Do you remember poor George Johnstone? He is here, and I am afraid going. He called on me on Sunday morning. I thought he wandered a good deal, and that his memory seemed to fail him. In the evening he had a violent epileptic fit. He had asked me, but luckily I did not dine there, and so

did not see it. Everybody present was frightened out of his wits. These fits grow worse and worse, and end in idiocy.

I like this place, for I enjoy perfect leisure at it, and the best of air. Ever yours,

J. W. W.

Brighton: Wednesday [end of October 1812].

If the little volume that accompanies this amuses you half as much as it has amused me, I shall rejoice to have sent it.¹ All the imitations have merit except Johnson, which is a failure. Some of them are quite excellent. Walter Scott, Crabbe, Coleridge, and—best of all, as I think—Southey. I do not know for certain who is the author. They talk of two young men, brothers, of the name of Smith. It would be droll enough if there were to be two pair of clever Smiths in the world.

Tierney has been here for a couple of days. I find from him that the Whigs will cut no great figure at the meeting; most of their dead men are to be brought to life again early in the session.

Romilly, I fancy, is to come in for Arundel. Horner, too (as you mentioned), is provided for. St. Mawes, I hear, is the place—that is Lord Buckingham brings him in at Lord Grenville's desire. The appointment does honour to all parties. Indeed, it would have been a species of political suicide in Opposition to leave such a man out. Abercromby is returned for Calne. Well done, my good friend, Mr. James Abercromby, of Tillibody! I am glad of it—but, *entre nous*, should not you rather have

¹ The *Rejected Addresses* by James and Horace Smith.

expected Romilly to be the man? But perhaps the fact was that Romilly *could* and Abercromby *could not* be quartered upon the Jockey.¹

Tierney himself is uncertain—owing to that half Jacobin, half aristocrat, and whole blockhead, Lord Ossulston, who claimed a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, which was destined for the right honourable citizen. Don't mention this as coming from Tierney. He, of course, would not like to be known to mention it in the way of complaint. The best of all this is that Ossulston goes to the Crown and Anchor, and makes speeches about the H. of C. being filled with the nominees of great men—which, he says, is an infamous abuse.

I shall be delighted to receive the memoir. If it is printed, let me have it as soon as you can. Send it by the coach. If it don't come till after I get to town, I will ask Arbuthnot's leave to have it enclosed to him. Adieu.

Seymour Place: Tuesday [November 1812].

The 'R. A.' were written by two brothers named Smith, one an attorney, and the other (I believe) a wine merchant. They are the sons of an eminent attorney employed by the E. I. Company, and who was brought into the last Parliament by the late M. of Lansdowne.

Lord Moira going out Governor-General!² Merciful Heaven! The Whigs were for sending him to Ireland—that was bad enough—and they were plentifully abused for it (*i.e.* for the bare intention) by

¹ The Duke of Norfolk.

² He was appointed Governor-General of India on November 18, 1812.

the present ministers and their friends. But a Lord Lieutenant cannot play the fool for more than six days together without being controlled by orders from the Cabinet at home. But the discretionary powers of a Governor-General *must* be enormous. The distance leaves you no remedy. And so the British Empire in India, and the seventy millions of people it contains, are left to the discretion and knowledge of Lord Moira ; of his discretion we have seen enough lately, and as to his knowledge, it is about equal to it. I say nothing of the complicated political and commercial relations of that country ; with them he is, of course, utterly unacquainted. But he knows less even of its geography than any boarding-school girl, and might work a *sampler* of the peninsula with great improvement. I happen to know of a veteran officer who was with him a few days ago, and who came away from the interview utterly amazed at his ignorance.

I wish they had sent Lord Melville. He is a very worthy, quiet man, of a moderate but sound understanding—very laborious and initiated from his early youth into all the mysteries of *Indianism*. Besides he would take care to have decent people about him, and Moira will be surrounded from the moment he puts foot on shore by all the low, profligate, rapacious wretches that the place (pretty fruitful in such crops) affords—to say nothing of the cargo he will export with him.

Your friend Lord Minto is coming home enormously rich—they complain of him as too economical. He may yet live to cut a considerable figure—for he is a most ingenious and accomplished man.

There are despatches from Lord Wellington dated the 3rd, but without any mention of place, at least as far as appears in the Government Bulletin. He has joined Sir R. Hill. Soult has joined Suchet. We have evacuated Madrid, and blown up the Retiro. The French have evacuated Valencia, and blown up all that was to be blown up there, and a great battle is immediately expected. Lord W. has fifty-six thousand men. Soult has seventy.

Adieu. If you hear any nonsense about Canning's coming into office immediately, don't believe it.

Seymour Place: Thursday [December 1812].

The memoir ain't come yet. I daresay it will appear in the course of the day. I hope it will, for I go to Oxford to-morrow and should be glad to give an early sight of it to Copleston, who devours eagerly all that proceeds from the pen of Mr. Stewart.

I go to Oxford in order to take my degree of A.M.¹ I have been standing for it many a year, but I always neglected to keep the term which is necessary in order to obtain it. This omission was a cause of great vexation to me at the time of Lord Grenville's election,² and I wish not to subject myself to a similar mortification in the event of Canning's being proposed as member for the university.

You will not mention this as my object. As he has been so recently and so triumphantly chosen at Liverpool, it would seem odd if his friends were to appear immediately taking steps to secure the choice of him by another body. But the fact is that Liver-

¹ He did not take his M.A. degree, however, until January 14, 1813.

² As Chancellor.

1812 why?

pool, like all other slave-driving, manufacturing places, is very little to be depended upon. There will always be a contest, the attorneys and publicans will take care of that. C. will never spend a guinea upon them, and they may not always be in a humour (particularly if the American war goes on) to spend twenty thousand pounds for the pleasure of hearing fine speeches.

Oxford is by far the most desirable of all seats, and I think upon Abbot's vacancy¹ (whenever that happens) he will be the man—if in office quite certainly, but perhaps even if out of it. I ought to add that he has not expressed to me any wish upon the subject, but as it is an object I have at heart I shall put myself in a situation to contribute to it.

I have been to see Sir Humphry Davy, Kt., who has hurt one of his eyes. Some say it happened whilst he was composing a new fulminating oil, and this I presume is the story which the R. Society and the 'Institut Impérial' are expected to believe; others that it was occasioned by the blowing up of one of his own powder mills at Tunbridge; others again that Lady D. scratched it in a moment of jealousy—and this account is chiefly credited in domestic circles.

Frere, whose opinion in such a case I take to be final, is as much delighted as you are with the 'R. A.' He says it is the best thing since the 'Rolliad.' He is the only man that has a right to say so. His 'German Play' and 'Loves of the Triangles' are better. Observe, too (it is his remark), the

¹ Charles Abbot, afterwards created Lord Colchester, Speaker of the House of Commons, and member for Oxford University.

rapidity with which these things have been produced ; not above six weeks, or thereabouts, could have been employed upon them.

Upon reading Lord Wellington's despatch I see no chance of a battle, which the persons (relations of his) from whom I first heard the news thought it portended. I see nothing in it but the entire failure of the whole campaign, deep, heart-felt, undisguised disappointment. Battle there will be none. It an't Soult's interest to fight one, and Lord W. cannot bring on one against his opponent's will. It is pretty evident, too, from the tone in which he writes that he does not consider himself to have been fairly dealt with by the Government at home. However things look pretty well in Russia—for the first time. Buonaparte has been foiled in a campaign—at least in a European campaign. His loss they say, and indeed it can hardly have been otherwise, has been immense, but that is nothing to the effect of such an event upon public opinion all over the world.

I remember Lord Temple very many years ago. He was always an absurd, wrong-headed man. Are you not mistaken in saying that the last ministry (meaning the Talents) would not provide for him ? I understood that they offered to do something, but the blockhead insisted upon being one of the sixteen, which would not do, and Aberdeen came in against them.

One word more about 'R. A.' Johnson *is* a failure, let Mr. Stewart say what he pleases. The meaning of 'S. T. P.' I cannot make out, but the verses (as the motto proves) are meant seriously. Do you think them bad ? I own I rather like them.

I never saw ‘Columbus,’¹ and, as Johnson emphatically said on a similar occasion, ‘I can wait.’ The truth is I am never very impatient to see what an author is not very willing to show. His reluctance is a proof he don’t think the performance *very* good, and when he is of *that* opinion I am always inclined to defer implicitly to his judgment. Your notions of literary prudence must be high if you don’t think Rogers *cautious enough*. The truth is he is *too* cautious—he sets about writing with that extreme anxiety which chills all his faculties, and prevents him from equalling himself. Poor little man! I wish he had succeeded better, for what with his jealousy of Scott, and Campbell, and Southey, and Lord Byron, which incites him to publish, and his terror of the ‘Edinburgh Review’ which restrains him from publishing, he leads a sad life of it. As to his giving to the philosopher what he had refused to the peer, it would be all very well if it were natural—if he had not done it chiefly that you might remark it, and if he were not fonder of lords and ladies than Walter Scott himself. No man’s affections were ever more completely regulated by the statute of Henry VIII. (fixing the ranks and conditions of men). Besides he owes a grudge to Lord Douglas (the Marquis of Douglas—I beg pardon) for beginning a letter to him ‘My *good* Sir.’ I never shall forget the bitterness with which he recounted to me this outrage upon his dignity—the formidable elongation of his chin, and the paralytic convulsions of his head. Adieu. This has been a monstrous epistle. You may read it if you choose, but I won’t.

¹ By S. Rogers. Ward criticised it severely afterwards in the *Quarterly Review*.

Brighton: December 27 [1812].

I have had quite a lazy fit about writing, almost as bad as one of your own. But I thought that you would not be fixed at home a great deal before this time. Once I had a mind to have written from Oxford (where I was staying when I received yours giving me an account of your intended trip to Leicestershire), and propose to you to meet you somewhere in those latitudes for a day or two if you could have stayed so long. I almost wish I had mentioned it. We have not met for a long while, and years follow each other with dreadful rapidity.

I have to thank you for the book. It came the day after I left town, and after I had written to you to say that it had not come. The subject is really very curious. Mr. Stewart, I see, was at great pains to collect and ascertain the *facts*. This is certainly the right way. Reasonings may safely be delayed ; but if *facts* are not brought together, compared, and verified while they are yet fresh in the recollection of the witnesses, it is quite astonishing how quickly they are either wholly forgotten, or so distorted and mixed up with contradictions and absurdities as to be quite unfit for use. The different accounts of the boy's behaviour (at the funeral I think) in one instance afford a pretty striking example of this. And then people come with long, circumstantial, tiresome fables about what happened hundreds and thousands of years ago, and call it *history*, and insist upon one's believing all ! which, for my part at least, I beg leave wholly to decline.

Copleston's copy was sent to my house the other day. I shall carry it to him when I go to Oxford.

which will be in ten days or a fortnight. I lent him my own when I was there last. I am glad you sent him one. He is a very able, a very learned, and a very good—nay, more, a very liberal—man, let Sydney say what he will ; nay, I suspect that if his labours in reforming and instructing that vast and powerful body of which he is a member were set against Sydney's lively discourses and political pamphlets in the scale of utility, the rector of Froston would kick the beam.

By the bye, I was quite astonished at the change that has taken place in Oxford. It is really a hard-working university—a place of education. An examination, which till within the last dozen years was a mere matter of form—of absurd, ridiculous form—is now a most serious and well-conducted business. The examinations are public, and at the end of every term the candidates for degrees are classed according to their merits, so that a constant stimulus is supplied to exertion. The effect is such as you might expect. Idleness is no longer reckoned genteel ; it is much more *the thing* to read than to let it alone.

There are no riots, no drunkenness (I, of course, mean no *habitual* excess of that kind), and it is counted quite discreditable to be seen lounging about at those hours that ought to be given to study. I went to hear the examination of a crack man from Eton and Christchurch, which took place the day after I came. It lasted five hours, and the school was as full as it could hold all the time, both of young and old. I regard this as one of the most important national improvements that has taken

place in my time. From seven to eight hundred young people are constantly there, including the representatives of at least half the great families in the kingdom.

You may easily imagine what an effect must be produced upon the whole state of society, and that within no very long time, by their being made to do a great deal, instead of encouraged to do nothing at all—which is the real difference between the old and the new system. To be sure they were long enough before they would consent to any change, and it was forced upon them from without by all the rest of the world crying shame. However the thing is now done, and done to some purpose.

What great events ! I sometimes think it must be all a dream, and that Buonaparte cannot really have lost his army, and run away. However, so it is—and now for the consequences. As to peace, that is out of the question. He, I dare swear, was never so little disposed to it in all his days. He thinks of nothing but obtaining victories to retrieve the disgraces he has sustained by the failure of the Russian campaign. But I hope that what he is pleased to call the continental system has got a good shake, and that the revival of our manufactures and commerce will enable us to go on with the war more easily. However, I hear that Alex. Baring, who is a great authority, thinks that he will be able to keep the ports closed in spite of all that has happened.

Have you seen the second edition of the ‘R. Addresses’? If not, add the four following lines to your copy. They are in ‘Crabbe,’ immediately

before ‘Emmanuel Jennings.’ I do not observe any other additions, but these four are excellent:

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire,
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emmanuel Jennings polished Stubbs’s shoes.
Emmanuel Jennings, &c.

I think them all good-humoured. Even Lady Elizabeth Mugg hardly passes the bounds of fair pleasantry. They are all written by one man (an attorney, as I believe I have already told you) except ‘S. T. P.,’ which I agree with you (*versus* Jeffrey) in thinking very good. That is the production of his brother the wine merchant. I shall try to get acquainted with them, but I suppose that will be no such easy matter, as they must be in great request.

I thought my old friends the Whigs looked but poorly the first day of the session. Their ranks too were but thin. However, the people of consequence among them that were out are all coming in by degrees. They are a very powerful party indeed if they would but abstain from fighting with each other, which they always do, and which makes it so unpleasant to have anything to do with them. In point of numbers I believe they are very near what they were. Wellesley and Canning have certainly gained by the dissolution.

From the place in which he sits and the company in which I meet him, I presume Bobus Smith is with them. This is an accession at which I greatly rejoice. I am delighted with his talents, his learning, and his gaiety, and of course it is a great additional satisfaction to me to find that we agree in polities. I am

very anxious to hear him speak. He can hardly fail of success. He has a strong mind, a strong voice, and excellent nerves. For some time he seemed to hang suspended betwixt Holland House and Gloucester Lodge,¹ but Gloucester Lodge has proved the magnet of the strongest attraction.

I am here for a few days only, then to town—but I shall not fix there yet. I mean to go again to Oxford to take my degree, which I have always neglected doing, and perhaps to Bath. Adieu. Don't follow my bad example in not writing for such a monstrous while, but let me hear how you do after your long winter journey.

P.S.—What an odd explanation your friend Lord Palmerston made to us the other day of the orders relative to the German troops.² I hope it is not a permanent attachment he has vowed to Lady C—— If so she has good reason to fear it may turn out that he meant a temporary one.

Seymour Place: Saturday [February 1813].

Bobus made but a bad job of it on Thursday. This is sadly against our *firm*—Canning, Huskisson, Smith and Co. Confound his impudence! It is a great mistake in any man, and still more in a man who has a reputation of more than twenty years' growth upon his back, to get up and address for the first time the most formidable assembly upon earth in a wholly unpremeditated speech. Mr. Robert Smith! Order! Order!—bar! bar! Then fifty fellows rushed

¹ Canning's house.

² On Lord Folkestone's motion respecting the rank of officers in the King's German Legion, December 10, 1812 (*Parl. Deb.* vol. xxiv. pp. 250, 254).

in, knocking each other over. Then the awful silence that precedes a great speech, or the expectation of one. What millions of thoughts must crowd into a man's head!—not one of them relating to the subject on which he is to enlighten and astonish his audience. If the first sentence don't go off glibly he is undone. In short, he must have nerves of steel to succeed if he trusts wholly to the moment. Accordingly I perceived before twenty words were out of Smith's mouth that it would not do. He went on lamely for a quarter of an hour, and then got so puzzled that he was forced to apologise to the House and sit down. Still some of what he said was sensible and well put, and I am persuaded that if he ain't *cowed* by his failure in the first instance he will become a very powerful speaker. In the mean time his reputation has been terribly damaged. People always will judge by a first speech; that is, they will decide upon the extent of a man's faculties by the figure he cuts at a moment when in all probability he is utterly deprived of the use of half of them. The only way to parry this unfairness is to take all the pains you can beforehand, and it is great want of *subtlety* (as Q. used to express it) to omit so necessary a precaution. As Smith is a famous man I thought you would like to hear something about him. I ought to add that many people thought he was not to succeed. Lord Liverpool for instance, who told Lord Aberdeen some time ago, when Smith came back from Bengal, that he had no notion of his making a good speaker.

A bad division too. My ever-to-be-lamented-now-no-more friends the Whigs cut but a poor figure.

Their attendance was miserably slack. But they have long since ceased to have anything like discipline, management or concert. They have lately been proposing a junction with Canning, which Canning declined. But don't mention this *from me.*

Did you ever see such a letter as Brougham has written for the Princess?¹ They must both have taken leave of their senses.

Is your nephew gone to Oxford? and how does he like it?

I am told that Mr. Stewart is about to publish two more volumes. I rejoice greatly to hear it. Adieu. Suppose you were to write to me some day? P.S.—Quite a settled thing between Lady Oxford and Lord B——n. Poor Archy! and poor Lady Caroline!

¹ The letter which, on Brougham's advice, she wrote to the Regent on January 14, 1813. See Lord Brougham's *Life and Times*, vol. ii. pp. 157-163.

CHAPTER XIII

CATHOLIC CLAIMS AND COURT SCANDAL

THE chief subject of controversy in the political world during the first half of the year 1813 was the claim of the Roman Catholic population to relief from the disabilities under which they suffered. The matter was brought forward in the House of Commons by Grattan, who on February 25 moved that the House should go into Committee to consider the state of the laws affecting Roman Catholics. It was during the course of the debate on this motion that Plunkett, who had been returned for Dublin University at the General Election, made the great speech (of February 25) referred to by Ward in the next letter. Alluding to this speech Lord Plunkett's biographer says of it: 'The House does not seem to have been at all prepared for this wonderful effort. The effect produced by it was very great. Each speaker as he rose on either side of the debate was proud to add his testimony of appreciation. But of all the praises that were bestowed upon the orator that night, none, we may be sure, fell more gratefully upon his ears than that of his old antagonist Castlereagh.'¹

The result of the debate was that on March 2 Grattan's motion was carried by a majority of forty, and on the 9th the House went into Committee on the claims. Grattan then, on April 30, introduced a Bill for the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics, which was on May 13 read a second time by a majority of forty-two, and was ordered to be printed as amended by some new clauses introduced by Canning. It was not, however, destined to become law until many years later. On May 24, when the Bill was in Committee, the Speaker (Abbot)

¹ See *Life of Lord Plunkett*, vol. i. pp. 309-341.

moved to leave out from Clause 1 the words ‘to sit and vote in either House of Parliament.’ Canning opposed this, saying that if the original clause were negatived he should not think it worth while to support the other points of the Bill, which would then become fruitless and nugatory. On a division, the clause as it originally stood was thrown out by a majority of four, and the Bill was thereupon abandoned. Long afterwards, however, it became the foundation of the Emancipation Act, which was carried in 1829.

The other great topic of interest in political and social circles during this period was the conduct of the Prince Regent towards his wife, the Princess of Wales, and his daughter, the Princess Charlotte. So far back as 1806 scurrilous reports had been spread abroad by Lady Douglas, the wife of Sir John Douglas and one of the most intimate friends of the Princess of Wales, that the Princess was really the mother of a certain child whom she had adopted, and in consequence of these reports the King, George III., had appointed a Commission to inquire into the truth of the charges. This inquiry was known as the ‘Delicate Investigation,’ and its result was entirely to acquit the Princess of the main charge brought against her, though it censured her for general levity of manners. In consequence of this report, restrictions were placed by the King upon the intercourse which the Princess was permitted to have with her daughter, Princess Charlotte, and the Prince of Wales, upon his accession to the Regency, laid still further limitation upon these restrictions. Indignant at the restraint thus put upon her, the Princess, acting under the advice of Brougham, addressed a long letter of remonstrance to the Prince Regent. This letter was referred by him to the Privy Council, who reported in favour of continuing the restrictions. The Princess, however, had good grounds for thinking that the report would have been in her favour, for many of the members of the Privy Council had been in the Duke of Portland’s Government in 1807, and had signed a Minute of Council of April 22 in that year, which not only confirmed the decision of the Commission of 1806 as regards the innocence of the Princess, but went so far as to impugn the report so far as it pronounced her guilty.

Under this impression, therefore, she on March 1 sent a letter¹ to the Speaker of the House of Commons, complaining of the report of this new Court of Inquiry, and asking for a full investigation into her conduct. The letter was read to the House on March 5, and Cochrane Johnstone moved resolutions arraigning the proceedings of 1806, and demanding an investigation and production of papers. Although this motion was negatived without a division, the object aimed at was attained. In the words of Sir Samuel Romilly (who by desire of the Prince of Wales had been present at the proceedings of the Delicate Investigation) : ‘The debate was a very triumphant one for the Princess, and must have been extremely mortifying to the Prince. The ministers—or rather, Lord Castlereagh and some of his colleagues—to save themselves from the disgrace which their factious conduct on this subject in 1807 must draw upon them whenever the papers shall be published, concur in acquitting the Princess of all blame, and consequently throw all the odium of the neglect she has experienced upon the Prince. I cannot but wonder at the extraordinary success which has hitherto attended the bold, and what at first seemed the rash, steps which the Princess has taken. The publication of the depositions taken in 1806 would not, I think, fail to destroy her reputation for ever in the opinion of the public, and yet she has repeatedly called for the publication of them. The ministers dare not produce them, because, by so doing, they would condemn themselves; and as they were not produced she has, in the opinion of the public, the advantage of having it taken for granted that they would put her innocence beyond all question.’²

In the course of this debate, Whitbread accused Lady Douglas of having committed deliberate perjury in 1806, and Lord Castlereagh admitted the truth of the charge.

In consequence of this charge of perjury against his wife, Sir John Douglas, on March 17, presented a petition to the House, setting forth that he and Lady Douglas were advised

¹ These reports and letters are all given in full in the *Parl. Debates*, vol. xxiv. pp. 1107 to 1127.

² See *Life of Sir Samuel Romilly*, 3rd ed. vol. ii. p. 297.

that their depositions before the ‘Delicate Investigation’ were not given before such a tribunal as would support a prosecution for perjury, and offering to re-swear the same before any tribunal which would subject his wife and himself to the penalties for perjury if proved false.

This is the ‘challenge’ referred to on p. 194. It must have been known to Sir John and Lady Douglas, when presenting the petition, that it was impossible for the House to grant it and their motives in sending it in were pretty obvious.

The petition was considered in the House on March 24, and a resolution moved by Cochrane Johnstone that it was ‘regarded by the House as an audacious attempt to give in the eyes of the public a colour of truth to the falsehoods before sworn to by them [Sir John and Lady Douglas] in prosecution of their infamous designs,’ &c. The House naturally declined to pass such a resolution as this, but at the same time they refused to negative it, lest by so doing they should raise the inference that they did not consider the petition was of the character described in the terms of the resolution. Accordingly, without expressing in the form of a resolution any opinion as to the petition, the House accepted the Solicitor-General’s motion for adjournment, and the matter dropped.

At last Brougham and Whitbread, and the other politicians who had so warmly taken up the cause of the Princess of Wales, seeing that no more political capital could be made out of it, ceased to take further interest in her affairs, and nothing more was heard of them during that Parliament after May 1813.

Monday [March 8, 1813].

This lawyer that the Irish have sent over is a most formidable fellow indeed. Since the great men—the giants of olden times—Pitt, Fox and Windham died, I have hardly heard anything equal to it. Canning, indeed, is his superior in all that is ornamental, in grace, in wit, and in the power of pouring forth beautiful, long and correct periods; but in argumentative dexterity and promptitude, in force,

in dignity, and in what, when combined with other merits is itself a merit of the highest order, rapidity, Plunkett appears to me the first of living men. Then he has such an air of honesty and earnestness, which convinces you at every sentence that you are listening not only to a consummate speaker, but to a wise and good man. It is indeed a most enviable lot for a man still in health and strength, and not much passed the meridian of life, after having realised a large fortune by the honest exercise of his talents in an honourable and laborious profession, to appear in such an assembly, to plead such a cause in such a way. Then he carries the House completely with him. Even his adversaries praise his moderation. I wish your friend Romilly would take a leaf out of his book. He gives us the *principe*, the whole *principe*, and nothing but the *principe*. This frightens country gentlemen unnecessarily, and makes them ready to oppose every proposal originating in him, however just or reasonable in its own nature. He sets about things in a foreign, and (which terrifies the squire) philosophical way. Plunkett is all English and parliamentary. Unluckily he has too much to do in his court to stay among us. Reputation is a fine thing, but a man with fourteen children can't give up eight thousand a year for the sake of putting a few more feathers in his cap. I am sorry for it. He is much wanted upon the Opposition bench at this moment.

What do people say, and what do you say about the P'ss? Whatever opinion one may entertain as to her conduct, all honest men must, I should suppose, concur in thinking that the conduct of the Chancellor and those other ministers who signed the

Minute of Council in 1807, in receiving that evidence which they themselves had declared unworthy of credit, is at once cruel, base, and absurd.¹ I had people to dinner that day and only heard to the middle of Castlereagh's speech, but I hear from all hands that Whitbread never was so successful. He spoke amid the continued acclamations of the House. Wortley too made an attack upon *the family* which was not the less effective because it proceeded from a Tory.

Southey, I believe, and Geo. Ellis are the principal performers in the 'Q. Rev.'² I have barely opened the last number, but I saw some horrible things in it about Adam Smith and Malthus. This won't do. If Gifford means to make war upon the gods he must employ giants in his service—I am afraid he has nothing but pygmies—at least with the exceptions I have mentioned.

I am writing upon my knees, sitting in the Hon. House, where it is necessary to appear early in order to keep a place. We are going into Committee on the Catholic claims. I don't anticipate much good this year, but it is a great thing to have got so far.

¹ The Minute of Council of April 22, 1807, declared that the main charges brought against the Princess of Wales, viz. of pregnancy and delivery, were completely disproved, and that the other particulars of conduct to which the character of criminality could be ascribed rested upon evidence unworthy of credit (see *Parl. Deb.* vol. xxiv. p. 1122). The debate here referred to is that of March 5, 1813, in which Cochrane Johnstone moved a long resolution respecting the Princess, arraigning the proceedings of the 'Delicate Investigation,' and requiring the production of papers. Castlereagh, Whitbread, and Stuart Wortley all spoke in the course of the debate.

² See *Quarterly Review* for December 1812, pp. 239, 320, and 324.

How does your nephew like Oxford? Ashburton, with whom he came, tells me that he was in town a day or two. I am sorry I did not see him. I hope he will be pleased with Christ Church, as I consider myself in some degree responsible for his going there. The fate of poor Mr. Bannatyne's¹ family is really shocking. One can hardly bear to think upon the feelings of a man who, dying, leaves to hopeless penury a family which he had once reasonably hoped to see established in comfort.

You ask for books. Have you had 'Pride and Prejudice'? There is a parson in it quite admirable. I have not read 'Rokeby' yet—but the general impression seems unfavourable. Yet there seem to be exquisite passages in it. Copleston repeated one to me beginning with 'Yet loth to fan the fatal flame' which I thought equal to anything he had ever done.

Lady O. [Oxford] sets off next month for Palermo, and Childe Harold is to accompany or follow her. Adieu.

Thursday [about the end of March 1813].

Sir John and Lady Douglas, I presume, felt pretty sure that their challenge would not be taken up. Indeed, it was obviously impossible for the House to engage in such an inquiry. Besides, in their situation it is worth while to risk anything for the chance of throwing off that load of infamy by which they are now oppressed.

Have you seen 'The Book'?² It contains nothing

¹ Dugald Stewart's first wife was a Miss Bannatyne.

² *The Genuine Book: an Inquiry, or Delicate Investigation into the Conduct of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, before Lords Erskine, Spencer, Grenville, and Ellenborough, the four Special Commissioners of Inquiry*

more in the indecent and scandalous line than what you have already seen in the papers, so you need not be afraid to engage in the perusal of it. In every respect it is most worthy to be read, both as a document relating to an important transaction, which it is impossible to understand fully without the aid of it, and as a model of acute argument and eloquent composition. In that point of view it is quite a study for lawyers. I had always a high opinion of Perceval's talents, and he spoke English like a man who could write well, with a purity, simplicity, and Anglicism, of which for some time before his death scarce another example was left in the House. But it was impossible to know *how* good a writer he would turn out, and indeed one had seen from the deplorable failure of Mr. Fox, that a genius of the highest order, and a consummate speaker, may be quite unable to put twenty sentences together upon paper even decently.

The form of 'Letters to the King' is inconvenient on account of the complimentary expletives with which it is necessary to stuff every sentence, but Perceval wears his chains with grace. The last long letter in particular must, I think, strike every competent and unprejudiced judge as a very powerful, finished and affecting composition. His task was rendered easier by his sincere conviction of the innocence of his client. You may smile at this, but it is perfectly true. He joined great simplicity to great acuteness. He knew nothing of the wicked

appointed by his Majesty in the year 1806. Reprinted from an Authentic Copy, superintended through the Press by the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.
Published in 1813.

world. As a lawyer he saw that the evidence was worth nothing—perjured, infamous, and probably suborned—and he was too little acquainted with society to make those conjectures founded upon mere *manner* which a more practised eye enables its possessor to form. You may imagine to what a degree his simplicity went, when I tell you that he one day came to a friend with an air of great exultation, to announce to him a happy expedient which he had hit upon for placing the Princess's innocence out of all doubt. This notable project consisted in *putting an oath* to each and every suspected person. It was a great favourite with him, and he was not prevailed upon to lay it aside without great difficulty. Indeed, he had already made some progress in it, and had received from several gentlemen the most solemn and satisfactory assurances of their own and the lady's purity. When his friend ventured to hint that in such a case a little perjury might be expected, he appeared much shocked, said that 'after all an oath was a very serious matter,' and at last gave way (for it was to a very eminent person he was talking) more to authority than to conviction. But though these papers tell in favour of his talents, they tell against his honesty. It is impossible to reconcile his pretended respect for the King, with the insolence of the threatening letter he dictated to him, unless, what I rather suspect, the King was playing booty all the while.

My late right honourable friends are sadly damaged by this exposure of the share they had in this transaction. They behaved with great partiality and cruelty, as I think you will be compelled to allow

when you read what Perceval has said. Why delay sending her the Report from the 14th of July till the 11th of August? Why that longer and more cruel delay from October till February? It is no excuse for them to say that she is coarse, or a profligate person, or what not. The real question is how far they complied with those rules of justice which ought to be observed towards all persons. To *you* I can say nothing about Lord Moira. Poor man!

It is now said that the ministers have at last prevailed upon the Prince to put a stop to those private examinations, which, so much against their interest, and therefore so much against their will, he had carried on for some time by means of that dignified instrument of royal justice, Mr. Conant, the Bow Street magistrate. I understand that as far as he had gone he had made nothing of it. I had always imagined that the Prince kept spies constantly about her, and that nothing was done or even said in her house of which he did not receive full information. But I am told by the friends of Government that when he flew into a rage, and insisted that some proceeding should be instituted against her, and when they on their parts of course asked him to furnish them with something that might furnish ground for such a proceeding, he had nothing whatever to produce, and was unable to furnish them even with a clue to investigation. So far he turns out a better gentleman than I had taken him to be.

I am really rejoiced no longer to sit upon the Opposition bench. Nothing is so disagreeable in private or in public life as to be obliged every day to be choosing with which half of your divided friends

you will side. The domestic quarrels of the Whigs are becoming every instant more violent and more irreconcilable. The use Whitbread made of the paper furnished to him by (or from) Mrs. Lisle has offended the aristocratic part of them mortally.¹ But the brewer regardeth them not. He stands firm upon a butt of his own entire. All those that maintain high popular doctrines, which form the main strength of Opposition in the H. of C., are more attached to him than to any other person. In fact he hates the 'Talents' in his heart. They behaved to him vilely—twice—in not offering him office in 1806, and since in placing Ponsonby over his head, and severely will they pay for both affronts.

Do tell me something about the present state of the University of St. Andrews. I want to know because we are sitting upon a committee in which various matters relative to literature are to be decided —copyright, and the claims of the Universities and other public bodies to books.

St. Andrews, I suspect, is quite unworthy to enjoy the privilege. But tell me something about it. Has it any students, and are those students duly lectured? &c., &c.

Talbot I take to be Charles, Earl Talbot, my worthy countryman, the Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire. Adieu.

P.S.—I am glad John Cunningham don't dislike Chr. Ch. He will soon grow to like it, and probably

¹ On March 17, 1813, Whitbread made a groundless charge against the Commissioners who had conducted the Delicate Investigation of having suppressed a portion of Mrs. Lisle's evidence, and he was much censured by his own side for his credulity.

participate in the insolent exclusive spirit of the society.

However, it is the best thing by *very* far that Oxford affords. I was sure Copleston would do what he could. He is a most excellent man, and would feel particular pleasure in being of any use to a person at all connected with Mr. Stewart.

Don't forget to tell me something about St. Andrews, and that soon, so that I may appear to advantage upon the Committee, greater than Findlay, wiser than Dundas, and a match for the Lord Advocate.

April 22 [1813].

Have you seen 'Walton,' a poem without a name, but evidently Lord Byron's? It is coarse and careless, but marked clearly enough with the hand of the master. Both for facility and power he is really a most extraordinary person. It is perfectly true that he is going abroad with Lady Oxford. They are upon the point of sailing for Sicily and Greece. I hope the same misfortune will not happen to them that befel his father, Jack Byron, and poor Lady Carmarthen. But there is no great fear of that. Lord O. is an excellent Christian—whose patience has been ascertained by numerous and severe trials.

I did not happen to hear any of B.'s speeches, but from what I was told of them I imagine they were strange, absurd, conceited performances, not without a very considerable mixture of talent, as indeed everything that proceeds from him must have. Not unlike his notes to his 'Childe Harold' I should imagine.

When the 8vo. edition came out the other day I read 'Rokeby.' The great authorities are all one way,

so I must hold my tongue, but I own that if I had been to decide according to my own judgment, I should not have pronounced it a failure—I should have thought it little, if at all, inferior to its predecessors. But upon this point I am sensible that I am a very bad judge. For, to say the truth, I have all along harboured in my mind certain heretical doubts and misgivings as to Walter Scott's style of writing, and am apt to suspect that as my late Lord of Rochester (speaking of no less a person than Cowley) did somewhat profanely remark, 'it is not of God, and therefore cannot stand.' However, 'Rokeby' is full of beautiful passages—my favourite is that in the 2nd Canto about the 'demon frigate.' It is amazingly fine. I am sure you have it by heart.

By the bye, I thought Sheridan had quite left off reading, but he has read 'Rokeby,' and got by heart some of the most unfortunate lines of which he makes excellent sport. Carelessness is the great fault of the poem. There are a hundred lines for which a schoolboy would have been whipped.

There is a recent publication you ought to get if you can—'The Twopenny Post Bag.' Some of the things had already appeared in the 'M. Chronicle,' but more than half are new. The greater part of them are evidently Moore's, though Sheridan ill-naturedly says they are too good for him. They will amuse you. By the bye, have you heard with what romantic magnanimity the little fellow behaved lately? Lord Moira proposed to Lord Liverpool an exchange of Indian patronage for something here to be given to Moore. As soon as Moore heard of it he wrote to his patron, thanking him, but begging him to cancel

his bargain, as he was determined not to accept anything from the present Government. I think this was more than the strictest honour required. The obligation, if any, was to be conferred on Lord M., not on himself. But it is impossible not to admire this excess of generosity and virtuous pride in a man actually on the brink of indigence.

After all you can't say much for our friends the 'Talents' in the affair of the Commission of 1806. You surely cannot think it just to delay conveying to the accused that sentence of acquittal which you *must* ultimately pronounce on account of mere suspicion. If it is, good Lord deliver us from Whig justice. But the fact is that they do not put their defence on that ground.

You must by this time have seen Perceval's letters, as Cobbett has printed the whole thing. P. was evidently making use of his client as a political engine to raise himself to power. To do him justice, however, I must say that the Princess deserted him, and not he the Princess. She canvassed most actively and most absurdly against Lord Eldon at the Oxford election.¹ This is by far the worst thing I know against her. It was to the last degree foolish and ungrateful. Lord Grenville had done her injuries which she ought never to have forgiven, and Lord Eldon favours which she ought never to have forgot; but H.R.H. thought that the Walcheren expedition, the duel, &c. would turn out the Government, so she turned short about. Adieu.

I avail myself of the holidays to pass a week by the seaside.

¹ For the Chancellorship of the University.

P.S.—I have been looking over the ‘Calamities of Authors,’ which I bought because Lord Lauderdale told me Mr. Stewart recommended it to him. There are several curious and some tiresome chapters. I was particularly shocked with the fate of poor Macdiarmid. Did you ever read his ‘Lives of British Statesmen’? It was recommended to me by no less a person than Lord Grenville. It is quite horrible to think that a person capable of producing a book upon such a subject, that could be admired by the first statesman and scholar in England, should have perished of absolute want. Yet this is neither a poor country nor an uncharitable age. But people of that class are too delicate to make their distresses known, and so they end miserably in a town where there are a hundred rich men able and willing to relieve them.

There is a strange letter in circulation of Lord Erskine’s to Lady Douglas, written in September 1810. It is full of kindness and respect, and talks of ‘calumnies against her.’ It also appears from it that he had been with the Duke of Sussex on a visit to her at her house in the country. This, recollect, is a person whose evidence he had himself declared to be absolutely unworthy of credit. I am very sorry for this circumstance. The letter must come out, as it is in several people’s hands, and cannot fail to do poor Erskine a great deal of harm. I only saw it this morning, but I understand it had been pretty generally shown in the House a fortnight ago.

[May 26, 1813.]

This defeat of the Catholic cause¹ is a sad job, most mischievous and afflicting in a public view, to say nothing of one's private vexation, from its insolent exultation of bigoted and foolish—and what is so much worse—venal, unprincipled people. Still, if we had not been persecuted by the vilest ill-fortune, we should have carried the question. On our side Lord Kensington was confined to his room by a violent attack of the gout, and on yours, some stout healthy young Whigs, who never were ill before, fell sick upon this occasion : Lyttelton and Fazakerley, for instance. Then one of your principal grandees, the Duke of Bedford, has contrived to reduce his parliamentary interest this Session to nothing, by returning to his three seats a minor, an absentee, and a bankrupt : Lord George, who is beyond sea, Lord John, who an't of age, and Lord William, who can't show his face for debt. This may be all very right, but it is very provoking.

Canning has cut a great figure in these debates. I take for granted that the ' Parliamentary Register ' will exhibit a full report of his great speech against Hippisley.² I can send you Plunkett's upon Grattan's motion if you have a mind to see it. It is well worth reading.

Talking of speeches, Lord Grenville has just printed and distributed, but not published, that which he made upon the India question.³ It is a most

¹ On May 24, on the Speaker's motion to leave out the words 'to sit and vote in either House of Parliament.'

² On May 11, in answer to Sir John Cox Hippisley's motion for a Committee on the state of the laws affecting Roman Catholics. See *Parl. Deb.* vol. xxvi. pp. 1 and 69.

³ On April 9, 1813, on Lord Wellesley's motion for papers on East

masterly performance, full of knowledge and wisdom, and eloquence, too, of the grave and chastened kind. Our statesmen in general live too much *from hand to mouth* as to the subjects upon which they are to speak. But this man has studied everything upon a grand, comprehensive plan. He is brimful of learning and philosophy. His style, too, is quite capital. I wish he would write a book—the history of his own times, for instance, in which he would very much surpass his predecessor in the Chancellorship of our University, Lord Clarendon.

À propos of Universities, your taking part against them with those lying rogues the booksellers is utterly abominable. If you had anything to do with plates, maps, wire-wove paper, &c., there would be some excuse for it. But half a dozen copies of a book, printed without any ostentatious decorations, can hurt nobody. As to the fine works, as they are called, the loss will fall upon the purchasers, who will like them something the better for being something the dearer. Authors are certainly entitled to a more extended term in the property of their own labours. Eight and twenty years seems to be the present notion, to which I wish to add ‘or their own lives,’ in case they survive that period. Would that do?

I did Lord Byron injustice. He has not gone yet, but he tells me he is going soon. He has written another poem called ‘The Giaour,’ of which he means to print only a few copies, and those not for sale.

‘The Lord Viscount,’ I believe, is the proper behaved direction, but as I have frequently occasion

Indian affairs. He afterwards published it on June 25. See *Parl. Deb.* vol. xxv. p. 709.

to write to a nobleman of that particular rank in the peerage, I leave out the Lord to save myself trouble.

Who wrote 'The Bridal of Triermain'?¹

Seymour Place : Wednesday, 26.

Monday [about the end of May 1813].

I have a great fancy that you should read Lord Grenville's speech, so I have put it into a cover, and shall get Arbuthnot to frank it.

This Swedish treaty² is a pretty performance. If the Whigs were not so sulky with everything and so disunited they ought to press the Government pretty hard upon it. They will probably have the assistance of Canning, whom I expect to cut a great figure in the debate. Adieu.

¹ It was published anonymously.

² For the text of the treaty of March 3, 1813, between Russia and Sweden, see *Parl. Deb.* vol. xxvi. pp. 565 and 677. By this treaty the two Powers agreed to combine their forces, and make a diversion upon France at some point on the coast of Germany. The Emperor of Russia engaged to unite Norway to Sweden, and guarantee the peaceable possession of it to Sweden. Denmark (Napoleon's ally) was to be invited to accede to the alliance, and was to be offered as an indemnity for Norway a territory nearer Germany, provided she ceded her rights over Norway to Sweden. This treaty was concluded with the knowledge and assistance of Lord Castlereagh, though he declined to make Great Britain a formal party to it; but by a treaty of the same date between Great Britain and Sweden (Art. II.) 'His Britannic Majesty engaged to accede to the Convention already existing between Russia and Sweden,' and not to 'oppose any obstacle to the annexation and union of Norway as an integral part of the Kingdom of Sweden.' Recourse, however, was not to be had to force for effecting the union, unless the King of Denmark should refuse to join the Alliance of the North (see *Annual Register*, 1813, pp. 165-179). The debate referred to in this letter took place on June 18 on Ponsonby's motion, which wound up by calling on the Prince Regent to disengage himself altogether if possible from the Swedish treaty. Canning moved an amendment requesting the Regent to cause inquiry to be made as to the nature of our engagements with Sweden relating to the conquest of Norway, in the event of the return of peace. Ponsonby's motion was defeated by a majority of 109, and Canning's amendment was also lost, and the House went into Committee on the treaty.

I send you a copy of my master's (*Squire Canning of Gloucester Lodge*) Inscription upon the monument of *his* late master, Pitt.¹ Tell me how you like it. I think he ought to have said something about the *early maturity* of Pitt's talents, which was perhaps the most characteristic and most astonishing feature of his mind.

Saturday.

J. W. W.

Seymour Place : Thursday [June 24, 1813].

We made a sad job of the Swedish treaty.² Indeed I do not see how any case against the government, however strong, can produce much effect in Parliament, so long as the affairs of the great party in opposition go on upon their present footing. Canning was very eager upon the subject. I never saw him fuller of anything or more disposed to do his best. This the Whigs very well knew, for he had gone the length of conferring with *Snouch* [Ponsonby] about the proper day and occasion for bringing on his motion. Under these circumstances one would have thought that it was worth their while to frame something to which Canning could give a cordial support, and, putting courtesy out of the question, and as a mere matter of prudence, to ascertain his concurrence by previous communication. He heard nothing of them till near six o'clock on the very day, when, about five minutes before the debate began, Snouch crossed the House and showed him the long rigmarole you saw (or did not see, for I am not sure it was inserted in them) in the papers, as the address which, by order of his superiors, he was about instantly to move,

¹ That in the Guildhall.

² See note, p. 205.

whether Canning liked it or no. He apologised to C., however, for not having shown it him sooner, by saying that the Lords who had drawn it up (the great boys that had given him his exercise) had not been able to meet till that very day, and had not finished their work till five o'clock—*i.e.* till an hour after the Speaker had taken the chair. Indeed the very appearance of the paper they at last handed down to their unfortunate underling sufficiently indicated the circumstances under which it had been drawn up. It was scribbled over hastily, and so blotted and interlined that poor Snouch blundered in every other sentence as he read it, and the Speaker himself, though his eyesight and understanding are both, a good deal sharper, made frequent pauses. Besides, it was insufferably long, utterly despicable in point of composition, and full of propositions to which no man playing a great part in polities could be expected to assent—if indeed, he could assent to them at all—without time and deliberation. Canning was vexed and disappointed beyond measure. Nothing but a first-rate speech could have made such a performance go down at all with the House. Snouch was duller and feebler than ever. Castlereagh perceived his advantage, and availed himself of it in the best and most dexterous speech I ever heard him make;¹ and Canning, angry, dispirited, and

¹ In a letter to Mrs Creevey, Lady Holland says: ‘ During the debate on the Swedish treaty, Mr. Ward came into the Coffee House, assigning for his reason that he could not bear to hear Lord Castlereagh abuse his master; upon which Jekyll said—“ Pray, Ward, did your *last* master give you a character, or did this one take you without ? ” Those present describe Ward as being overwhelmed, for, with all his talent, he is not ready at repartee, though no doubt by this time he has some neat epigrams upon the occasion’ (*Creevey Papers*, vol. i. p. 189).

embarrassed, was as much below as his adversary had been above himself. So the Government gained its greatest victory upon its worst case, and, for anything that I see, may last as long as Liverpool and Castle-reagh live.

Madame de Staël is come. I have not seen her yet, but people are very much pleased with her. Probably I shall not have any opportunity of forming any but a second-hand opinion. She must be a very clever woman. A great deal of '*Corinne*' is extremely well done. As to her book '*Sur la Littérature*', I read about sixty pages, and finding that I had not understood above six lines, I prudently laid it aside. But I am told by persons of more acuteness than it is excellent. In politics she is a zealous Pittite, and has set about converting Lord Grey.

CHAPTER XIV

POLITICAL INSULATION

WARD's 'new master,' Canning, who had been returned for Liverpool at the General Election of 1812, and who had been taking an active part in affairs throughout the first half of 1813, in July of that year suddenly gave up the leadership of his party, and told his followers that they must thenceforth shift for themselves. What his motives were for taking this step are not clear. Whether it was in disgust at seeing no immediate prospect of a return to office, or whether, as his opponents suggested, it was a deep-laid scheme to be summoned back again to take the leadership either of a new Government or of a united Opposition, must be left to conjecture. Probably the first hypothesis is the correct one; at any rate, Ward, who was in Canning's confidence, tells us that he knows that the second explanation is wrong. Whatever the motive, however, his party was disbanded, and Ward found himself after July without a leader and, as he says, in a state of political insulation. This conduct of Canning's is thus referred to by Francis Horner in a letter of July 22, 1813, to Lord Grenville: 'A singular political event, and one not very intelligible, was announced last night, that Canning *has formally and with some solemnity* disbanded his party; telling the gentlemen who have been his supporters during the Session that they may, for the future, consider themselves unengaged, and that he is no longer to be regarded as their head. Ward says they are all turned adrift upon the wide world; but as he has stayed a year in his place, he thinks himself entitled to a good character from his master. He had his discharge from the mouth of Canning himself the day before yesterday, and the same notification was made to Mr. Robert Smith yesterday. . . . Whether this is a deep measure, or the

sudden fit of some ill humour, and whether Canning in reducing his establishment thus abruptly points towards Government or Opposition, I have heard nothing yet that enables me to guess.¹ Ward's comment on Canning's behaviour is also mentioned in a slightly different form by Lady Holland in a letter to Mrs. Creevey.²

[About July 1813.]

I find Lady E. was mistaken about another frigate being taken.³ The origin of the mistake is evident. Capel is the commanding officer on the station. However, we seem to be leading the Yankees a sad life upon their coasts. I am glad of it with all my heart. When they declared war they thought it was pretty near over with us, and that their weight cast into the scale would decide our ruin. Luckily they were mistaken, and are likely to pay dear for their error. Messrs. Jefferson and Maddison had got it into their heads that their patron Buonaparte was just going to put the last hand to the conquest of Europe, and so they sent off the poet and patriot Joel Barlow with all haste to convey to him their republican and philanthropic congratulations upon the approaching slavery of the whole civilised part of mankind. But, 'on the contrary,' poor Joel was frozen to death in his kabitka, Buonaparte lost his army, has had another army beat in Spain, Germany is still in arms against him, England greater than ever, and their thirteen States are not able to borrow more money or on better terms than

¹ Buckingham's *Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. ii. p. 36.

² See *Creevey Papers*, vol. i. p. 151.

³ The American frigate *Chesapeake* had been captured by the *Shannon* on June 1, 1813.

several English noblemen would be able to raise on their own estates. I am told that Austria is quite *honest*; that is, not disposed to go to war if Buonaparte can be brought to anything like reasonable terms in a negotiation, but still determined on the other hand not to be made an instrument to gratify his inordinate ambition. This is the opinion of judicious persons who have before them all the information that can be procured by this country.

When you wrote last you had just got a glimmering of the battle of Vittoria.¹ Were you not quite dazzled by its full glory? I used always to envy our ancestors their feelings upon hearing of the D. of Marlborough's victories, but I envy them no longer. Not that this is quite so great as Blenheim, but it is still more useful.

I have met Mme. de Staël several times. Everybody must allow she is a very clever person. Then add to that extensive knowledge of the world, good humour, and the desire of pleasing, and you make (if I am not much mistaken) a very agreeable person in spite of some little drawbacks. She is lively and communicative, and ready to talk and dispute about everything, whether she understands it or no. But her vivacity, talents and good-breeding prevent her from being tiresome or provoking. I only wish she would not think it necessary to cant about the Christian religion, of which she knows nothing and believes nothing, and which, in spite of his almost immeasurable *gullibility*, she will never be able to persuade John Bull that she does believe. She is going to publish her travels, which Buonaparte would

¹ June 21, 1813.

not let her publish at Paris. Murray has given her fifteen hundred pounds for them.

I am to witness the first meeting between her and Mackintosh to-day. She will delight in Sir James. He will be ready to *dissent* with her for ever upon general questions, of which she is mighty fond, but which the English wits are apt to *shirk* in conversation, such as, ‘whether or not the English Constitution is applicable to all the nations in Europe?’ whether or not it could exist in a country where Christianity was not established? We had both these questions yesterday at Gloucester Lodge, but Sheridan and Canning parried them off with jokes. Sir James, no doubt, is ready with opinions and arguments. She also appeared to have a mind for a ‘round’ upon the Catholic question, but Canning declined the conflict, and she had only an opportunity of saying just enough to display the most profound ignorance.

Mr. Stewart ought to write to her. She is, I understand, mightily displeased with the omission of any civilities of that kind.

Lord Byron has published a second edition of his ‘Giaour.’ It has some new passages, one of them beautiful beyond all description. You will be quite enchanted with it.

Good-bye!

Seymour Place: Friday [August 1813].

You see by the papers that you are too late. It is very unlucky, for I should not have had the smallest scruple in desiring Lord A.¹ to execute the whole of your commission. As it is, what shall I do with

¹ Lord Aberdeen, who was sent on a special mission to Vienna on August 11, 1813.

your letter? Shall I forward it to him the first time I write? It will not be long first, and his letters will be forwarded to him through the Foreign Office. I am afraid it is too late for the arrowroot. If I had heard from you before he sailed he might very easily have taken it. I am glad he is employed in this Embassy. He is eminently qualified for such a station by high birth and dignity, a sound and cultivated understanding, impenetrable discretion, and polite but somewhat grave and reserved manners. He is altogether a very distinguished person—quite the flower of your Scottish peerage. I hardly know anybody that writes better.

There is a man of the name of Wilkins who has just published a translation of Vitruvius. The introduction, which is pretty long, is furnished by Lord A. The scientific part of it is vastly beyond me, but what I do understand is excellent. He is possessed of uncommon learning, and nothing can be more pure and elegant than his style.

It is certainly not true that Canning is coming in. The ministry (I believe) had some notion of offering him terms, but upon further examination it was found that no person was willing to make room for him, so it never went the length of a proposal. Besides, I do not believe that the utmost they even thought of proposing would have been considered by him as that which he could accept with honour. Observe, however, that his coming in would by no means imply that he had abandoned the Catholic cause, as you seem to conclude. No man could give the Catholics a more fair and cordial support than Lord Castlereagh, who is, next to Liverpool, the most efficient member

of the Government. As to stipulating for its being made a Cabinet question, that would be quite out of all reason.

Every hope of carrying Emancipation as a measure of Government was thrown away last year by Lords Grey and Grenville in that memorable interview with Lord Moira. The best that can happen now is that the question should be left (as it actually is left) to its own fate in Parliament, just on the footing on which the Slave Trade was left by Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville. For Canning to say ‘I will not come in unless I am allowed to use the influence of Government in carrying the Catholic question,’ is just as if he were to say he would not come in except with the Whigs, which would be to espouse a set of opinions and pretensions which he and ninety-nine people out of a hundred throughout the country think altogether monstrous and absurd. When all other points have been conceded, no set of statesmen will ever prevail on the people of this island to go along with them in a struggle to wrest two or three white sticks from the hands of two or three obscure persons who happen to be agreeable to the Sovereign. This, to be sure, is the ‘beau idéal’ of Whiggism, but it never can be carried into effect, and the determination of the Lords G. to make a stand upon that point has proved a death-blow to their party. The same persons, indeed, continue to act with them, but the proceedings of the last Session show that they are quite careless and disheartened, convinced that a great mistake has been made, and that it is quite irretrievable. They can hardly be said to have a political existence. I am very sorry for it. They have among them some of

the best and ablest men in the kingdom, who have thus unhappily been not only excluded for ever from power, but rendered incapable of discharging with effect the ordinary functions of an Opposition.

But to come back to Canning. Perhaps the report of his having taken, or being on the point to take, office may have arisen from his having within the last month declared his intention of giving up all party connections, and told his friends to go their own way. His enemies, of course, were ready to say that (like the weasel) he had made himself smaller only that he might creep in more easily. However, that I know not to be the fact. He has been quite honest about it. What his motives *are* for this step it is not so easy to explain ; I can only say what they *are not*. Some of his friends are perhaps displeased with him. For my own part I am not inclined to complain. A state of complete political *insulation* is not by any means disagreeable to me, and as I never considered myself as having a *beneficial interest* in any party connection, I am less apt to feel angry at the compact being dissolved. To be sure, though one don't ask to be *benefited*, one don't expect to be *injured* by one's own friends, and one might reasonably be surprised when one of the first manifestations of power in the party to which one belonged was in the shape of an attack upon one's parliamentary interest by means of an honour conferred upon a common political enemy. But this I take to be a mode of proceeding quite peculiar to the Whigs, and not to be expected from any other set of men whatever. But they are strange folks.

I am sorry poor Jenky has fallen under your dis-

pleasure. He is no great patron of learning. But I don't know how far it has been usual for Government to give public aid in cases such as that you refer to, and such a fuss is made about candle-ends and cheese-parings by Messrs. Creevey & Co. that I am not at all surprised that a First Lord of the Treasury should be unwilling to issue from it one farthing more than he can help. Then you object to the *reasons* he has assigned for the refusal, and in justification even for them I must say that *here* the thing would have been done by private subscription without any difficulty, and that would have appeared to all the world the natural mode of proceeding. But as I said before, Jenky is rather stingy upon such occasions. Some time ago that venerable body to which, though unworthy, I belong, and which had the honour to give to Jenky his education—I mean the University of Oxford—did in its corporate capacity pray the Government to endow a professorship of Chemistry. The request was granted, and the sum given one hundred pounds per annum nominally, or about eighty clear of deductions, so that the learned man (and a *very* learned and ingenious man he is) who teaches that important and growing branch of human knowledge, has been fain to fit up for his residence a *cellar*—literally a *cellar*—under the schools, where he dwelleth not much better lodged than Diogenes of old.

You are quite foolish about Mme. de Staël. Why should you dislike one of the cleverest and most agreeable people in Europe? However, I must own I had much the same feeling about her before I saw her, but now I delight in her. With Mackintosh to

wrangle with her (which he does in the best possible way, half joke and half earnest) nothing can be so entertaining.

Adieu. This is a volume.

Sandon Hall, near Lichfield: October 13 [1813].

. . . . You ask about new books. There are plenty. The fifth edition of the ‘Giaour’ contains half as much again as the first, and several passages that are not even in the fourth—one in particular of matchless beauty. But you don’t admire Lord Byron half enough. It is a vile heresy, and you deserve to be burnt for it—with green faggots, as Sydney Smith would say. Get the fifth edition, I tell you, and if you don’t get it, I will send it you, and let me know how you like the lines beginning ‘Clime of the unforgotten brave.’

Then there are ‘Letters from the Bodleian Library,’ in three small volumes. There is a good deal of trash, but some curious things—all Albany’s ‘Lives of Eminent Persons,’ for instance. That of Lord Bacon is most interesting, but I believe it had been printed before. However, it is a book no public collection can be without, so your friend may order it with a safe conscience.

Then there is Sismondi ‘Sur les littératures du Midi de l’Europe,’ the second volume of which (there are but two) is very amusing.

Also, nearly upon the same subject, Ginguéné ‘Sur la littérature Italienne.’¹ That an’t so amusing, but mighty wise and instructive. Read it—you make nothing of seven or eight volumes.

¹ *Histoire Littéraire d’Italie.*

Then Mme. de Staël ‘Sur l’Allemagne’ is printed, and, owing to the special grace and particular affection of Mr. Murray, the publisher, I have had a copy to carry with me into the country. I have read one volume. She is like St. Paul, in whom there are ‘many things hard to be understood,’ but what I do understand is very ingenious. As to the young Baron you mention I am really inclined to acquit her, though not over charitable in my opinions on such subjects. But I am by no means come to a decided judgment.

Lord Webb Seymour has been in town. He looks well, but neither eats nor drinks. Adieu.

I am writing in a room full of people. The subject of their conversation is Lady Melbourne’s friendship for Lord Byron, which, to be sure, is droll enough.

Bowood: November 3 [1813].

It was a great and unexpected pleasure to me to see Maria, who arrived here the day before yesterday from Bath. I should have rejoiced at any rate, but it gives me double satisfaction to see her such as she has become. She is really a fine girl. Her countenance and manners are most engaging, and she has an understanding that strikes me even more than her attainments, though they are evidently very considerable. Yet she is not at all desirous to display them. But without the slightest ostentation or effort, quite naturally, and almost in spite of herself, her conversation is full of knowledge and talent. You have every reason to be proud of her. I might justly suspect myself of partiality to the child of the two



Mr. Radburn Pease

Emerson Waller Ph. Sc.

George and Maria Stewart



persons both of whom she so much resembles, but everybody here is of the same opinion.

I am sorry she has missed the Romillys and Sir James M. They went a day or two before, but she had a day of Madame de Staël, who has been here in high force and good humour.¹ It must be amusing to a young person to see such a curiosity.

As to yourself, you have as usual behaved abominably. You have never written to tell me what I am to do with your letter to your sister, though I wrote to you about it long ago. In short, you appear quite incapable of maintaining the accustomed relations.

We have no lions here except Dumont. He used to have excellent disputes with Mme. de Staël about the 'Principe d'Utilité.' He is a very agreeable man.

Poor Mackintosh don't look well. It quite goes to my heart. For the more I see of him the more I like him. His health, I fear, has received a fatal blow. He went too late in life to that confounded climate ever to get used to it. It is hard upon him, for he has returned with the diseases, but without the wealth of the East. Adieu. The post is going.

J. W. W.

With reference to this visit to Bowood, it is interesting to compare Maria Stewart's impressions with Ward's account of it. The following extract, therefore, from a letter of her's to her mother is here inserted.

Beau Wood : November 2 [1813].

. . . . 'When we arrived yesterday we met somebody in the passage who looked very queerly at us, and at last bowed to Lady K. He did not speak, or

¹ Mme. de Staël refers to this visit in her *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*, vol. iii. p. 281.

I should have known him at once. At last she said, 'Mr. Ward' and 'Miss S.', and Mr. Ward and Miss S. were very glad to see each other. We found Lady Lansdowne alone. She had sprained her ankle, and could not go with Lord L. to show Madame de Staël and her daughter Bath. They came back to dinner, and I can scarcely say whether Lord L. or Madame de S. shook hands with me most kindly. She made heaps of speeches about Mr. Dugald Stewart and my *clever mother*, and I did not look *too* foolish—at least I hope not. If she did not appear so detestably dirty, she is by no means so ugly as I expected, and her manner really not *very* extraordinary; but Lord L. says we were in bad luck for that, for she was too tired with her Bath expedition. She assured me she meant to be in Scotland in spring, but if Mr. Dugald Stewart would come to London, all wish for a journey there would be over. I don't see how papa can avoid coming after that. She and Mr. Dumont had a good stout battle at dinner about many things, amongst others a universal empire which she thinks is to be feared from the Germans—of all people under the sun. She speaks French so desperately fast that I could scarcely follow her, and I think, even to those who speak the language best, it must destroy the effect of her eloquence. No Englishman's ideas can move at the rate of her tongue. Albertine is quite charming. All the childish simplicity of sixteen with just a right mixture of French grace and ease. Dark and freckled almost to plainness at first sight, but in five minutes very pretty, and in an hour beautiful. They left us to-day, and Lady K. and I were asked, and I think promised, to go to see her if we went to London.

You must recall me, or I shall soon be corrupted, you see. . . . Lady L. is very kind and very pleasant, but there are no words to express his perfections. It is time to dress for dinner.

Wednesday.—The carriage is at the door and has been dismissed till to-morrow. I knew nothing of our staying, but am delighted with it. I always told you I should be in love with Mr. Ward—and I do love him, and so must papa and mama. However, it is rash to say that of him till one has parted. I may hate him before to-morrow. That same Lady Elizabeth has been reading a novel they call ‘The Heroine,’ which she enjoys so much that I suppose it can’t be fit for my reading ; but Mr. W. seems to like it too, so that if it is not a bad book, I daresay it would divert mama—for anything I know it may be quite proper.

Mr. Fielding gave me yesterday the review of Rogers in the ‘Quarterly’ to read. He says it is by Mr. Ward. Most likely you know this, and have seen it—if not it is amusing. There is some good nonsense about the shameful hurry and carelessness with which ‘Columbus’ is written. . . .¹

Tuesday, November 16 [1813].

Direct to me in future, 130 Park Street, to which I have removed. It an’t quite so good as that I lived in before, but it suits me as well or better, and I save between three and four hundred a year by the bargain, which to anybody except the Duke of Devonshire is an object.

¹ See note to p. 224.

I did not know that Maria's visit to Bowood was to be so very short, and by that means she escaped five hundred questions I was intending to ask her. I am not conscious of having spoken of her to you more favourably than she deserves, and I am sure everybody else was extremely pleased with her. She told me Mr. Stewart's book was to be published soon.¹ If you mean to give me a copy, give it me at once, and not, as your usual way is, a month after it has been seen in every bookseller's shop in the United Kingdom. But you had better give away none. It is much the best plan, particularly for a person whose course of life has led him to form such a vast acquaintance as Mr. Stewart. If you give none, nobody is disengaged, and you avoid a useless distribution of two guineas apiece to an immense number of people that can afford to pay. I for one will promise not to be offended. Copleston, whom academical employment had oppressed with the friendship of some two hundred pupils, gave away only one copy—to Lord Grenville, to whom the book was dedicated—and it did vastly well.

Lord Byron has written another Turkish tale²—not a fragment—and they say very beautiful. It is to appear forthwith. Murray let me have the MS. in my hands about three minutes, but somebody came into the shop, so I was forced to put it down before I had read twenty lines. They were good. You are not to suppose that though his things appear pretty quick one after another he is a careless writer. I have seen a letter from him written from an inn on

¹ His Essays, published in 1814.

² *The Bride of Abydos.*

the North Road proposing some minute verbal alterations in lines of a poem then under the press.

Have you read ‘De l’Allemagne’ yet? There is a good deal that I can’t understand even with the aid of the living commentary.

Do ask Mr. Stewart (and mind you don’t forget to do so) if the strange story about Sir Isaac Newton in Hooke’s ‘Life’ (Bodleian Letters) is new to him. If it an’t an old calumny answered long ago (which I daresay it is), some notice ought to be taken of it. Adieu.

Park Street : Friday [end of November 1813].

Here is half the ‘Bride of Abydos’ for you. You shall have the rest, and an answer to your letter to-morrow. Adieu.

J. W. W.

P.S.—I rather think the Giaour and I are going to make a trip to Holland together.¹ It must be a very interesting country at this moment, but I don’t suppose he will find any materials for poetry in it. An East Friesland heroine would never do—her tresses would grow all the wrong way. Like his friend, Lord Holland, he means to take a physician with him—I hope an atheist, or the proceeding won’t be regular.

November 27 [1813].

I can have no wish to conceal anything from you, but I have long since made up my mind never to say yea or nay directly as to anything imputed to me in the way of publication—except to his Majesty’s

¹ In a P.S. to a letter to Moore of November 30, 1813, Byron says: ‘Ward and I talk of going to Holland together. I want to see how a Dutch canal looks after the Bosphorus’ (see Moore’s *Life of Lord B.*, vol. ii. pp. 273 and 294).

Attorney-General duly instructed to prosecute. This much, however, I will say, that I have no quarrel with Rogers,¹ that we met not three weeks ago at Bowood on perfectly good terms; that as to Walter [sic] Sharp,² alias Copenhagen Sharp, alias Conversation Sharp, he is my particular friend, and I cannot forbear adding, in perfect seriousness, one of the most thoroughly amiable, good-tempered, well-informed, sensible men that I have ever become acquainted with. He dined here this week, and I am going to meet him at the K. of Clubs the moment I have finished this note.

¹ Ward had been somewhat severe on Rogers in an article which he contributed to the *Quarterly Review* for March 1813, criticising Rogers's poem of *Columbus*. The sting of the article lay in its charging the author with haste, it being well known to all Rogers's friends what long preparation he had given to it, and the pressure put upon him by his admirers to publish it. The publication of the review led to a coolness for a time between Rogers and Ward, which ended, however, in Ward expressing his regret for an attack which he admitted to be indefensible. Rogers, however, had in the meantime taken his revenge in the well-known epigram which he confessed to having written with a little assistance from R. Sharp:

‘Ward has no heart they say, but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.’

Asked by Lady D. one day during the period of estrangement, ‘Have you seen our Ward lately?’ Rogers asked ‘What Ward?’ ‘Why, our Ward to be sure,’ was the reply. ‘Our Ward,’ sneered Rogers; ‘you may keep him all to yourself’ (see *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, by Clayden, vol. i. pp. 121-2). Rogers's cadaverous countenance gave rise to all sorts of jokes at his expense. It was Ward who asked him once why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and on another occasion when Rogers repeated the lines:

‘The robin, with his furtive glance,
Comes and looks at me askance,’

Ward's response was, ‘If it had been a carrion cr w he would have looked you full in the face’ (*Edinburgh Review*, vol. civ. p. 88).

² Richard Sharp greatly distinguished himself on his first entry into Parliament, in 1806, by an excellent speech against the Copenhagen Expedition.

I should like to know who your Scotch Countess is. She does me infinite honour by making such particular mention of me, but it seems that my works reach her but slowly—but I have a notion that it is a very long while since Rogers was assailed in the ‘Q. R.’, though my recollection as to that point is not so accurate as doubtless it ought to be. Murray asked me for his sheets again to-day,¹ which took me rather aback, but when I appealed to his patriotism, and told him they were gone to Scotland he was pacified. You must send them to me again, however. The copy you have got is not quite correct, and he will let you have another immediately.

I write in extreme haste, for just as I was coming home I was obliged to go with Archibald Macdonald to see my poor uncle, who is ill in bed, and, I am afraid, in a very bad way. This accident may retard my voyage, otherwise Lord B. and I had just settled to start the week after next. Fierce as he appears when provoked, I have always found him a tractable, polite person in the ordinary intercourse of life. Adieu.

P.S.—Don’t send the sheets till you hear from me again. I did not mean to put you to the trouble of returning them, and will try to save it you.

Park Street : Monday, December 27 [1813].

I don’t much believe in peace, notwithstanding the marvellous rise of Omnitum. Buonaparte’s speech is of a warlike complexion; by the mention of maritime rights, and the angry expressions towards England it is evident that he has hopes of sowing

¹ Viz. those of *The Bride of Abydos*.

dissensions betwixt us and our Allies. As to Lord Castlereagh's mission,¹ I think it is much more probably with a view to keep them steady than to settle the conditions of a treaty. I dined on Saturday with Lord Harrowby. Three of the party were in the secret: Lord H. himself, Lord Bathurst, and Fagel. The two ministers, of course, said but little on the subject. What they did say, however, was anything but pacific, and as to the Griffin, he made no scruple to avow his wish for the prosecution of the war. To say the truth I am very much of this worthy Dutchman's mind. Not that I am at all inclined to meddle with the internal government of France. Nothing could be more absurd. The French have an undoubted right to choose their own task-master, and if Buonaparte is too gentle for them, they may send for a slave-driver from St. Domingo at once, and much good may he do them. But I cannot bear the notion, now that their armies are defeated, and the whole race of mankind has risen up in arms against them, to leave a single acre or a single man that does not belong to them under their unrighteous dominion. And therefore I grieve to read in that otherwise excellent State paper the Declaration from Frankfort² that the Allies are

¹ Lord Castlereagh left England on December 31, 1813, for the allied headquarters at Basle as Minister Plenipotentiary. The Congress assembled at Chatillon on February 3, 1814. Lord Castlereagh persuaded the Allies to agree to certain proposals for peace, by which France was to be reduced to her dimensions of 1790, and the Sovereigns of Spain and Portugal were to be restored. He also brought the Allies to sign a new treaty of alliance. The proposals were, however, rejected, and the Congress broke up on March 18, 1814.

² After the battle of Leipsic (October 18, 1813), Napoleon's flight to Paris, and his attempt there to raise a fresh army, the Allies made preparations for the invasion of France, and with this object in view they, on

willing to leave France *greater* than it was under its kings. *As great*, with all my heart, but why greater? Has France by her conduct for the last twenty years so merited the gratitude of the rest of Europe that they should give her new territories as a reward for the happiness she has conferred upon them? If I am knocked down and stripped by footpads, and after a great deal of trouble and danger succeed in bringing them to justice, am I to be told by the magistrate that I may have my money and clothes again, but that I must not think of getting back my watch? It is quite abominable in itself, and after all that has happened would be miserably disappointing.

Lord Byron will soon make another demand upon your applause. He has already written two cantos

December 2, crossed the Rhine. The day before the crossing a Declaration, dated Frankfort, December 1, 1813, was issued by them in which they stated that they did not make war against France, but against that preponderance which the Emperor Napoleon had too long exercised beyond the limits of his Empire. The Declaration went on to announce that the first use which their allied Majesties had made of victory was to offer peace to the Emperor of the French, the conditions being founded on the independence of the French Empire, as well as of the other European States. The desire of the allied Sovereigns was, it was declared, 'that France may be great, powerful, and happy; because the French power in a state of greatness and strength is one of the foundations of the social edifice of Europe.' It was further stated that 'The allied Powers confirm to the French Empire an extent of territory which France under her kings never knew.' Nothing was said in the Declaration as to whether the offers of peace had been accepted or declined, but the inference seemed to be that they had been rejected, for the Declaration, after stating that the Allies desired 'a state of peace which by a wise partition of strength, by a just equilibrium, might thenceforth preserve their peoples from the numberless calamities which had overwhelmed Europe for the last twenty years,' concluded as follows: 'The allied Powers will not lay down their arms until they have obtained this great and beneficial result, this noble object of their efforts. They will not lay down their arms until the political state of Europe be re-established anew—until immovable principles have resumed their rights over vain pretensions—until the sanctity of treaties shall have at last secured a real peace to Europe' (see *Annual Register*, 1813, p. 376)

of a new poem in heroic verse. I must not allow you to continue under the erroneous notion of your being indebted to me for ‘The Bride.’ I know nothing of the matter. It was either his own proper motion, or a *politesse* of Murray’s. By the bye they have published a very good print of your little friend Campbell, and I have desired Murray to send you one by the first opportunity. Adieu. The post is going out instantly.

J. W. W.

I have five minutes, and as you are of course anxious to hear about Mackintosh,¹ I will just tell you what I think. I came to town on purpose to hear it—one could not miss such a thing. It was a speech which implied great talent and knowledge, but in a parliamentary view it must be considered as a failure. He was heard without interest, and almost without patience. The country gentlemen I could hear around me damning him for a Scotch lawyer. In short it is evident that he will not be a favourite. But pray don’t betray me, for I have been obliged to swear that black is white. He is so amiable a man that I would not for the world that anything should reach him from me to give him pain.

Can you read ? for I am writing in great haste.

130 Park Street : 29 [?January, 1814].

Did I write to you, or did you write to me last ? I rather think that I wrote to you. If that was the

¹ He made his first speech in the House of Commons on December 14, 1813, protesting against the threatened interference of the Allies in Holland and Switzerland.

case, I generously make you a present of the epistle, and open a fresh account. Till now it was no use to write, but as the thaw is begun, you are, I suppose, by this time dug out of the snow, and reanimated by the Humane Society. It has been a dreadful season. I, who am beginning to be numbered among the old inhabitants, remember nothing like it in London, and it seems to have been worst of all in the West where they are generally exempt from it. I am glad I was not in Holland—and so ought the public—for Lord Byron would probably have gone with me, and then we should not have had the ‘Corsair.’ I have only just got it. It seems beautiful. His command of versification is quite prodigious. But I shall say the truth. I am getting tired of these villains with black curly hair and pale foreheads. They indeed will afford him the subject of many a fine line, perhaps of many a fine poem, and if his object is merely to surpass Walter Scott, and the other gentlemen his contemporaries, his business is done. He may leave off now as he threatens to do. But if he means to be a really great man, he must describe human nature as the other first-rate artists have described it, partly good and partly bad, but more good than bad. However, Conrad seems to be a noble villain, too. I have been reading a little more about him. Here are lines for you :—

He bounds, he flies, until his footsteps reach
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
There checks his speed, but pauses less to breathe
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
Than there his wonted statelier step renew,
Nor rush, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view :
For well had Conrad learned to curb the crowd
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud ;

His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight, and awes if seen :
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy.

But I daresay Murray has sent you the book by this time.

What say you to ‘ Patronage ’?

When is Mr. Stewart’s book to appear? You talked as if it ought to be out by this time. I am very anxious to see it. But remember I am not asking you to send it to me. N.B. I know better. Anything that requires arrangement or punctuality is not your *forte*! I shall get it in half the time by speaking to Murray.

I suppose we shall have peace. I shall be glad of it, and yet I own I have a pleasure in seeing this confounded people that have tormented all mankind ever since I can remember anything, and made us pay ten per cent. upon our incomes, to say nothing of other taxes, plundered and insulted by a parcel of square-faced barbarians from the Wolga. I can’t help feeling this, in spite of all Madame de Staël’s lamentations for ‘ cette belle France.’ I recommend her to cultivate the Swiss patriotism at the present moment, and to leave the French in abeyance. Adieu.

Write, write—or I shall be very angry.

130 Park Street: Tuesday, 8 [February 1814].

Your first letter reached me the very day I wrote to you, but not till late owing to the state of the roads. Your last came to-day. I was going to call on Madame de Staël, so I had an opportunity of immediately delivering Mr. Stewart’s message to her.

She seemed very much pleased, and desired me to say that her principal object in going to Scotland would be to see him, and several other fine things, which I do not so well recollect, or which would suffer by being translated from the French original. I wish, however, you had heard the scream of joy she gave when Mackintosh told her that Mr. Stewart is hostile to the ‘Principe d’Utilité.’ By the bye, what with Paley, and what with Bentham, we are all converts to it here, so if he means to set us right he had better lose no time. For my own part I should like very much to know for certain before I die *why* I may not pick my neighbour’s pocket, or why my wife (whenever I have one) will do wrong by listening (as she assuredly will) to the smart young officers who flirt with her.

I have not got the book yet,¹ but there is a copy in town, for Mackintosh has seen it. You are quite wrong in supposing that his want of success in the House of Commons had anything to do with his writing in the ‘Edinburgh Review.’ It no more contributed to it than Lady Mackintosh’s writing in the ‘Morning Chronicle’ (which she does). The country gentlemen don’t think much about the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ or if they do they believe it to be the production of some individual Scotch atheist, or Scotch clergyman, or both under one. His speech produced no effect because there was no party spirit to give interest to debate—a cold, thin, languid House, a miserable attendance on the Opposition benches, and strong symptoms of disunion in the few that appeared. In fact, this first speech of

¹ Vol. ii. of Professor Stewart’s *Philosophy of the Human Mind*.

Mackintosh's was made inauspicious to that party by the entire separation of Whitbread and his friends from the main body.

For the first time, so far as I recollect, Lord Holland, who had hitherto been the connecting link of the two chains, took a completely different line. Whitbread was all for confidence and adjournment; Lord H. stood upon the high Whig ground of jealousy, perpetual interference of Parliament, &c., &c. Mackintosh's part had been got up in concert with him, and I could perceive by the disparaging tone of Whitbread's understrappers, even before he had spoken, that it had been determined in their interior council to run him down, and to take that occasion for making a break. Since that there has been a meeting of them at Southill, at which their former leaders and friends have been treated with more indignity than I ever heard employed against them in any ministerial company. I believe they suspected a design of making Mac. leader. Whether or not any such notion was ever seriously entertained I cannot tell, but the extreme want of such a person, the deplorable incapacity of Snouch,¹ and the impossibility of going on with Whitbread, made it less absurd than it might at first appear to be.

I quite agree with you that Mac. would have been better out of Parliament. His fame as a writer (to speak the plain truth) rests, not so much upon what he has done, as upon what he is supposed capable of doing. It is too late in life for him to form both a literary and a political reputation. Literature is much his surest road to eminence, and requires the

¹ Ponsonby.

least sacrifices of health and comfort. He ought to economise—his fortune and his constitution—finish his history, not by a great effort, but regularly and quietly as Gibbon did, and look for his enjoyments in the credit of it, and the society of his friends. It won't do to begin the House of Commons at fifty with a liver complaint.¹ However, the temptation of coming into Parliament is very great, and I am not surprised it was too much for him. In his case I might perhaps have reasoned as I do now, but I should have acted as he has done. Adieu.

Let me hear from you soon.

130 Park Street : Saturday [February 1814].

The copy of Mr. Stewart's book you were so good as to have sent to me arrived here a fortnight ago. I have since exchanged it for that which I had ordered at Murray's, which has been sent to Madame de Staël. I have read nothing of it yet, but the chapter on Logic, to which what I had heard of it from Sir James Mackintosh made me desirous immediately to turn. It is full of excellent things. I was particularly struck by the remarks on argumentative dexterity. The opinion, which Mr. Stewart here expresses with so much ability and force, is one I have long entertained, and which has been greatly confirmed by experience. The art or knack of disputation I have frequently seen possessed in no inconsiderable degree by very shallow, wrong-headed people, and what is more, I have seen very powerful understandings warped and enfeebled by it. For instance, it

¹ He was born October 24, 1765, so was only between forty-eight and forty-nine at this time.

always appeared to me that the vast and powerful mind of Mr. Fox himself had suffered a little from over-indulgence in the exercise of this faculty. With something less of subtlety (argumentative subtlety, of course, I mean), and something more of philosophy, he would have been a still greater man than he was.

This armistice is a sad piece of business not only for those that hate and dread the power of France, and wish to see her humbled as much as possible, but even for those that are desirous of immediate peace, and care comparatively little about the terms. It proves that the French are recovering themselves, and the same unlucky circumstances that have compelled Schwartzenburgh to ask for a suspension of hostilities will not improbably induce Buonaparte to make such demands as cannot easily be acceded to. And if it should turn out that the Allies raised their terms as they advanced, he will not unnaturally require that they should lower them in a compulsory retreat. So that the contest may recommence with just as little chance as ever of being concluded. It is evident from the state of the French Funds that wiser politicians than I am think the armistice no symptom of approaching peace, but rather as diminishing the chance of it. They fell two.

I sent your letter to Bath.¹ I don't believe a day (if that) is lost by going through London. So you had better employ me when you an't in a great hurry. I am punctual, and always here, and I think it no trouble

Your correspondent is quite well, I hope.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

¹ Maria Stewart was then staying there.

Maria Stewart was in London during most of March and April 1814, and frequently meeting Ward in society. This chapter may therefore fitly conclude with a few extracts from some of her letters to her mother written at this time, and describing her feelings towards him :—

Grosvenor Street: March 22, 1814.

Monday.—Lady Lansdowne sent her carriage for me at half-past eight. We sat for an hour together, and then Lord L. came home from dinner. In a few minutes the Fieldings and Ward came in, and soon after the room was stuffed. There was everybody. Miss Fox, *beautiful* and delightful; Miss Vernon, very kind. The Staëls were there, but I scarcely saw them, only shook hands with Albertine. . . . Lord Byron was there, his countenance milder and more ordinary than I expected from all I had heard, but I persuaded myself it was as fine as it ought to be, full of spirit and gloominess and all pretty things.

I do love Ward and his ridiculous way of going on. He never speaks to me or seems to see me when there is anybody near, but whenever he sees me alone he comes up to whisper, ‘That’s Lord Byron,’ ‘There’s Rogers,’ or anybody that’s remarkable, and then whisk off to flirt with his married ladies. . . .

Writing again on March 27 and describing a party at Madame de Staël’s, she says :—

Mr. Ward came and spoke for a long while. I should have enjoyed it still more if Mr. Wilmot had not come in after his own party broke up, and been sitting beside me; so Mr. Ward was on his

good behaviour, and not showing me the lions as he usually does. I grudged it the more that there was a lion present I should have liked of all things to see, Mr. Plunkett. . . .

I can't tell you the happiness I have in Lord P[almerston] and Mr. Ward being so good to me. I see they are raising themselves in everybody's opinion by it, and I only hope they may not tire of it before I leave town. . . .

Writing to her mother from London on April 7, just after the surrender of Paris to the allied armies, she again alludes to Ward, who seems to have been amusing himself somewhat at her expense over her hatred for the Bourbons and her dread of their coming Restoration.

. . . Madame de S[taël] was the only person who spoke what I felt, but she had the courage to avow her grief at the fall of Paris, and to say that fatal as Bonaparte's power was to her interest, even he was better than the Bourbons. I love that woman in spite of myself. . . . I have rather picked up my spirits again this morning without knowing whether I have cause or not, but I certainly feel as if people and things were not so furiously *loyal* as I feared yesterday. The truth is I begin to suspect that Ward, who was the great instrument of my misery, had been amusing himself with plaguing me, knowing full well what would plague me, though I took care neither he nor anyone else should guess it from myself. It half goes against my conscience to accuse him of this, nor would I do it if I thought it would make you angry at him, for he and I are sworn friends. He has put aside all his affectation of not speaking to me, and wherever we meet he

stays by me almost constantly, and tells me everything, and shows me everything he thinks would amuse me. I wish I could tell him how grateful I am.

London : April 21, 1814.

Wednesday was to be the great entrance of Louis XVIII. into London, and we were just puzzling where to get a window to see the procession, when in came the dear Mr. Ward to offer his house, and to bid us take as many people as we liked. Nobody went but Mrs. Oliphant, but when we were standing on the leaden platform before his house who should cross from the hall of the neighbouring garden but Annie Tytler and the Mackenzies. They stayed with us the rest of the time, and a merciless length of time it was, from half-past two till half-past five. The quantity of living beings in the Park was a beautiful sight, but I will tell the Lady all about it when we meet. There was not a few complaints of the stupidity of the crowd who would not huzza, nor make half the noise was expected.

CHAPTER XV

PEACE AND THE CONTINENT

THE Emperor Napoleon had abdicated on April 5, Paris was now in the occupation of the allied armies, and the Congress of Ambassadors, with Lord Castlereagh representing this country, had assembled there to discuss the terms of peace. The Continent, after the long years of war, was once more open to visitors. Ward was one of the first to take advantage of this opportunity, and left England in the end of April for a few weeks' visit to Paris. Travelling from Calais *via* Lille (in order to avoid following in the footsteps of Louis XVIII. who had left Calais the day of Ward's arrival there), he arrived at Paris on May 1, and stayed there till about June 5. There he was fortunate enough to be a witness of several of the great events which were taking place—the King's entry into the capital, and the grand ceremony of the King presenting the Charter of the Constitution to the Senate and the Legislative Body. The letters which he probably wrote from Paris to Mrs. Stewart are unfortunately missing, but he describes the events which took place in two of his letters to Copleston.

His next letter to Mrs. Stewart was written soon after his return to London. He was already meditating a visit of longer duration to the Continent, and only stayed about two months in England. It was during this period that he received the offer of office under the Government to which he refers in his letter of August 11, p. 248. In that letter he refers to an arrangement which Canning had made with the Government, and to the suggestion in some of the papers that what Canning had got for his friends was the price of advice given to the Princess of Wales. This refers to the appointment of Canning as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Prince Regent

of Portugal, and to that of some of his friends to posts in the Government.

According to Stapleton,¹ Canning, in the autumn of 1814, ‘on account of the feeble health of his eldest son, had made up his mind to pass the winter at Lisbon. When Lord Liverpool heard his intentions they determined to offer and to press upon him the post of Ambassador at Lisbon—at the same time that offices were given to Mr. Huskisson, Lord Binning, and others of his friends. Mr. Canning accepted.’

For this he was unjustly attacked. Suspicions had already been aroused, as we have seen from Francis Horner’s letter to Lord Grenville, already quoted, and from Ward’s own letter of August 1813,² that Canning’s retirement in July 1813 had been with the object of obtaining office for himself later on. These suspicions were strengthened by an event which happened about this time. Early in August 1814 the Princess of Wales, much to the relief of the Government, left this country for good and went abroad. As it appeared that this proceeding on her part was not taken on the advice of her usual advisers, Brougham and Whitbread, it was suggested that the idea emanated from Canning who was the channel of communication between her Royal Highness and the Government, and that the offer of the embassy at Lisbon was the reward for his services on this occasion.³ Canning entirely cleared himself of these charges three years later in his celebrated speech on the Lisbon embassy. According to Stapleton, he afterwards said that he considered his acceptance of this embassy a political mistake, that he laboured hard to avoid accepting it, but that it was so urged upon him by the Government that he thought he had not the moral right as a public man to refuse it.

Ward at first accepted, but ultimately declined the offer of the India Board made to him, and Lord Binning was appointed instead of him. In a letter to Copleston of August 9 he gives his reasons as follows: ‘The more I thought of the arrangement as far as it respected myself, the less I was satisfied with

¹ *George Canning and his Times*, p. 210.

² See pp. 210, 215.

³ See Buckingham’s *Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. ii. p. 92.

it, and as those friends whom the publicity of the whole thing (for it soon became known) gave me an opportunity of consulting were for the far greater part of my opinion, I retracted my consent, and devolved the honours of the Privy Council upon Lord Binning. Canning thinks I have judged ill. Perhaps I have, but there is at least this comfort, that if, having declined, I afterwards think that I ought to have accepted, my regret will be of a less painful kind than if, having accepted, I should afterwards see cause to wish I had declined.'

He left England soon after the date of this letter for a visit to France, Switzerland, and Italy, which lasted till November of the following year.

130 Park Street: June 25 [1814].

I got to town about ten days ago, and I have been meaning to write to you every day since. I am quite sorry I did not send my letter from Paris sooner, but I really thought it would cost a little fortune by the time it got to Kinneil. However, even that reason, such as it was, ought not to have prevented me from sending it, as several M.P.'s went before Lord A[berdeen]. People had quite determined beforehand that all travellers to Paris should suffer shocking hardships and hindrances, and they therefore (in the entire want of all authentic intelligence) were good enough to supply me with my share from the stores of their own imagination.

As to the French Constitution, it is pretty nearly as good a one as they can bear, though there are one or two gross absurdities in it, such as not allowing people to be members of the Legislative Body till they are forty years old. The secrecy of the debates too is a vile thing, though, by the bye, the publicity of them is not above sixty years old in England, and the rules of both Houses are still at variance with

their more liberal practice. However the seeds of liberty seem to be sown, and in time, it is to be hoped, they will ripen. The King was quite right in excluding Masséna and Soult from the Senate : first and foremost for exclusion's sake, and in order to show that he was not bound by any compact or capitulation to admit the whole body of marshals, nor weak enough to be frightened into it ; in the next place because they are both known scoundrels, Jacobins, cut-throats, and robbers. You can hardly have forgot the part Masséna played in Italy. Soult, though a great officer, conducted himself with infinite barbarity in Spain ; besides, he is known to be extremely ill-inclined to the present order of things, and indeed hardly makes any secret of his disloyalty. Then, what is worst of all, he fought that last battle at Toulouse in which so many people perished, knowing it to be useless, and out of the mere naughtiness of his heart. His aspect corresponds to his character. A more ill-looking villain I never beheld. I had the pleasure of seeing him in a very bad humour the day before the King came down to the Legislative Body and gave them their constitution.¹

The worst thing that I hear of is of some people being exiled. Perhaps it an't true. There were some stories of that sort at Paris when I was there, but they turned out quite unfounded. Not that the French will mind it the least in the world. You observed, I daresay, that in their very last constitution which they presented to the King for his acceptance, but which he very wisely did not accept, there

¹ June 4, 1814.

was no mention of personal security. But the truth is, after all, though they are pleased to call us a shopkeeping nation, that the only thing they care much for is money. They hate paying any taxes, but their governors may kick them about just as much as they please.

The press, too, is very much restrained. I hear that the newspapers were forbid to print the Address of the Houses of Parliament here to the Regent on the subject of the Slave Trade.¹ If this be true, one is at a loss which most to abhor, the power, or the choice of an occasion for exercising it.

In Spain the demand for despotism and superstition seems greater than kings and priests can at once supply. The cry is not ‘Viva el Réy !’ but ‘Viva el Réy soberano !’ which I take to be as if we were to say ‘Tyranny for ever !’ I was a good deal amused with the account a Frenchman gave me the other day at Paris of the notion the Spaniards have of liberty. Spain, they say, ought to have a *free King*, that is a king that may do what he pleases. This perfect freedom—in the person of his Majesty—may interfere a little with the enjoyment of it by anybody else, but that can’t be helped, and the dignity of the Spanish nation requires that its Sovereign should be without control.

The Church has been completely restored, but the Inquisition has not yet received the formal sanction of Government.² At Seville, however, it has been re-established in a popular tumultuary way, by acclamation as it were, pious and humane persons making

¹ Dated May 3, 1814.

² It was, however, re-established by decree of the King, July 21, 1814.

(according to their respective ability) contributions of *san benitos* and fagots to set up the Holy Tribunal with the instruments of its business. There seems no reason to doubt, however, but that the thing will soon be taken up by the highest authority, and that the proper officer (the 'Minister of Grace and Justice' as the Secretary for the Home Department is called) will receive orders to restore completely this great bulwark of the Catholic Faith. They really seem to be nothing the better for all that has happened, which is more than ever I expected. I well knew that they were not in a state in which freedom is possible, but I thought that they would derive some good from the struggle of which they have been for five years the spectators.

I was quite rejoiced to find Mr. Playfair here on a long visit to London. He is looking remarkably well and in excellent spirits. At Mackintosh's the other day I met him, and another of your Edinburgh friends whom I was very glad to have an opportunity of seeing—Professor Brown.¹ He is evidently a man of very remarkable talents, and of a very pleasing countenance—in fact, a very good-looking man. I wish Madame de Staël had seen him. Maybe she would have been good enough to fall in love with him, and that might have cured her of her German philosophy, which would be a great point gained. His manners are mild, obliging, and agreeable, but not quite unaffected. Indeed affectation is the crying sin of all the Scotch-bred men of talents that I have seen except Mr. Stewart and Mr. Playfair. Jeffrey,

¹ Thomas Brown, Dugald Stewart's coadjutor in the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh.

Campbell, and your friend Thompson are all, in their different ways, most amusing coxcombs. Not that it much signifies—one takes a day or two to get used to it, and then it is all the same. As to Jeffrey in particular, his coxcombry is quite delightful. I would not for the world that he was natural.

I am very glad that Miss S. liked her visit to England. London, to be sure, is an immense lion, and to an understanding as powerful and cultivated as her own could not fail to be very interesting. On the whole it is the greatest curiosity in the world, greater even than Paris—at least I suspect so. The French have their gallery, the chief merit of which is that there is scarce a work in it that came from the hand of a Frenchman, but in the variety and dignity of our pursuits, and the numbers of able, educated, high-minded persons we greatly surpass them.

By the bye, Miss S. is quite unaffected, as is her father.

Adieu. Write to me soon, or your letter won't catch me here. Yours ever,

J. W. W.

130 Park Street: July [1814].

I shall not leave this country till the middle of next month, nor have I any thoughts of fixing myself upon the Continent. It is very right and indeed necessary to travel, but I have always had a great dislike and contempt for English gentlemen that live abroad. It is a sacrifice of liberty, employment, and the chance of distinction—things which it is no good sign of a man to renounce, supposing him to do it voluntarily. I don't like cold weather (though, by the bye, I am

a little better reconciled to it from having had as good health as I ever enjoyed in my life the whole of last winter), but I am willing to endure a good deal of it for the sake of doing what I please, and saying what I please, and living with people that are engaged in active and honourable pursuits.

I meant at first to have gone with Lord Aberdeen, that is straight to Vienna, but he goes earlier than would suit me, so I go with Lord Ebrington, who is also an old and particular friend of mine, and a very amiable, accomplished man.

Our plan is to go first to Paris, where we shall stay only just long enough for him to see the *lions*. They are soon seen when you set about it, and then I shall be eager to proceed to Switzerland and Italy. We shall pass the winter in Italy, and return in spring to Paris, which is like being at home, for one can be here in four days whenever one pleases. Aberdeen is only going to carry the Garter to the Emperor, who is vastly fond of him, and wished him to be the person charged with that commission. He returns as soon as it is executed, so that he will not be long enough there to be of any use to anybody. Lord Stewart succeeds him in the embassy. If he had been to reside there, I should not have failed to bespeak his good offices in favour of your sister. I am sure he would have been particularly happy to make acquaintance with her, but he will be off again in three or four weeks.

Mr. Stewart is quite right. The world is improving, not so fast indeed as one could wish, but a great deal faster than it used. Even during the execrable French Revolution it was getting on—indeed it would

be unfair to deny that in some respects that very event contributed to its progress. France itself is improved, and the foundations laid for future improvement. The abolition of feudal rights and the destruction of the ecclesiastical establishment made the country thrive in spite of war, despotism, and the uncertainty of property. But now that war has ceased, that the despotism is mitigated, at least, in the hands of the Bourbons, and that the present settlement of property is recognised and confirmed by the only persons that had any right to dispute it, a great increase of prosperity may be expected.

By the bye, were you not pleased with the last *exposé*? It is somewhat curious to see the minister of a restored Bourbon, himself of the flower of the ancient nobility (for supposing the ladies of the family to have all conducted themselves properly, the Abbé Montesquieu is descended in a direct line from Clovis), owning that the *division of property* occasioned by the Revolution has, in spite of all calamities, very much ameliorated the condition of France. To be sure the law about the press is not quite what one would wish it to be, and the Legislative Assembly cuts no great figure in the way of debate; but still there the Assembly is, and there it must be, armed, too, with very important rights. The King can't raise a shilling without its consent, and if it is even as much bullied by him as the Parliaments were of old, it can only be the result of such an universal corruption and degradation of the national feelings as no form of government could remedy.

Spain, to be sure, presents but a dismal prospect. But even there they have a party of 'Liberals' strong

enough to have formed a majority in the Cortes, a party called into existence by the events of the last seven years, and which the Court will hardly be able to suppress. Italy, I understand, has been quiet, happy, and, on the whole, well governed for several years. Murat is a tolerably good king, and the Viceroy was extremely popular. To be sure, his territories are going back to Austria, but if the Austrians govern their Italian States as well as they used there will be no great cause of complaints. As to this country, there is no denying that it never was half so well off. I doubt whether any community ever attained at once to such a pitch of prosperity and of glory.

You ask about the expense of travelling abroad. It is a great deal less than in England. Living was dear at Paris when I was there, both because the place was unusually full, and because one had not time to guard against robbery ; but at ordinary times everything is much more reasonable than it is here, and I hear wonders of the cheapness of everything at Geneva from D'Ivernois.

If you have any thoughts of going to any part of France or Switzerland, I can without difficulty calculate the expense of your journey pretty accurately. I can give you the data at once. If you are four in family they will oblige you to take five horses, and that will come to near two francs a mile—*i.e.* about one-fourth more than a pair costs in England ; but then for that you may take a berline, and as much luggage as you please. I speak of travelling post, which is the most expensive way. *À voiturier* would do the thing much cheaper, and perhaps as

you would not wish to make long days, quite as agreeably. They would take you, for instance, from Calais to Geneva in twelve or fourteen days. I forget what is the difference betwixt that and posting, but it is something very considerable. You go about thirty or perhaps forty miles a day. In Spain that is the way almost everybody travels, and it is by no means uncomfortable when you are going with a party.

I had twenty things more to say, but the post is going, and I must make an end.

N.B. however that I did not say, or at least did not mean to say, that Brown is unaffected. *On the contrary*—a prodigious coxcomb, but *very* clever.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

I shall write again soon.

130 Park Street : Thursday, 11 [August 1814].

I think of setting out with Lord Ebrington on Tuesday next. Our plan is to go by Brussels, Spa, and the Rhine to Switzerland and Italy—that is his plan, for it is not improbable that I may be lazy and turn off to Paris, pass the autumn there and the winter in the South of France ; either will be agreeable. In fact one can hardly go amiss on the Continent, provided one keeps clear of the dreary regions of the north.

You see Canning has made an arrangement with the Government. That part of it which regards himself will, I presume, be made the subject of a good deal of criticism. I might have gone to the India board, and been put into the Privy Council, but I declined it. I hardly know whether I was right or not, but it don't much signify either way.

I see the ‘Morning Chronicle’ (under the guidance of Brougham, who writes to me in the same strain) is trying to persuade people that what Canning has got for his friends was the price of advice given to the Princess of Wales. I cannot *prove* the negative, though I am strongly inclined to believe it is all a calumny. This much I am certain of—that the advice which upon this hypothesis Canning is said to have given her from interested motives *might* have been given her from no interest whatever, but from a mere regard to her own good.

Years have passed since she told me she was heartily tired of England, and would quit it whenever she could; and when about six weeks or two months ago she communicated to me her design, I said everything I could to confirm her in it, and particularly exhorted her not to mind anything Whitbread or Brougham might say to the contrary, who would of course wish to keep her here for the sake of the sport she might make in a continued quarrel with the Prince. I blamed them very much for making her give up the fifteen thousand a year (which to be sure was an act of perfect insanity), and recommended to her to be off with the rest as soon as possible, and live upon it comfortably in any place on the Continent she liked best. This advice was given to a person who was probably already decided, so nothing is to be ascribed to it, and I mention it merely to prove that Canning in giving her the same is not to be held convicted of roguery. Dear disinterested patriots! and do they really think that none but a faithless, hired adviser could think of persuading this poor woman, who it is evident can never pass one hour

of peace and happiness in this island, to retire to some spot where she may be free from vexation and disappointment?

I have read 'Waverley' by your advice. I had begun and left off at the third chapter in which the author, more honestly than judiciously, pronounces a severe anathema against *idle reading*. However I resumed it, and do not repent. The story an't very interesting, but it is none the worse for that. Your very interesting stories agitate one too much, so that when they are tragic I always leave them, being convinced that there is real distress enough in the world. You would laugh, many other people would laugh a great deal more, if you knew how much I am grieved at a doleful story. I could not go further than the first volume of 'Delphine,' and I will never look into it again as long as I live. But to return to 'Waverley.' It is a very amusing picture of national manners that have in a great measure ceased to exist. The Baron of Bradwardine is delightful. Have you read 'Mansfield Park'? I have only just begun it, and very likely shall not have time to finish it before I am off. I am a great admirer of the two other works by the same author.

She has not so much fine humour as your friend Miss Edgeworth, but she is more skilful in contriving a story, she has a great deal more feeling, and she never plagues you with any chemistry, mechanics, or political economy, which are all excellent things in their way, but vile, cold-hearted trash in a novel, and, I piously hope, all of old Edgeworth's putting in. By the bye, I heard some time ago that the wretch was ill. Heaven grant that he may soon pop off.

You see the French are making a good fight for the liberty of the press, and it seems as if the wise and liberal side would be victorious.

Mr. Dumolard, who cuts so great a figure, is one of their principal lawyers, a very able and eloquent person. One of the evils which the liberty of the press would probably remedy is that prodigious unnatural ascendancy of the city of Paris in the affairs of the State, which all strangers observe and wonder at. In England the entire freedom of publication enables every man from one corner of the kingdom to the other to form a judgment upon all public transactions ; at least he is sure that he has the means of forming one before him. But a Frenchman with nothing but his ‘Moniteur’ for his guide, in which the Government tells him just what it pleases and no more, naturally distrusts such an impure source of intelligence, and prefers, if he lives at a distance from the capital, to pin his faith upon the good people of Paris, who surrounding the centre of government may be supposed to be better acquainted with the real state of things.

If you have any fancy to pass a winter in France, you need not from all I hear be deterred by the expense. In the South of France everything is dog-cheap, and so it is at Tours—the Touraine you know is the garden of France. When I get over I shall send you further particulars. Far the most troublesome part of your journey in every way would be in this island. If you were already here you would not hesitate. If it could be accomplished you would all, I think, be pleased, particularly Miss Stewart. At her age, and with a mind so active and

so informed, the first sight of such a country as France must be the nearest approach to heaven of anything I can conceive. Adieu.

You shall hear from me by the first opportunity after I land in France. If it ends in my going to Paris, I shall hope to hear from you soon. If I go by the Rhine, &c., I hardly know when I shall get any letters. The truth is that I want very much to go to Paris, and that I want still more to 'shirk' Spa, which will be a mere English watering-place. There will be Lady Harriet Leveson, and Lady Georgiana Morpeth, and Lady Charlotte Greville, and Lady Harrowby, and Lady Bath—excellent company to be sure, but that I have seen them all so often, and they must be so tired of me.

When you write (which do soon) direct to me at 'John Benbow's, Esq., No. 1 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn'—for I mean to let or sell this house. Again adieu.

Paris : August 29, 1814.

Our last letters crossed each other. I should have written to you again before I left London but that I had a good deal to do, and really could not find time. It is inconceivable how many trifles come upon one just as one is going away, and consume every moment. How people with families contrive to move at all I don't see. We were to have gone the 15th, but Lord E. was not quite ready, so we did not get off till the 17th. Our journey was very prosperous, but we did not hurry ourselves, so that we did not arrive here till the 22nd. The road was not new to me, but Lord E. had not been in France before, and I was glad to observe the effect of what we saw upon

a first eye. The ground was everywhere loaded with a most abundant crop, but the weather (which is now better) was vilely wet and cold. I mention this because if it was as bad with you, poor Scotland probably bore the blame, though I can assure you it could hardly be worse than it was in France. The fact I take to be that Picardy, which is a high, exposed country, is a good deal colder than the southern parts of England ; but in the Isle of France things improve, and the appearance of the vine, of peaches in the utmost profusion, and of vast melons which are sold at the corner of every street, indicates a larger share of sunshine than we are ever indulged with.

The quantity of English here is quite prodigious, though they are passing on every day to Switzerland. It is no sort of exaggeration to say that I have at this moment vastly more English acquaintances here than I left behind me in London. The French must be very good-natured if they are not weary of seeing us. I am sure we should be tired to death of seeing half as many French.

Things go on quietly enough here. Not but what there are a great many discontented people, but they have no point of union. Luckily for his most Christian Majesty all his most distinguished subjects are such rogues that they cannot trust each other, and that nobody will trust them in a conspiracy against him. The only danger was from the army, but that of course diminishes every day, and if the King does nothing violent, of which there seems no chance, as he is a mild, cool-headed man, he may in a very short time bid defiance to all revolutionary plans. Besides it is astonishing, in spite of Jacobinism, in spite

of usurpation, and in spite too of common sense, how much Tory principles prevail in France, and that among some of the honestest and most respectable, though not the most enlightened, members of the community. In some of the provinces they are almost as fond of a ‘Réy Soberano’ as they are in Spain, and what they chiefly complain of in the King is that he is not enough of a Royalist, and that it is necessary from time to time to explain to him the nature of his rights and duties—that is, that he has higher rights and fewer duties than he is perhaps aware of. A very excellent magistrate boasted the other day to a person from whom I heard it, that on some occasion when at the head of a deputation he was called upon to address the Throne, he had ventured to convey to the royal ear some of the wholesome doctrines to which I have been alluding. ‘I know that unhappily his Majesty does not himself entertain these opinions, but still I felt it to be my duty to tell him the truth, even at the risque of giving him offence. “Nous vous répétons, Sire, que c'est par l'autorité de Dieu même que vous régnez sur nous, que la France vous appartient en droit de propriété comme descendant de Henri IV et de saint Louis, et que nous n'avons d'autre loi que votre volonté.”’

I can't make out whether their constitution, such as it is, will last, or, if it does not last, whether it will be destroyed by the people or the Crown. I know that some of the ‘Constitutionalists,’ as they are called, are apprehensive that when this Session is over the Government will find means to prevent the House of Deputies from ever meeting again. But then this is the opinion of a party that is a good deal out

of humour, and therefore not incapable of harbouring unfounded suspicions. To be sure there are some things with which they have no reason to be pleased, particularly with this strange law against the liberty of the press, which is now under discussion in the House of Peers, and which as you know passed the House of Deputies some time ago. It is the contrivance of the Abbé Montesquieu, who has employed the whole force of the Government to carry it, though I am told there is hardly in either House a sincere opinion in its favour. The friends to the monarchy support it against their conviction, because they don't like that the King should be beat in one of his first measures. I heard two or three of the peers talking about it the other day, and they all agreed that it was contrary to the Constitution, that it was absurd, that it was pernicious, and—that they would vote for it. However, it has experienced a more serious opposition in their House than it did among the deputies, and the debates (which are not published) have been very violent. Macdonald leads the Opposition, who by the bye is a very clever man, and it is said that he and the Duke of Brissac were very near fighting. The debate, which has lasted three or four days, is expected to close this evening. If the French will but be quiet for a few years they must make advances in prosperity quite prodigious, and to the rest of the world quite alarming. Under tolerable management their country is capable of anything. Think of its fertility. Five hundred thousand foreign soldiers were in the very heart of it for four months, and the price of bread did not rise a single denier.

Everything here seems to be at about half the

price it bears in England, except cloth which is as dear, and wine, which of course is to be had for a third of what we are obliged to pay for it. I ought indeed to add that keeping a carriage seems to be quite as expensive as it is in London. We pay twenty-four francs a day, and we find it impossible to do without one for twenty-four hours. The streets are so villainously dirty and ill-paved, that it is unpleasant even for a man to walk much. A woman can never set foot to ground.

Mackintosh is here on his way to Switzerland. I spent a very pleasant evening yesterday with him and Constant. He is in truth a most delightful creature. If I were a king I should make an office for him in which it should be his duty to talk to me two or three hours a day, and then if my queen offended me, I would send Lady M. to talk for an equal time to her. He should fill my head with all sorts of knowledge, but, out of the great love I should bear towards my subjects, I would resolve never to take his advice about anything. He has got Rogers with him who, as you know, has published a new poem entitled '*Jacqueline*' for which Murray has been goose enough to give him a guinea a line. But then '*Lara*' precedes it, and I suppose he has been obliged to buy the lean rabbit along with the fat one, according to ancient usage. Tell me whether you don't think the 10th stanza of the 1st canto of '*Lara*' as fine a thing as you ever read.

I shall stay here a few days longer, and then proceed to Geneva or Lausanne. Whether I shall go into Italy for the winter, or return and spend it at Paris, I have not determined yet.

Lord E. goes to Spa, which I am very sorry for,

as it deprives me of a most agreeable companion. You see there is no chance of my being, for some time at least, in Germany.

If I were to find myself in that part of the Continent, I need not say how eagerly I should avail myself of the opportunity to make acquaintance with Countess Purgstall.

Direct to me, care of John Benbow, Esq., No. 1
Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

J. W. W.

September 2. Not sent till three or four days after it was written.

Geneva: October 3 [1814].

I left Paris on Monday and got here early on Saturday (the day before yesterday), and to-morrow I set out for the Simplon and Milan. This place like all the rest of the world, except England, seems full of English. Last night Lord Gower, Geo. Vernon, and Copleston all came into my room from different parts of the world. Lord G. is going back to England, and I shall beg of him to be the bearer of this letter. Copleston has made good use of his time; he has been over most of the north of Italy, and is returning to England, more delighted than I ever saw anybody.

Every part of the country through which I have been wears the most flourishing aspect. To give the devil his due, Napoleon has been no bad steward for those that have now returned into possession of what they consider to be their inheritance. All the misfortunes happened in the last two years; before that time—I mean just before that time, for of course I do not speak of the revolutionary period, the public

prosperity must have been quite prodigious. As it is the people don't appear to have suffered much. His government was absolute, and his ambition unbounded, but I don't see much to complain of in his internal administration of the country. We used to hear a great deal of his oppressive system of finance. Such as it is the Bourbons have kept it, and I, who am no great judge of these matters, am not able to see any great fault in it. It is not so good as our own, but the various instruments for carrying on the British scheme of taxation could be prepared only by the education of many years under a government perfectly free. The great outcry is against the *droits réunis* (excise). Monsieur, who promised everything, promised that it should be abolished, but the King determined to retain this fruitful source of revenue. Perhaps he could not find a substitute, but if he could he would have done wisely to propose it, for the *droits* are horribly unpopular. The French, who at the end of twenty years allowed their King to come back and tell them that they belong to him like so many chairs, as part of the goods and chattels of his ancestor St. Louis, are very much shocked at having their cellars entered and searched by the wine-gaugers, which they hold to be quite contrary to the principles of true freedom.

At Fontainebleau I was shown the table on which Napoleon signed his abdication. The man that exhibited the palace, and who was there in his time, told me that in half an hour after he saw him walking about the gallery, and talking quite composedly with his aides-de-camp. I asked whether he ate his dinner as usual that day. He said yes, and that his

countenance betrayed no marks of emotion. He was unlucky in his servants, Constant and Rustan, who both left him. He by no means deserved such perfidy, for he was a kind master, and as to these two scoundrels in particular, he had loaded them with favours. He had given Constant thirty thousand francs the day before he ran away from him. This fellow has purchased a house at Fontainebleau, and is living there. Rustan is at Paris.

The execrable murder of the Duc d'Enghien has disgraced Napoleon for ever. It must be owned, however, that he shed as little blood for political offences as any new government that ever existed. His system of preventive policy was expensive, complicated, and despotic beyond all example. But few people were punished with the loss of life, or of their share such as it was of the general liberty. He accomplished more great public works in ten years than Louis XIV. did in fifty, and those not works of mere magnificence and taste, but such as are eminently and permanently useful to the country—canals, bridges, and roads, particularly those two stupendous ones that pass the Alps. In fact it is impossible to be in the country of which he was master, and to look at those traces of him which still remain, and which I hope will remain for ever, without utter amazement. All this, too, already done at a time of life when he is still young enough to captivate the affections of a woman of twenty. His wife is extremely fond of him. She was here lately for some time, and said frequently that her great object was to be allowed to return to him.

There has been another lady of very high rank here lately, one, too, that is separated from her

husband but by very different causes. I understand that the good Genevois were extremely disgusted with her. She seems to be going about Europe a sort of living commentary upon the curious and apocalyptic passages of the 'Book' that has so much amazed foreigners, and apologising by her conduct for everything that has been thought wrong in the Prince's treatment of her. She wanted to go to Naples, and applied for a frigate to take her from Genoa. But Lord Liverpool wrote for answer that in the present state of the relations between this country and the Neapolitan Government it was not safe for a British frigate to appear in the harbour of Naples, and that he recommended to H.R.H. to choose some other residence. If this be true, and I am assured it is, it looks like dethroning King Joachim.

You will be amused to hear that the Republic of Geneva has determined to send its Ambassador to the Congress in the person of my much esteemed friend Sir Francis D'Ivernois. On Tuesday last he married a wife, and on Thursday the happy pair set off for Vienna. Dumont too has now an opportunity afforded to him of putting the *principe* into practice. He is chosen one of the council of two hundred, and is, I make no doubt, quite happy in the exercise of his functions. All his philosophy does not prevent him from prodigiously exaggerating the importance of everything that belongs to Geneva.

I wish I were fairly across the Alps, and in a good warm Catholic country again. It blows an execrable *bise* in this cold Presbyterian place. Adieu.

Yours ever,

J. W. W.

I have been dining in company with Sismondi, who is a very agreeable, unaffected man. Read, if you have not read, all his works—‘*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*’ and ‘*Littérature du Midi de l’Europe*.’ I dare say you have not looked at them, for the truth is that you people that live in the country, and have a great deal of time, are very lazy about reading. Living always in a great capital, I read a great deal.

CHAPTER XVI

ITALY AND FRANCE

Florence : November 6, 1814.

My last was from Geneva—at least I think so—I sent it by Lord Gower. It would probably arrive soon and safe, as he was making the best of his way to England to stand for Staffordshire. By the bye, if I had not been lazy and unwilling to engage in anything that would confine me at home, I might as well have come in for that county. However, though it is a pleasant thing enough to be offered to one, I don't regret not having taken it, inasmuch as it is better to oblige than to be obliged, and to be courted by other people than to court them. It an't fair, though, to talk about an English election in a letter from Italy, so I pass on.

I told you I disliked Geneva. It is no doubt a mighty sensible, good sort of place, and the country round it is very fine in good weather—that is for about three months in the year, but when that is over it is but a dismal abode. I left it as soon as I could, and made the best of my way to Italy. As to crossing the Alps, it is really nothing by the road Buonaparte made over the Simplon. A traveller from Paris to Rome has two more troublesome obstacles to get over—Mount Jura, and the Apennines. As to the Simplon, it is an affair of five hours and a

half's easy drive along a gravel walk to go from the bottom to the top, and then you gallop down into Italy as fast as you please. I had heard a great deal of this work, but it far exceeded my expectations. It will be a pity and a shame if that little stupid, miserable Duke of Savoy, nicknamed King of Sardinia, is allowed to let it run to ruin, and thus, as one Irish nobleman expressed it, in a letter to another (the Marquis of Sligo writing from Milan to the Earl of Lucan at Geneva), thus to *destroy* that eternal monument of Napoleon's glory. It requires a pretty considerable annual expense to keep it in repair, and that is what I am afraid he will not be willing to bestow.

I came the usual way through Milan, Placentia, Parma, and Bologna, and arrived here about a week ago. It would be idle to describe Italy to you—you know what it is—a perpetual succession of wonders and beauties and glories. It is certainly the greatest *lion* of the whole world. I have all imaginable respect for Greece, but then the Greeks have been worse than nothing Lord knows how long. Greece fell, never to rise again. But Italy has produced two languages, two literatures, and an almost unbroken line of great men from Romulus to Buonaparte—for he, too, must be considered as an Italian if language and blood can make one. To be sure the last two centuries have not been very glorious to the Italians, but I think they are still capable of great things and likely to cut a figure again at no very remote period. The wish for union and the dislike of a foreign yoke prevail very much among them. When I first heard them speaking upon this subject I suspected that it was only a sort of vapouring

before strangers, without much feeling or even much meaning, but I am assured by persons entitled to credit, the notion of national independence has spread itself very widely. All enlightened men and good Italians have wished it for many centuries, but I understand that even the lower orders now begin to be very much alive to the disadvantage and shame of being trod upon and parcelled out by Germans and Frenchmen. There seems to be a very general opinion that a great opportunity of uniting all Italy into one great independent kingdom was lost just at the last moment of the great struggle with Napoleon. If the Italians had risen in a mass against him they might have bargained for their liberty with those that were engaged in the same cause. But unluckily Buonaparte's system, which availed nothing to save himself, lasted long enough to ruin Italy. He had divided it betwixt his two *préfets* (for they were no more), Eugène and Murat, and the hatred and jealousy of these two men rendered it impossible for either of them to become, what either of them might probably have made himself if the other had been out of the way, King of all Italy. As it is things seem quite hopeless. The Austrian Government which prevails over the finest portion of Italy is not very actively oppressive, but it is clumsy, meddling, bigoted, ignorant, and in every way singularly adapted to check the progress of improvement. The Government of the French was worse while it lasted, but it certainly prepared people for better things.

This Florence is really a beautiful town. It is not possible to imagine anything more delightful than the first views of it as one comes from Bologna

—when one sees at the same time ‘Fiesole’ and the Val d’Arno where it leads up to ‘Vallombrosa,’ those names and places that charmed the ear and fancy of Milton two hundred years ago. One cannot be surprised at the effect this scene seems to have produced upon his mind. Even to a person coming from England as it is now to Tuscany as it is now, Tuscany is a very striking country; but when one recollects what England was in the early part of Charles I.’s time, and what a progress Italy had then made in all the arts that adorn life, it is evident that the impression must have been ten times stronger. Ever since that time England has been advancing, and Italy has been falling back. I am not aware that there is at this moment any one distinguished person belonging to the place which formerly produced such giants as Dante, Machiavel, and Galileo. I own I had an almost childish curiosity to see the very instrument that was used by the ‘Tuscan artist.’ It is, as you may imagine, a very indifferent old telescope, but I looked at it with great reverence. By the bye, I see that Leoni, the editor of the literary journal here, has published for the first time a curious enough letter of Galileo’s. It was written a long while after he had been compelled to yield to ecclesiastical authority, and renounce the heresy of the solar system, in answer to a certain Venetian (whose name I can’t remember, and I have not the paper before me) who had thought fit to address to him some philosophical arguments in support of the orthodox scheme of the universe. It seems that Galileo for a long time restrained his indignation, but it at last burst forth in this letter. He acknowledges with

all humility that the new theory which he had himself once espoused is wrong—proved to be so from Holy Writ as expounded by its infallible interpreters at Rome—but then he maintains that his adversaries are as weak in philosophy as they are strong in theology, and that all the merely human reasons that have been adduced against the system of ‘Signor Nicolo Copernico’ are utterly inconclusive and absurd, and furthermore that the said Nicolo Copernico was a wise, learned, and prudent person, and not (as his enemies had said) unacquainted with the writings of Aristotle and other great philosophers of ancient times. This is the turn of the letter, which is written with great vehemence and bitterness, and at the same time with no small caution and dexterity. I suppose it will find its way to England some of these days.

We have had a good deal of rain lately, but the weather is delightfully mild, and when it holds up one is soon repaid for what has past. For several days past the thermometer has stood between sixty and sixty-five. To-night at the opera the Italians were complaining of cold, and I perceive it has dropped down to fifty-nine.

Society here don’t seem to be in a very good state. The education particularly of the nobility and the women is miserable. The house most frequented by strangers is the Countess of Albany’s. She is a well-informed, shrewd, sensible, worldly person, and, as they tell me, well-looking in her day, though I don’t see much remains of it. I don’t quite understand how Alfieri came to be so much in love with her. His imagination must have supplied most of the amiable parts of the female character. The

pleasantest people I have met with at Florence by far are the Lucchisinis, but they are complete strangers here, and have nothing in common with the natives. You are acquainted with the political character of the Marquis, so I need say nothing upon that subject ; but he is a very gentleman-like man, obliging, cheerful, and entertaining. Madame L. is a clever woman, trained in the great schools of Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, and of course a specimen of the highest polish of European manners. They have both seen so much, and with so intelligent an eye, and are so communicative, that a great deal is to be gathered from their conversation. It will be but of small satisfaction to you to know that the two great beauties here are Madame Narcini and Madame Montecativi —that they never appear without half a dozen lovers apiece in their train, and that one is, and the other is not, an agreeable woman—according to my notions.

I came from Geneva with Frederick Byng (commonly called the ‘Poodle,’ from the curling of his hair) and I am going the day after to-morrow (I am now writing on the 16th of November) to Rome with Lord Brownlow, and my old acquaintance Eustace¹—he that has written two quartos about Italy, of which I have read very little. We are going by Sienna, where he never was before, that he may have materials for a supplement. If I can anyhow mislead him—in matter of fact or in matter of inference—you may depend upon it that I will not be wanting to him, to myself, or to the public.

¹ John Chetwode Eustace, author of *A Classical Tour through Italy*.

He is an excellent man—I have known him many years. Mawman, I think, is his publisher.

All England is, or has been, or is to be, here on its way to Rome and Naples. Since the Ark there never was such a curious collection as we have been here at the great inn. There is certainly no place in our island in which I should have met so many persons of my acquaintance within so short a space. Adieu. I shall enclose this to Perrigeaux at Paris, and he will forward it. I am a little ashamed of making it a double letter.

Yours ever.

Rome : December 8, 1814.

I don't intend to cover this enormous piece of foolscap—probably my letter will be the shorter for it instead of longer, for, according to the usual perverseness of my nature, I never feel so much disposed to write a great deal as when I have only a scrap of paper, and am restrained by my conscience about postage from entering upon another. At any rate, it secures you from a double letter, which from Rome to Edinburgh is no joke. Not that I mean by that to reproach you for having sent me one—I was most glad to receive it, and if it had been triple so much the better ; but though I am anxious to read all my friends will write, I am not willing to send them more than a sheet at a time. Never, however, let any consideration of that sort deprive me of a single line. One's bad correspondents never spare one, and it would be hard to lose anything from one's good ones for the sake of a few pauls. You see I calculate after the Roman fashion, and paul sounds better than six-pence, though it an't worth above fivepence halfpenny.

What do you say to invitations to dinner from the Mayor of Droitwich, and the High Bailiff of Kidderminster, and other matters of equal importance conveyed across the Alps? Unluckily there is no exterior mark by which John Benbow, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, can distinguish the good from the bad, and one must pay for heaps of trash in order to secure a few lines from the few people one cares about. I received a large packet to-day, the first I have had since I arrived in Italy, containing, amongst other things, three letters from you, one without a date (a vile, careless habit, by the bye), one dated October 5, and the other the 26th of the same month. I mention these thus particularly, as it may be a satisfaction to you to know exactly whether all that you have written has arrived safe. I am much obliged to you for them ; at all times it is a great pleasure to me to hear from you, and you may very well imagine how much that pleasure is increased by one's distance from home. With regard to the subject you mention at the close of your last, and which naturally interests you so much, the date of this will show you how completely unavailing my wishes to be of any service must be. If I had been lucky enough to be made acquainted with the circumstances as long ago as when I was at Paris, I could have spoken to Lord Stewart upon the eve of his departure ; or if Lord Aberdeen had not resigned his mission I could have *written to him*. As it is, I am quite useless ; for, in fact, it is only in conversation, or in a friendly correspondence, that one could bring the case under the consideration of the English Ambassador. If I understand right, it is not as an *English subject* that

the Countess P. is aggrieved. Therefore if he is idle, or cross, or over-loaded with business, or on bad terms with the Imperial Court, or from particular circumstances excessively anxious to keep well with it, he has only to say that Madame P. is, in the eye of the law, an Austrian, and that between Austrians he has no right to interfere. In short, no good could be done through his means, unless he were well-disposed enough to seek for an opportunity of giving the necessary hint in some half-official conversation.

The grievance itself seems crying enough, and confirms what I have before heard of the execrable administration of justice in the Austrian dominions, and I sincerely lament that a person like Madame P. should be a victim to it. By the bye, I am not without some hope of making acquaintance with her. I shall perhaps pass through Germany on my way to England in the spring, and if my road brings me within any reasonable distance of her, I shall take the liberty of introducing myself.

I am obliged to you for what you tell me about poor Lady R—. I know her a little, and Lord R. and Sir H— M— very well. You may imagine what a sensation the first arrival of the story about ten days ago produced among the English at Rome. It is no affectation to say I was shocked at it. I never knew a case that was so well calculated to produce so much misery, and that so immediately. It came upon me completely by surprise. I had seen all the parties continually last summer, but not the slightest suspicion had ever crossed my mind. The 'airy baronet,' as we used to call him, in the language of the old plays, had so

many pursuits that it was not easy to imagine that he could give time and attention sufficient to make so deep and so fatal an impression in such a quarter. But the whole affair is quite extraordinary. What I know of Lady R. would incline me to think that the account you have received of what passed is much nearer the truth than what appears to be the common version of the story. There is nothing in her character or education that seems to lead to such a dreadful step as that she has just taken. She appeared quiet and docile, and her father and mother have gone through life with the reputation of being decorous, regular, exemplary people. Lord R., I have always understood, behaved perfectly well to her. They are of a suitable age, and it was counted rather a great match for her. To be sure, he is not a man of very remarkable talents, but then I don't imagine that her own are much above the ordinary level. I used not to consider Sir H. M. as either unfeeling or unprincipled, but he is wholly under the influence of vanity, which, so long as it has the upper hand, interferes terribly with all good feelings and all good principles. As his most particular friend—the person whom he most admires and imitates, and who don't care sixpence about him—once observed to me, 'M. is always playing to the galleries,' and I make no doubt that it is vanity alone that has made him engage in an affair of gallantry with his sister-in-law, just as it made him lose half of one of the finest estates in England at play, and impair one of the finest constitutions in England by drinking—though I dare wager that, except from habit, he neither likes wine nor dice. He is a very handsome man, and not

without a certain quickness that may be mistaken for talent. Poor Don Mathias da Silva (another name I used to give him, and if you wish to see his portrait and that of his companions as fresh as if they had been done yesterday, you have only to read over again those matchless chapters in ‘*Gil Blas*’), he will pay dearly for his glory.

I don’t imagine there is the least chance of my seeing the ‘Edinburgh Review’ this side of the Alps. Perhaps we should not agree about Dieb’s paper. I own I am not sorry that there should be a little free discussion even on those delicate topics in the only country where people are at once willing and able to discuss anything. The ‘E. R.’ has certainly been for some time past upon the decline—something in merit, but more in reputation. It has been particularly injured by the entire failure of its frequent, gloomy, and confident predictions on political subjects. My friend B. is chiefly responsible for this, and the violence of the articles you allude to will not repair the mischief.

Still, however, the vigour and fertility of his mind will always procure him readers, and maintain the journal to which he contributes in a considerable state of credit notwithstanding his exaggerated and offensive notions on many topics, and the defects of his style (if style it can be called) which was originally bad, and which in a dozen years of incessant practice has not at all improved. I don’t think you do or ever did justice to Jeffrey’s talents. He is flippant enough to be sure, and perhaps his flippancy has contributed to his success almost as much as his merit. But that merit is surely great, and I confess I am

inclined to agree with my friend Copleston, who is one of J.'s greatest admirers, and who certainly has not been bribed to praise him, and who has often observed to me that a selection of Jeffrey's best papers would form such a body of criticism as it would not be easy to match in any language. I shall be very anxious to hear (or rather to see) what *Dieb* has said that has set all the holy geese cackling. You recollect that I am near the Capitol. Another *hit at Moses* I suppose.

But I must have done with English affairs, or I shall not have space to say anything about Rome. Not that I have a great deal to say. The feelings that everybody that can feel at all experiences at first seeing the city of Scipio and Cæsar, and Horace and Virgil, have been so often expressed, and the great objects it contains have been so often described, that it would be quite absurd in me to say a single syllable upon either subject. I will endeavour only to convey to you my general impression of the place now that the first emotions have subsided. The great objects more than answer one's expectation. They astonish one by themselves, and are in a great measure independent of what surrounds them. The Pantheon, the Coliseum, St. Peter's. It is hardly to be conceived that anything more beautiful or more grand can ever proceed from the hands of men. As to St. Peter's in particular, all that I have heard and read about it did not the least diminish my delight and amazement at seeing it. Besides these huge wonders, there are, as you know, a thousand smaller objects interesting enough each to give a sort of fame to any other place but Rome. In spite of all that it

has lost, and all that Paris has gained—in spite of the gallery of the Louvre which I admire as much as anybody, Paris is not to be compared to it as a lion. On the other hand, everybody that is not a downright enthusiast upon the subject must confess that the effect of all the fine things is diminished sadly by the condition in which they are left, and by the objects about them. All the magnificent buildings seem dropped down, as it were, by accident into the middle of a town more ugly, more filthy, and more dismal than anything I ever beheld. I have an affection for the Old Town of Edinburgh, and don't wish to make it the subject of an affronting comparison; but some of the worst parts of it may give you an idea of the general—almost general—shabbiness and misery of imperial Rome. There is not one tolerably regular well-built square in the whole town, and I was going to add not one handsome street; but the Corso has so long passed for being a handsome street that I will not venture to call its pretensions into question. It may, however, be safely said that there is not a single public building here, nor a single palace, that has a sufficient clear space about it to be seen to advantage, not one that can be seen without taking into view objects of the most disgusting meanness, poverty, and dirt. Filth and rubbish follow you to the very gates of every monument ancient or modern, and you are lucky if they leave you there. St. Peter's is well kept. It might, indeed, be kept still better; however, there is nothing to complain of. Everywhere else, so far as I have yet observed, Italian laziness and negligence have left visible traces. I don't know though that as yet the Government is much to be blamed for all

this. It is but just re-established, and it is miserably poor. For the present this is a justification, but I am afraid that when it has been longer settled it will not be much more active, and that if there were more money in the apostolic chamber the appearance of the town would not be much improved. The Pope is quite a model of all Christian virtues. I doubt whether a better man ever sat in the chair of St. Peter. Accordingly he is held in the highest veneration, and will probably be canonised after his death; for though he makes no pretension of that sort himself, it is well known that he has worked several miracles. But he is almost entirely absorbed in his religious duties, and leaves temporal concerns almost entirely to other hands. The natural consequence is a great deal of error and mismanagement. Amongst other maxims equally sound, it is held by the persons in power that whatever was abolished by the French ought to be re-established. But the French abolished the separate jurisdictions, the French abolished the asylums, the French abolished even the torture—therefore, &c. &c., Q.E.D., as Euclid says—nothing can be more satisfactorily proved. The fact is that the rogue Napoleon, as soon as he had taken this country to himself, and declared it a part of the French Empire, began, as his custom was, to make some very striking improvements in the best taste and on the truest principles. His Government would have been excellent but for two slight defects—it was quite despotic, and his extensive wars obliged him to strip his dominions of men and money. But wherever he came he abolished the monkish and feudal systems, instituted a good police, and provided for the educa-

tion of the people ; and here in Rome he had already begun to act upon a very extensive plan for embellishing the city—very much against the will of the Romans. But he was not completely master long enough to proceed very far in it, so that there are fewer traces of him here than in almost any other part of his empire. By his orders the earth which had accumulated to a prodigious height was cleared away from one side of the Capitol, from the Coliseum, from Trajan's Pillar, and from what is called (by a gross error) the Temple of Peace. One magnificent improvement for which (in the midst of some northern campaign) he had given instructions is not even begun. He meant to have knocked down all the shabby houses that spoil the view from the front of St. Peter's and opened a grand street to the Castle of St. Angelo and the Tiber. Taking all this together it would have been by far the finest thing on earth. You know it was St. Peter's that he is said to have destined for the scene in which all his glory was to be consummated. There, if his plans against Russia and Spain had succeeded, he meant to have been crowned Emperor of the West, or of Europe, or of the world. By the bye, several people have been to see him lately at Elba. He is in high good-humour, cheerful and talkative, speaks of himself as politically dead, discusses all the events of his life with the coolness of a third person. He seems neither to like nor to dislike anybody, but holds all mankind in equal contempt. His brother Lucien's poem was put into my hands this evening for a quarter of an hour only. I read a few stanzas, and a most singular note containing an indirect but palpable and severe attack

upon his brother's second marriage. Byron had read through the whole poem some months ago, and pronounced it to be admirable. On every account, therefore, I ought to hesitate in expressing a different opinion, and yet I must own to you that I cannot help harbouring a violent suspicion that it an't worth a halfpenny. He is a very well-looking man, with a strong family resemblance to his brother, or at least to the busts and pictures of him, quiet, civil, and unaffected in his manners. The little I have heard him say has been quite matter of course, and not at all worth recollecting. His wife must have been exquisitely beautiful; even now she has the prettiest features and the most agreeable countenance imaginable. They are said to live very happily together.

From what I have seen of Italian society I am not inclined to think that it is very well worth cultivating. In no part of Italy is there any temptation afforded to a liberal ambition. The education is wretched—much worse in proportion among the higher than the lower orders. The care of instructing a young Italian nobleman is (I understand) generally confided to a priest, and as the object of the family is to obtain the assistance of this person as cheap as possible without any regard to the secondary considerations of talents, learning, and a good moral character, you may easily imagine in what hands young people are likely to be placed. This goes on till fifteen or sixteen. Then they go about with their mama for a year or two, and qualify themselves for the office of a 'Cavaliere Servente' by observing the edifying attentions that are paid to this honoured parent by the gentleman that attends her in that

capacity. Their education is then complete, and they are as wise and virtuous counts, dukes, princes, or marquises as those that went before them. Of course there are exceptions to this mode of proceeding, particularly in the north. I met at Milan with an Italian nobleman of one of the oldest houses in Italy (the Gislieri of Bologna, mentioned by Boccaccio) who in any country would pass for a highly accomplished person. But ignorance is the general lot—vile, hopeless ignorance. From this account of the men, which I believe to be correct, you may judge what the women must be. After all, however, they are a lively, clever, agreeable people, and worthy of a better fate.

We have an immense colony of English here—on the whole a very good set. Indeed, everywhere that I have had an opportunity of observing them they conduct themselves in a way that does honour to their country.

Pray add to the national credit by coming abroad yourself next spring, and let me find you at Paris on my return from Italy.

Dec. 13.—There is an Englishman here who sets out to-morrow for Paris, and who has undertaken to convey my letters so far. He will probably be a great deal longer than the post, but he is a great deal surer, so I prefer him. Adieu. Yours ever.

Rome: March 24, 1815.

The troubles in France render the conveyance by post so uncertain that I am particularly glad of the opportunity which Fazakerley's going to England affords me of writing. By the time this reaches you,

and indeed long before, Napoleon's fate and that of the world will be decided. All we know at this moment is that he is in France, that he has reached Lyons, and consequently that some of the troops have joined him. But in the absolute want of all other facts, it is impossible to form any reasonable guess as to the possibility of his success. As an Englishman one must wish him to fail. His restoration would occasion a renewal of the war, and the income tax renewed with it would be piled upon the last budget to break the backs of the unfortunate people of England. This is reason enough for wishing him at the Deuce, if there were not twenty more. And yet the actions of the greatest captain that ever lived have been so glorious and astonishing, and the traces of his power, directed to objects of the highest public utility, and which I have myself seen, are so much more striking than those of any other individual that ever lived, and the enterprise in which he is now engaged is so unexpected, so rapid, so brave and so chivalrous, that I cannot help harbouring some feelings with respect to him which are neither very reasonable nor very patriotic. In the meantime it would be idle to speculate.

In this part of the world the plot begins to thicken. As soon as Murat heard of his brother-in-law's arrival in France, he put his army in motion. The main body has marched in the direction of Ancona, and about five thousand have entered the Papal State by the way of Terracina, and are advancing towards Rome. It does not appear certain whether they will take possession of the town, or only march through it on their way to Tuscany. In

the meantime their approach has struck the greatest terror into the Government here. The day before yesterday, being Ash Wednesday, and within an hour or two of the time when he was to have performed in person a solemn service in the Sistine Chapel, the Pope fled, and was followed by all the cardinals, with the single exception of Somagli, who is left at the head of the provisional government. He is gone to Viterbo, and, it is said, will proceed to Florence and Venice. A great many English are gone, and most of them are on the wing. The Neapolitans are at Veletri, or perhaps a stage nearer, and the day after to-morrow they are expected here. They are under the command of a French officer, and observe good discipline. I mean to stay till they are actually arrived, or so near that one may get fairly by them in a day's journey, and then proceed to Naples. They have been civil to travellers, and occasion no other inconvenience than that of filling the inns. By going down to Naples I shall lose only a few days, even if the prospect of a speedy quarrel between us and Murat should render it necessary to quit his dominions, and I shall give time to the crowd which now swarms on the road to Tuscany to clear off.

I stayed here for Holy Week, but the absence of the Holy Father has spoilt all the ceremonies. For anything that I see the people here take the departure of his Holiness, whom they love so much, and the advance of the Neapolitans quietly enough. Perhaps they are too much terrified to express their feelings in any way that is perceptible by a stranger. It is, however, an interesting moment to be here. If Napoleon succeeds, I may have seen the last days of

the reign of the last sovereign Pontiff. In that event Murat may perhaps endeavour to make himself master of *all* Italy, and of course to put an end to the temporal dominion of the Pope. If he has vigour and capacity for what is really great in politics and war, I see no reason why he should not accomplish such a design. No man of common sense or feeling can see Italy and not ardently wish for its success. For my part, I am so anxious for the deliverance of this fine country and fine people from the yoke of foreigners and petty tyrants, that I care comparatively little as to the means by which it is brought about. To be sure a Frenchman is not just the instrument one would choose for such a work, but one has no choice, and Satan himself ought to be supported by all good men if he would undertake it. As far as I can judge, what may be called the *Italian feeling*, that is a rational and honourable desire for independence and union, has very much increased amidst the storms that have agitated Italy for some years past. The older people, spoilt by the low corruption of petty courts in quiet times, are not good for much, but the young men who have been bred up under circumstances which have at least had the advantage of obliging them to think and act for themselves rather more than their fathers were accustomed to do, are, I am assured, generally eager for a great and radical change. They think a great opportunity was lost last year, and are inclined to hail this as a renewal of it. Joachim may not be bold enough, or the Emperor Francis may be too strong, but the yoke of foreigners is so much hated, and the shame of submitting to it so deeply felt, that I believe as well as

hope that at any rate the day is not far distant when Italy will occupy a more dignified station in the world than it has held for some centuries past.

You have, I daresay, often read in books of poetry of a season called *Spring*. It is not, as you may have supposed, a mere creature of the imagination, but what we are actually enjoying at this moment. The month of March here is very nearly equal to a very fine June in England. At night, indeed, it gets rather cold, but the streets feel warm for a couple of hours after sunset with the heat the walls have imbibed during the day. The climate is really delightful. In summer it will be immensely hot, but that is what I like, and it agrees with me. You talk of the luxuries of England. There is no luxury like warm weather. Besides, the fact is that one suffers no inconvenience here of any kind. The excessive magnificence of the people of great fortune in England is what I am so far from regretting, that it always inspires me with a feeling something very like disgust. A dinner in London, according to a rate of living which is now not held to be extravagant, costs near three guineas a head, but nobody is the happier for it, and the contrast with the poverty of the lower orders is quite painful. Here nobody lives so much better than his neighbours as the landed and commercial grandees of England, but, so far as I can make out the comparative prices of labour and provisions, the mass of the people are more at their ease than they are with us.

27th.—I went out this morning to see the Neapolitan troops pass. They have not entered the city, but march round on the outside of the wall.

They are fine-looking men, and observe the strictest discipline. Some people say that another body which is coming up will take possession of the city.

I shall set out for Naples to-morrow. This is a delightful time of year for seeing it. My stay will depend upon what news I hear.

Many thanks for your letter dated January 6th, which reached me about a fortnight ago. Adieu.

Rome : June 28, 1815.

I have not written to you for a considerable time, but then it is long since I heard from you, so you have no right to complain. Besides, the communication was interrupted for some time, and then one gets idle habits.

I left Naples on Saturday and got here the next day. I passed Saturday night at Mola di Gaeta, where I was awaked once or twice by the bursting of the shells which the Austrians were throwing into the town of Gaeta, which is a few miles off. They will not grant the Governor what he thinks sufficiently good terms, and so he holds out still, though the whole kingdom besides is conquered, and the sovereign fled.

To say the truth, I am glad to find myself in Rome again. Naples did not agree with me, and I suspect it is not a very healthy place—at least the part where the English live. I have since read so in a book, and my own experience confirms what the author saith. For I was confined to my bed by a fever for seven or eight days, which left me very weak and exhausted. Nor was I by any means the only invalid. Many people had downright fits of illness,

and almost everybody complained of not being quite well. However I soon recovered, and my journey has quite set me up again.

There is something wonderfully gay and brilliant in the first appearance of Naples ; on the contrary, all seems dingy and sad when you arrive at Rome. Yet in the long run I greatly prefer Rome as a residence. The noise at Naples, which never ceases night or day, is quite dreadful. It is all like Cheapside. Then you cannot get out of it without crossing over a league of slippery pavement, through a perpetual throng of carriages and people, so that if you have only an hour to spare for a ride or a walk you had better stay at home. This to me, who like to go out, or at least to have it in my power to go out, several times in a day is a first-rate annoyance. It is extremely difficult for a stranger to get tolerably well lodged, and unless you keep a cook or have good friends you run some risk of being starved. Everything is dearer than it is here, and you are worse cheated than in any part of Italy that I have seen. However, after all it is a fine town, in a beautiful situation, and the country round it is one of the spots on earth that have been most favoured by nature. Many of the inconveniences, too, which I have mentioned might, I daresay, be avoided or diminished if one were to stay long enough to make it worth while to take the necessary pains. Still, if I were again to pass six months in this part of the world, at least five of them should be given to Rome and its neighbourhood. I must confess that from what little I was able to observe in a time of difficulty and change, Neapolitan society is much preferable to the Roman. It is much more gentleman-

like, much more liberal, and (of course from the size of the place) much more extensive. But the truth I suspect to be that, if you want a great, polished, enlightened society, there are not above two, or at most three, places in the world where you must seek for it—London, Paris, and perhaps Vienna or Berlin. In Italy it an't worth attending to, except from mere curiosity or amusement. You must see the sights, enjoy the delicious country and climate, and rely upon your countrymen, and upon the French, and now and then a German, for such conversation as you have been accustomed to in good company at home. I cannot find that there is any good education in any part of this country (I speak of all Italy), and the Italians, even the best of them that I have seen, have a vile way of *twaddling*, and making phrases about nothing.

Throughout the kingdom of Naples the people are sunk into the vilest ignorance and superstition. They are without moral and without literary education ; alike unacquainted with the humblest elements of knowledge, and with the commonest maxims of honesty and justice. The higher orders are a great deal better in proportion, but to compare the education of almost any foreigners that I have seen with that which is now universal in England would be ridiculous.

The astonishing natural fertility of the country in some measure compensates for the want of capital and skill, and the difficulty of all sorts of communication occasioned by bad roads, and the non-administration of justice. The cross-roads are so detestable that everything is carried upon the backs of asses and

mules. A cart cannot move. Then as to robbers, they infest the whole country, and some entire districts are quite abandoned to them; that is to say, Apulia and Calabria, forming the largest part of the kingdom. At a certain pass called Ponte Bovino, on the way to Bari, the robbers are in such force that there is no passing without an escort of 150 men. The Archbishop of Tarentum told me that nobody would venture to bring for him a small sum of money which he had at Avellino, only a few posts from Naples. This may have been an exaggeration, but that any sort of difficulty should exist about such a thing is a sufficient proof of the state of the country. Murat sent General Manner, a French officer, into Calabria to re-establish order, and he put to death some thousands of persons, including several infants in arms. But as the severe punishments inflicted by his Excellency were not accompanied by any measures of a preventive kind, the province, even after this copious bleeding, has become as bad as ever.

The common people are by no means badly off. It is not so easy as one would imagine to procure information upon such subjects, but from what I was able to collect, it appeared that labour is about half as dear, and provisions about three times as cheap as they are in England. To be sure they are miserably clothed and lodged. But the inference which an English observer would be apt at first sight to draw from this is certainly erroneous. Ragged clothes and houses without windows are not indicative of the same quantity of wretchedness as in our ruder climate. The dominions of the King of Naples have derived, and will, I hope, continue to derive, con-

siderable advantage from the influence that was so long exercised by the French over one part of them, and by the English over the other. Sicily still has a free constitution. It has undergone some alteration, but as far as I can understand, by no means for the worse. In Naples the Government is still despotic, but Ferdinand has agreed to confirm the abolition of the feudal code and the present settlement of property, and the Napoleon Code is to remain the basis of the law. On the whole, I think the world is getting on a little in most parts of it, though not quite so fast as one would wish. A good deal of its happiness and advancement for many years depends upon the result of the present contest.

The day before I left Naples Lord Burghersh received the English papers up to the 6th of this month. In them I read the debates upon the war. Upon that subject I am afraid we shall not agree, for I must own that the speeches which I read with the greatest pleasure were those of Lord Grenville, Mr. Grattan, and Mr. Plunkett; not only because they are, beyond all comparison, the ablest and most brilliant, but because I am glad that persons so distinguished should not have hesitated in this great cause of their country to sacrifice party to opinion. No three men could be pitched upon whose character and situation placed them more completely above the reach of suspicion. In taking this step they have no sinister motives. Lord Grey does not surprise, but I own he grieves me. The speech on the breaking off of Lord Lauderdale's negotiation was in another and (I think) a better tone. Not but what I must own that the notion of war startled me a good deal till

I found that, even after Napoleon's success, the Allies had resolved to act up to the declaration of March 13. I was afraid they would have temporised, and then we could have done nothing ; but they being cordial and unanimous, it would have been a crime in us to hesitate.

I am at this moment tired, or rather bored, to death. It is St. Peter's day (29th), and I have been to High Mass, a tedious, ridiculous, disgusting ceremony—like all the ceremonies of the Popish Church. Amongst other absurdities, they dressed up the image of St. Peter (*ci-devant Jupiter*, for it is a Grecian statue—served under the old *régime*) in a fine gingerbread robe, and put a triple crown on his head. The whole thing is in the same taste.

I am going north in a few days, through Germany to England. Adieu.

Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street : November 5, 1815.

I never remember when I wrote, or what I wrote last, so that I have not the smallest notion what was the date of my last letter to you. However I know very well that it is a long time since I heard from you. For your credit I will suppose that one has miscarried.

I was half inclined at one time to stay another winter in Italy, but when I got near the Alps I thought it was as well to cross them. Besides it was more convenient on various accounts that I should come over to England for a short time. I did not lose much time upon the journey, as I left Turin on the 14th of last month, and landed in England the 1st of this, having spent eight days in Paris.

I believe I have already told you all I had to say about Italy, which was not much. Indeed the less the better. People's travels are always a bore. Altogether it is a heavenly country, in spite of the vile way in which it is parcelled out, and the despotism that prevails from the foot of the Alps to the Straits of Messina. I left it with great regret, though Buonaparte's roads have brought it so near that one may reasonably hope to see it again more than once.

By the bye, I met Romilly at Turin. He had been down as far as Genoa. It is quite delightful to see so much curiosity and spare activity in a man that has the whole business of the Court of Chancery on his back. He has an iron frame both of body and mind. After a few weeks of repose, for a fatiguing journey is repose to him, he revives completely, and looks two or three years younger.

One does not see enough of the French to judge well of their disposition in many important respects. What is obvious, they are amazingly angry at suffering a very small part of the evils they inflicted upon other nations. They don't consider it merely as a calamity, but as a piece of shocking injustice. No Tory ever believed more firmly in 'divine right' than the French believe in their right (whether divine or not I can't tell) to plunder and insult all mankind without the smallest chance of retaliation. Consequently they are all (royalists as well as republicans) not only grieved at the removal of the works of art from the Louvre, but as much surprised and enraged as if Raphael and Domenichino had been painters to Louis XIV., and the Apollo and the Venus the performances of Puget or Girardon.

But they comfort themselves a little by recollecting that the English are a set of people absolutely without education, and the Duke of Berry says that the Duke of Wellington is only an upstart, which (you know) accounts for his vulgarity in sending back so many valuable articles to their right owners. The great problem though is—will Louis XVIII. be able to maintain himself upon the throne? and of that I can afford no satisfactory solution. Some say that the public hatred of the Bourbons is so great that they would not be able to retain their power a week without the aid of the Allies. This I know to be the opinion of Gentz.¹ He makes no great secret of it, and on the whole I am inclined to think so too. And yet there is one fact which it is not easy to reconcile with this supposition. The Assembly is outrageously loyal, quite ready for imprisonments, gaggings, drownings, deportations, and hangings, and yet I could not get from Benjamin Constant, to whom I put the doubt, any satisfactory explanation of the way in which the Crown had been able to procure a return of representatives who so ill represent the sense of the nation. However I suppose they have some contrivance for managing it. The French Opposition cannot divide above fifty, which must be vastly below the proportion existing in the country. Fouché, you know, was the artist employed in this transaction. He enjoyed one great advantage in the extreme dislike the French of every class have to playing an uphill game. When one party has obtained a decided superiority, the others, instead of continuing the

¹ Friedrich von Gentz, first Secretary to the Congress of Vienna in 1814, and that of Paris in 1815.

struggle as they do in England, run away and hide themselves, till accident affords them an opportunity for striking a decisive blow. I was present at a sitting of the Legislative Body last Friday week. It was insupportably dull. Much such an exhibition as if one were to send for half a dozen loyal old clergymen from remote counties to read their King Charles' martyrdom sermons one after the other for the whole morning.

There was no speaking—nothing but reading from a pulpit. However Bankes told me that there had been something more like a debate two or three days before. If you wish against the Bourbons, let it be because you are tired of hearing about them, because you don't like their looks—for anything, in short, except for the sake of liberty, since nothing can be more clear than that under any other government that could now be substituted to theirs the French would be less free. The Napoleonists, or Constitutionalists, or whoever they might be, would begin by one day proclaiming the principles of a free constitution, and violate them all the next morning. This you will say is what the King has done. True—but he is a man of a mild and cautious disposition, unwilling or afraid to shed blood, and it is highly probable that his successful rivals would be enterprising and sanguinary.

This poem of Walter Scott's seems to be sad trash.¹ I should not wonder if FitzGerald's² was

¹ *The Lord of the Isles.*

² Fitzgerald, the poet, whose name only survives now through the *Rejected Addresses*, had been an old friend and companion of Ward's father. When the 3rd lord died without making a will, Ward wrote to Fitzgerald, who was in very poor circumstances, saying that it was his imperative duty to carry

better. You, of course, know that Scott's travels were actually *sold* before he had set foot on the Continent.

Is it true that Mr. Stewart is preparing a preface to a new *Encyclopædia*,¹ and that we soon [may] expect to see it?

I find Brougham has been returned to Parliament by Lord Darlington. His lordship was closely connected with Carlton House, and expected (as it is said) a great household office. Somehow that was refused him, and he has therefore purchased seven seats, for which he means to return seven patriots to vex his ungrateful master. He could not have made a better choice to begin with than of the aforesaid Westmoreland gentleman. By the bye, I wonder what performance he means to get up for the approaching season. From what I heard in Italy, and from what seems to be pretty well known in England, I imagine that 'Injured Innocence,' which had such a run two years ago, would now be hissed off the stage. The *Lady of the Lake* (of Como)² has outdone herself. She has no longer any English person about her.

I hope this war in India is not keeping you in a state of alarm. Is Matthew still on that side of the Cape?

out his father's intentions which an accidental intestacy had prevented, and that, 'with a view of marking his grateful sense of Mr. Fitzgerald's kind friendship, he lost no time in discharging this sacred obligation.' A cheque for 5,000*l.* was enclosed in the letter. This was only one instance out of many of his generosity. (See article in *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvii. p. 102.)

¹ His Dissertation on 'The Progress of Philosophy, and the Revival of Letters,' Part I., published in 1815 in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

² The Princess of Wales.

Don't be lazy, but write. Direct to me at Boodle's (St. James's Street), for I am in a hotel, where I shall probably not stay.

J. W. W.

Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street : January 7 [1816].

First let me render to you an account of the little commission you gave me. I sent the copy of Mr. S.'s book to Lord Byron through Murray with the message you wished to accompany it. By the bye, I have always (though you have sometimes spoken of him) forgot to make honourable mention of the excellent Murray. He is the prince of all booksellers and publishers—liberal-minded, well educated and well mannered, and of a pleasing aspect—though he squints. If I recollect right, though, Mr. Lintot¹ squinted, and if so it is all right. I have every reason to praise him, for he is continually doing me some little civility in his line. I am naturally lazy about new publications, and should know nothing of what is going forward were it not for him. He sends me everything wet from the press, and it is all good nature, for he has no interest in it. I buy shamefully little, and he always behaves as if he had rather lend than sell. Everybody publishes now in a splendid expensive way, and I hate splendid expensive books. When I write one, I will get a type from the man that prints the Christmas Carols, and my paper from Leipsic. The great master-pieces alone ought to appear in a magnificent dress. And yet my friend Sir J. Malcolm's 'History of Persia' cannot be had

¹ The well-known dentist, who gave parties.

for less than eight guineas. However, it an't so much the fault of the authors as of the publishers. They print in the way that is most profitable ; and the great gain is made upon quarto—broad-margin—vignette, &c. I believe there are libraries and collectors enough to take off a large impression.

I understand that Lord Byron leads a very domestic life ; luckily, however, he is not so wholly occupied by Lady B. as to neglect poetry. He has written two new poems ; one of them I have seen. It is as usual quite magnificent, but the same portrait, and the same scenery. This extreme barrenness of subjects and this extreme fertility in adorning them form a most singular contrast. He sometimes writes a bad line from carelessness, and sometimes a bad passage from caprice and wilfulness, and to show his contempt of his reader—just ‘to astonish the scoundrel.’ But his genius and ambition soon bring him back to the right path.

I have seen a great many people that have read Mr. Stewart's Dissertation.¹ Everybody is pleased with it, and admires it. To me it seems perfectly well written. If I were to offer any remark about the style it would be one of which I am ashamed from its minuteness (though, by the bye, style is a minute sort of business), and which is applicable to many excellent writers besides Mr. Stewart. You must know, then, that I have a particular aversion to ‘former’ and ‘latter.’ I had rather go half a mile round any day than meet them. Whenever they occur, either singly or both in the same sentence,

¹ *Ante*, p. 292, note 1.

they always make an ugly botch. I wish our best authors would contrive to exclude them entirely. They are not only very clumsy in themselves, but they oblige the mind to go through an unpleasant process for which it was quite unprepared. When indeed the order of the two things referred to is a *natural* order the recollection of it is rendered easier by that circumstance, and ‘former’ or ‘latter’ may perhaps be endured. But when, as nine times out of ten is the case, the arrangement was purely *arbitrary* and *accidental*, the reader bestows upon it so little attention that it is apt to escape from his memory before, to his surprise and mortification, he has discovered, that in order to understand the next sentence, it is absolutely necessary to recall it. It always occasions a sort of disagreeable hitch. It is like a sudden jolt when you have been for some distance travelling briskly along a smooth road. I know very well that in order to avoid this form of expression, it often happens that you must either recast the whole period, which is troublesome if not impossible, or have recourse to circumlocution or repetition. Neither is perhaps very elegant, but what can be so awkward as the common substitute? When you come to ‘former’ or ‘latter’ there is an end of grace for that sentence at least, and if precision is all that you aim at, nothing can answer the purpose so well as repeating the same word, supposing you cannot find some other phrase that will present the same idea with sufficient neatness and accuracy. I don’t know whether I have made myself understood. If I were not in haste it would be easy for me to explain myself more clearly by examples taken from

Mr. Stewart's last book. I think he would agree with me that the form I object to never occurs without some injury to the general texture of the paragraph that contains it.

So much for grammar. Now for politics. I suspect I have failed of conveying to you an exact idea of my own opinions as to what is now going on in the world. I believe there is no man living that more cordially detests the tyrannical system of government which still prevails over a great part of Europe than I do, or who is more sincerely and zealously attached to liberty and toleration than I am. So far we are agreed, but then as to the means that conduce most to promote the cause of liberty I am afraid we differ. I have no great affection for the Bourbons, but before I can join a wish to see them tumbled from the throne of France, I must see a clearer prospect than any that is now afforded to me of benefit arising from such a change. Supposing every Bourbon fairly disposed of, what do you think likely to come in their place? That is, in fact, the whole question, and if you are of opinion that the result would be the establishment, within a reasonable space of time, of a free, moderate, pacific government in France, you are of course quite right in wishing for their speedy overthrow. But I cannot persuade myself that any such happy consequences would ensue. If the present family were again dethroned, I can foresee but two probable results from such an event—a military government in its nature more hostile to freedom than any civil government whatever; or a government of sophists, pamphleteers, lawyers, adventurers, demagogues, and political im-

postors of every species, such as now swarm in France, and whom I believe to be as worthless and corrupt a gang as ever existed in any age or country. With these views I naturally wish to see Lewis XVIII.; not that I expect to see halcyon days in France under his administration, but because I believe a change would be attended with an aggravation of all her disasters. Observe that my opinion as to French affairs at present stands independent of any consideration of the interests of England or any other country besides France itself. But if they were taken into the account (as they ought to be) the argument in favour of the Bourbons acquires double force. Their continuance on the throne affords to the rest of Europe the best chance of peace and security. The anti-royalist party is a war party. The irritation produced in the mind of the French by their recent and merited disgraces is one of their principal *ways and means*, and if they came into power it would be under a sort of pledge, which they must hasten to redeem, to revive the national glory by a fresh contest with the Allies. It is certainly very much to the honour of Lewis XVIII. that he has punished only two persons with death for so extensive and so causeless a rebellion, so completely crushed. It shows him or his advisers to be possessed of considerable political courage. Few men would have dared to be so mild. To appreciate duly the lenity of the present Government of France, you have only to call to mind the quantity of blood that was shed by the Whig ministers after our two rebellions, and the '15 and the '45 were but child's play compared to the return of Napoleon, and that vast defection which has been

punished by the sacrifice of Labédoyère and Ney. As to the amnesty that an't the King's fault, even if it passes, which I believe it will not. Remember I am not one of those who think that France is now and for ever incapable of freedom. On the contrary it is a tenet which I particularly abominate, because I know it to be part of a doctrine mischievous and degrading to the whole human species. But I believe that it is not yet capable of much freedom, and that its progress towards it must unavoidably be very slow. The advance is checked by two causes—I mean two principal and peculiar causes besides those which are, more or less, common to all other countries. These are, the extreme profligacy of its public men, and the want of an aristocracy. When the French murdered their nobles, and confiscated the property that belonged to them, they cut up their own liberty by the roots, and prepared the way for a series of misfortunes quite adequate to the punishment of so great a crime. In the great countries of Europe there can be no liberty—no well-established liberty—without the help of an aristocracy, and that is what neither does exist, nor can exist for many years to come in France.

I see there are some of your political friends in the country who think that Napoleon was the true apostle of peace and freedom, and that the effect of his meditations in the Island of Elba had been to make him a good master, and a quiet, safe neighbour. In short, that his return was the proper remedy for all the evils that France and Europe were suffering under the Bourbons and the Allies. But this is an opinion I have no right to impute to you, and indeed it is

maintained only by a part of Opposition, and even by them it seems to be considered rather as an *esoteric* doctrine which it is right for the elect to hold, but not prudent for them to publish. I am desirous however to hear what you think as to the removal of the statues and pictures from the Louvre. Pray let me know. I confess I have upon that subject so strong a feeling that my usual scepticism and toleration almost fail me when I encounter the opposite opinion. However, I shall be at Paris when I hear from you next, and if you are wrong, I shall take a turn or two in the empty gallery to console myself for your heresy by placing before my eyes the fact that Paris is no longer the capital of the fine arts, and through them of the civilised world.

I shall be off in a few days. I shall perhaps go first to Brussels, and so on to Paris, but if I feel lazy when I get to Calais, I shall go straight. Direct as usual to Mr. Benbow's.

I had almost forgot to say that as to the Spanish and Neapolitan Bourbons I make you a present of them, to dispose of them just as you please. This is no new opinion of mine. I always was for King Joseph, and they told me long ago in Spain what sort of a person their beloved Ferdinand was. I was talking to the Spanish Ambassador last night about the imprisonment of the patriots; he made a very deplorable face, and said he had no official accounts, but that he was very sorry for what he heard, and that he observed such proceedings were very unpopular here. I told him plainly that upon that subject there was no difference of opinion between parties, and that the conduct of his master was equally

disliked by all. He said he perceived it, and that people were beginning to look with an evil eye even upon him who had no concern in it. From what I have heard lately from some Spaniards, I am in hopes that this execrable tyranny, carried to such an excess, may before long occasion its own destruction. Adieu.

J. W. W.

P.S.—I know nothing about the earldom. Somebody (Lady Conyngham I think) mentioned it to me at Turin, and when I got to Paris I looked into the 'Gazette' in order that if my name was changed I might know how to sign myself and leave my card. But I have never heard anything upon the subject from my father, and I think it highly probable that it never was proposed to him ; that it never so much as entered into his head. I must add, however, that upon this matter I do not quite agree with you. An earldom is very well worth having if it an't made the price of any business. If it were offered to my father I should certainly advise him to accept it, though my own immediate share of the honour would rather be unpleasant to me than otherwise. But I have not the presumption to despise those things which I see sought for so eagerly by persons so completely beyond all comparison my superiors. Take for instance Lord Grey, who lost not a moment in getting an earldom into his family, and who was I think perfectly right in so doing. There is a great deal of speculative philosophy upon these matters, but when it comes to the point I observe that everybody takes all the honours he can honestly, and sometimes more.

My father is, according to the usual ‘tarif,’ a perfectly *earlable* man, and as he has most conscientiously supported the firm of Pitt & Co., and their successors in the business, for upwards of thirty years, he might take another coronet without the possibility of just reproach, and with as much credit as anybody else that an’t promoted on account of service. But the fact is that he is very indifferent to such objects.

CHAPTER XVII

1816-1823

BETWEEN the date of the last letter and that of the next which follows there is an interval of more than six and a half years. There can be no doubt but that Ward's correspondence with Mrs. Stewart was continued throughout this period, but, whether it was lost or destroyed, no trace of it is to be found. A great part of this time was spent abroad, and for a fuller account of it the reader is referred to Lord Dudley's letters to the Bishop of Llandaff, with whom he kept up his correspondence during these years. For the convenience, however, of those who may not have this book to refer to, a brief outline—taken from it for the most part—of Ward's life from January 1816 to April 1823 may be of interest.

It appears, then, from his letters to Copleston, that Ward carried out his intention, mentioned in the last letter to Mrs. Stewart, of paying a visit to Brussels and Paris. Leaving Dover on the night of January 16, 1816, he proceeded to Brussels, spent a few days there, visiting the field of Waterloo, went on to Paris, where he stayed till about the beginning of May, and then returned to London to his new house, No. 5 Bolton Row. During his absence rumours seem to have been flying about as to some matrimonial intentions on his part, for in a letter to Copleston of April 2, from Paris, he says : ‘I can’t imagine how people got into their heads that I was going to marry Lady M. B——. Not but what she is a beautiful and accomplished girl, and would do me a great deal of honour by becoming my wife ; only the fact an’t so. I heard of it, however, from twenty people when I was last in England ; and perhaps the story gained the more ground from my being at very little pains to contradict it. In fact, I hardly ever take any trouble of that

sort ; for, in the first place, I dislike that the inventors of gossiping lies should have so much power over me as even to oblige me to contradict what they say ; and in the next, when a marriage is in question, any anxiety to have it disbelieved looks like an incivility to the lady.'

After a stay of about two months only in London, Ward again set forth for the Continent, visiting Holland and Spa, thence up the Rhine to Frankfort, Mannheim, Heidelberg, and Stuttgart, and then through Nancy, Metz, and Rheims to Paris, where he seems to have arrived about the end of September. He stayed there till nearly the end of January 1817, and then returned to London to attend the meeting of Parliament. He took an active part in the debates throughout this Session, speaking four times against motions for his pet aversion, Parliamentary reform, and twice on the Lottery Bill, which he supported on the ground that no other means of raising the money for the Treasury had been pointed out, though disapproving of public lotteries on principle. He also made a speech (on February 25) against a motion for reducing the number of Lords of the Admiralty ; and another (on March 28) in support of the clause in the Seditious Meetings Bill, making it illegal to hold public meetings within a mile of Westminster Hall.

On July 3, 1817, he again left England for a prolonged residence abroad. After spending a few days in Paris, he proceeded thence to Baden, stayed there some weeks, and then went on to Dresden. By the end of September he was in Vienna, and there he took up his abode for about five months. He spent the first three of these months, he says, 'in an almost monastic state of retirement and tranquillity.' This was mainly due to the fact that it was the dead season there, and that the British Ambassador was absent from the capital. Afterwards he began to go out into the Viennese society, but does not seem to have been very favourably impressed by it—or, at any rate, by the male portion of it. He considers the Austrian men of the highest class to be 'very low in point of knowledge and understanding,' and speaks of them as 'coarse, ill-educated, dull and inhospitable.' The Austrian ladies he finds very much superior to the men, but even they, he suspects, 'have been praised more

than they deserved.' He admits, however, that they 'are very well-looking, perfectly well dressed, and far better educated (in proportion) than their male relations.'

À propos of these ladies Moore in his 'Diary' repeats a repartee of Ward's which was told to Moore by Rogers. 'On some Vienna lady remarking impudently to him, "What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London!" "It is true, madam," he answered; "we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."

Notwithstanding this dislike to the Viennese society, one may assume that he must have become fairly well reconciled to it, for he stayed on in Vienna till the end of February 1818.

Raikes, in his Journal,¹ tells a story about him during his stay in Vienna which is well worth quoting. 'He was dining one day at the table of Prince Metternich with a large party, when the conversation turned on the merits of Napoleon as a great general. Everyone gave his opinion according to his own impressions, except Ward who remained silent. Prince Metternich then addressed himself to him, and asked what he thought of the hero's career. When Ward, curling up his lip, as was his practice when he said anything emphatic, made that reply which for its finesse has been often quoted and admired in Europe, "Mon Prince, je ne suis pas militaire, mais il me semble qu'il a rendu la gloire passée douteuse, et la renommée future impossible."

We are also indebted to Raikes for the following, which must have occurred previously: 'When Mr. Ward was presented at the Tuileries to Louis XVIII., the King, who knew he was a profound classical scholar, addressed him with a quotation from Virgil. He could not have chosen his author more fortunately for Ward, who knew it almost by heart, and when Louis had finished, he took up the passage and continued the quotation. The King was delighted; he began in another place, and Ward in return followed in his wake. In this way they went on for above ten minutes like scholars in a class, to the great astonishment of the surrounding courtiers, who probably did not understand a word of this

¹ Raikes, vol. ii. p. 168.

mysterious discourse. At last Louis stopped, and said with evident marks of satisfaction, ‘Monsieur, je vous cède la palme.’¹

Writing from Vienna to Copleston on February 14, 1818, he says, ‘I shall stay in this city of Vienna till the end of the present month. I see that I may with a safe conscience cut as much of Parliament as I choose.’ Their duties in the House of Commons sat easily upon members in those days, and Ward was in no hurry to return.

In May he was at Munich, whence he made an expedition of ten days into the Austrian Tyrol with Francis Hare.

After spending the whole of the summer in Germany, ending up with six weeks more of Paris, he returned to London in the middle of August, thinking himself, as he says in one of his letters to Copleston, ‘obliged to come over for a short time to see my father and mother.’

In the meantime Parliament had been dissolved on June 10, and after the General Election Ward found himself, as he says in a letter of August 31 to Copleston, ‘for the first time since I was a boy out of Parliament.’ The news of the Dissolution had reached him in Germany too late for him to get to England in time to take measures personally to secure himself a seat in the new Parliament. This, however, was not the actual cause of his finding himself left out. He tells Copleston that ‘everything was settled for Ilchester, for which I had sat in the last Parliament, and which would be a close borough in any hands but those of the present proprietor, Sir W. Manners. His brutal, or rather insane, intolerance provoked the people of the place past all endurance ; so they sought out a protector, and found one in Lord Darlington, whose candidates they have returned. Thus, you see, I am a victim to the defeat, in one instance, of the *seat-selling*, borough-mongering system.’ He seems, however, to have looked upon the loss of his seat without much regret, for he goes on to say, ‘I am looking about, but not very anxiously, for another seat. I shall know my fate in a few days, and if I do not succeed, which is more than probable, I shall proceed almost immediately to Italy, with the intention

¹ Raikes, vol. ii. p. 171.

of passing the autumn and winter there, and of not returning till late in the spring or even summer.

No seat in Parliament was forthcoming, so early in the autumn Ward again set off for Italy. He says: ‘If the Continent were shut, I should consider being out of Parliament as a great evil; but as we are at present I am not sorry for the pretence which Sir William’s mismanagement has accidentally afforded me for being abroad another year. Indeed, I have always meant to go to Italy a second time. I was there twelve months, but that is by no means enough. It is just sufficient to kill the principal lions, but one ought (if possible) to return again and again, to pause and enjoy those spots and those objects that pleased one most at the first view, which could only be cursory.’

He spent all the winter of 1818–19 at Rome, ‘and then came away just in time to avoid the ceremonies in Holy Week, and the fêtes in honour of the Emperor’s visit to his Holiness.’ By the middle of April 1819 he was in Florence, on his way to Paris, where he arrived on May 3. In the meantime a seat had been found for him in the House of Commons. During his absence in Italy he had been returned for the borough of Bossiney, in Cornwall, which seat he retained until his accession to the peerage in 1823. He did not get the news of his election until his arrival at Paris, which happened to be on the very day on which the Catholic question came on in the House of Commons, when Grattan’s motion to consider the state of the laws affecting Roman Catholics was defeated by two votes only.

Always an ardent advocate for Catholic Emancipation, Ward regretted not having been able to be present to assist the cause with his vote, which, as he says, would have been more than usually valuable on this occasion. The other business then proceeding in the House did not, however, appeal to him, so he still delayed his return to England until about the end of May, when debates of importance relating to the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England were to take place. Ward, however, took no part himself in these debates, and his name appears but once in the Parliamentary Reports during this Session,

when he spoke in support of a complaint made by Canning against the ‘Times.’ After the prorogation, which took place on July 13, he again went to Paris, whence he writes on October 5 to Copleston, saying, ‘I have remained here ever since’ (leaving London) ‘without making any more extensive excursion than to the Bois de Boulogne.’ He goes on : ‘I shall most likely stay at Paris till the meeting of Parliament. If I were to go anywhere else it would be to Nice or Genoa for a couple of months to escape the severest part of the winter.’

Parliament met again on November 23, and sat continuously until December 29. Ward came back for it, and seems to have been pretty regular in his attendance, for on December 17 he writes : ‘I hardly ever knew so laborious a Session of Parliament as this has hitherto been. We have had constant, full, and late houses.’

The opening of the year 1820 was marked by the death of the old King, which took place on January 19. This necessitated an early dissolution of Parliament. Both Houses met on February 17 ; on the 28th Parliament was prorogued, and the dissolution took place on the following day.

Ward was again returned for Bossiney. ‘I might,’ he says in a letter to Copleston, ‘have come in for Worcestershire myself, but I have long since made and acted upon resolutions quite incompatible with that honour.’

The new Parliament assembled on April 23. The subject of parliamentary reform had been the burning question in everyone’s mind for the last three years, but in 1820 it was for the time being swamped by the general excitement over Queen Caroline’s trial. Numerous petitions in favour of Reform were, however, presented during this Parliament, and Mr. Lambton had given notice of motion asking for it. In spite of the liberality of his views on most of the great questions of the day, such as Catholic Emancipation, freedom of the press, and so on, Ward was always a most strenuous opponent of reform of Parliament, and continued so to the end of his life. When, on May 20, 1817, Sir Francis Burdett brought forward his motion for a committee to inquire into the state of the representation, Ward had made what was described by Sir Samuel Romilly, who replied to him, as ‘an

able and elaborate speech' against it, and wound up by saying that he dreaded a change 'which, by throwing the machine off its balance, might derange every motion, and bring it within no long space into a state of inextricable confusion and ruin.'

The rejection of Burdett's motion had led to excitement and agitation all over the country. Public meetings, one of which led to the so-called 'Massacre of Peterloo,' were being held everywhere demanding reform, but Ward only lifted up his voice the louder against it. Writing to Copleston on April 11, 1820, he says: 'I confess that when I see the progress that reform seems to be making not only among the vulgar, but among persons, like yourself, of understanding and education, clear of interested motives and party fanaticism, my spirits fail me upon the subject. You mean to preserve and improve the Constitution, and I wish, with all my heart, that it may turn out that you are taking the true road to these objects; but to me it appears that you are leaning towards measures which will lead to its final destruction. I should look forward with much more comfort to what may remain to me of life if I could persuade myself that the first day of reform would not be the first day of the English Revolution.'

The question, however, was not destined to be debated during the Session of 1820, Mr. Lambton having withdrawn his notice of motion on the ground that the time was not propitious for it, as the Queen's trial monopolised everyone's attention.

Ward does not appear to have taken any part in the debates that year, but he remained on in attendance on Parliament, and was in London throughout the autumn and winter. He had formed vague plans for escaping the severity of winter, which he dreaded, by removing to a milder climate, but was unable to decide between the rival attractions of Nice, Sidmouth, Torquay, and Hastings, and ended by going nowhere. He seems to have had no cause to regret his decision—or want of it—for he writes to Copleston from London on December 22: 'This has been hitherto a most favourable winter. It agrees with me admirably, and I am quite rejoiced to be at home, for abroad, speaking generally, is but a poor place compared to

England in almost everything except climate.' And again on April 9, 'What a delightful spring!'

Notwithstanding his hatred of reform, which continued as strong as ever, he, nevertheless, spoke on February 12, 1821, in support of Lord John Russell's bill for the disfranchisement of Grampound, excusing himself on the ground that this was a special case, and did not affect the general question. He also spoke twice during the Session of 1821 on the subject of the conduct of the allied Powers at Naples.

Forgetful, apparently, of the opinion he had expressed in his letter to Copleston that 'abroad was but a poor place compared to England,' he again left this country in the autumn of 1821, and remained abroad on this occasion until the midsummer of 1822. His first visit was to Switzerland, and in spite of a pre-disposition which he had entertained against it he owns, writing from Thun, that 'the beauty of this country is quite irresistible. I never travelled anywhere with so much pleasure.'

From Switzerland he travelled down the Rhone, which he describes as 'an ugly, useless river,' and through Provence to Nice, where he spent the winter. He found Nice a difficult place to get away from on account of the roads, and pleads this as his excuse for not attending the opening of Parliament early in 1822, but he says (writing on March 8), 'as it is already too late to get home before Easter I shall perhaps make up my mind to play truant altogether'—as in point of fact he did. From Nice he proceeded in March to Turin, and thence to Florence, Modena, and Milan, which last place he reached on May 28, and went on at once to Geneva, and thence to Paris.

This shirking of his parliamentary duties must not, however, be wholly attributed to that innate 'laziness' to which he so often alludes in his letters, but was no doubt greatly due to the state of his health, which was already beginning to break down. In a letter of May 23, from Modena, in which he condoles with Copleston on an attack of melancholy and depression from which his friend had been suffering, he says: 'I was at that time' (when he first heard of it) 'unable to judge of its extent from my own experience. Lately I have suffered too, and have at this moment hardly escaped from a visitation of that sort,

which has enabled me to form but too just a notion of what you must have gone through; . . . for the last week I laboured under such a fit of anxiety, nervousness, irresolution, and despondency, attended by a derangement of the stomach, as made life quite loathsome to me.' This first attack of nervous depression seems to have passed off for a time, but it returned again with increased violence a month later, and his letters from June 23, 1822 (when he returned to London from Paris) up to the beginning of August disclose a terrible state of mental and bodily suffering. This was due to the physical and congenital disease which eventually led to his insanity and death. After spending two or three weeks in great misery in London, he, after much hesitation, went to visit his old tutor at Oxford. 'After spending a few days with me'—so Dr. Copleston informs us—'during which there were many variations, occasionally gleams of hope succeeded by gloom and nervous agitation, then calmness, and then a return of horrible paroxysms, he resolved to go either to Buxton or to London, but was long undetermined which. He left my house with post-horses for the London road, promising to write after his journey's end. The next letter, however, was dated from Buxton.'

From Buxton he writes in somewhat more cheerful spirits. He had expected to meet the Dugald Stewarts there, and was at first disappointed; but, after an excursion of two days to the Peak country, he was fortunate enough to find them at Buxton on his return. Although he does not allude to Mrs. Stewart in writing to Copleston, it may fairly be assumed that the pleasure of meeting her again acted as a tonic to his nervous system, and for several years afterwards he seems to have been fairly well, and able to take his part in the affairs of life.

As to Mr. Stewart, he says, writing from Buxton, that he found him 'a good deal shattered in body,' but that his mind remained quite entire. 'The paralytic seizure by which he suffered about a year and a half ago has affected his speech a little—but only a little, and occasionally. In general he is quite articulate.'

He returned to London from Buxton about the end of

July, and on August 3 he writes: ‘In body I am as well as a person turned forty and not very strong can expect to be, and my spirits are very much improved, *i.e.* very much indeed, as compared with the worst, and something even as compared with the best of what you saw.’

On August 12 he again writes: ‘You are right in your prediction as to my gradual recovery from the dismal state of nervous depression and agitation in which you saw me. I have had no regular fit of it for some time past, and I am become capable of occupation, and even of amusement. In short, life is no longer a burthen, and I am no longer under an absolute disqualification from partaking in the society of reasonable beings. I have, at least, recovered sufficient self-command not to be a burthen to others.’ And on August 23 he says: ‘I am quite a different man from him whom you saw at Oxford, and you may be assured that I will use all the means that reason suggests to me to prevent a relapse.’

This brings us down to the date of his next (surviving) letter to Mrs. Stewart, when he was well enough to be able to take a short tour—with Lady Davy—through the Isle of Wight, the New Forest, and to see the wonders of Fonthill. This tour is alluded to in a letter to Copleston, who, however, suppresses the name of the lady companion, being unable to obtain her permission to publish it, owing to her absence out of England. He states, however, in a footnote, that ‘all who know the circumstances are aware that friendship, and sympathy for a friend’s sufferings, alone prompted this benevolent step.’

Southampton : September 4, 1822.

I should not have delayed writing so long but that I hardly know where to direct. Even now I am left to conjecture, but I rather think that Dumfries is the post town to St. Mary’s Isle, and at any rate such an approximation will be sufficient to guide such intelligent persons as are generally found at the post office. I am very glad indeed to find by your note

that you are better again after so severe an attack. Buxton, I suspect, did you no good. The water, no doubt, is useful in particular cases, but the climate is quite detestable. That chilly damp prevails which is so apt to produce fever unless one is constantly upon one's guard against its effects.

I have been, or rather am, making a tour with our friend, Lady Davy. No scandal I assure you. She has often travelled before with gentlemen of the most correct and respectable character. Our object was Fonthill, but as the weather is fine, and we are not pressed for time, we have come round through the New Forest, and are going over to look at the Isle of Wight. I was there a good many years ago, but it will be quite new again to me now. The passage used to be troublesome on account of its uncertainty, but now the steamboat goes regularly in an hour and a half. Fonthill is a most magnificent gimcrack, a sort of gigantic plaything. But the absurdity of a sham abbey perched upon a hill is quite intolerable. Upwards of five thousand people have been to see it, nobody paying less than half a guinea, besides the expense of the journey. Though the landed gentlemen are ruined, it should seem as if there were plenty of money somewhere. I shall be curious as to the result of the sale. In spite of the public distress I am inclined to think that the Japan boxes, filigree works, and china will fetch enormous prices.

I have not followed the details of the royal visit to Scotland, but I make no doubt that it produced some ludicrous scenes. But these things after all are not to be judged of by their effect upon calm minds or fine tastes. A royal progress, if tolerably well managed,

pleases the mass of the people, strengthens their attachment to ‘the person and government of their Sovereign’; I must own, however, that my notions of propriety were a little shocked, both by the highland dress, and by the ‘King’s most gracious speech’ delivered at a public dinner.

À propos of speeches, that of your noble landlord does not appear to have been well timed or well received.

By this time I hope that you are quite well, and if you are well you are likely to be happy. The ‘Isle’ I am told is beautiful, and I am sure you cannot be under the roof of a more excellent or more amiable person than Lady Selkirk.

Poor Quod¹ seems to have had a narrow escape. He is an excellent creature, and the loss of him would have been irreparable. Yours ever,

J. W. W.

I shall return to town in a few days—then take a fresh departure. I have not yet determined whether or not I shall stay in England this winter. I love the society, but I dread the climate. In point of health I am as well as anybody past forty can expect to be, and my spirits have risen again nearly to their ancient level. Melancholy is so contrary to my nature that it must either kill me or quit me.

Doblado’s letters on Spain will amuse you if you can lay hold of them. I remember the author in Spain, a clever man, but somebody must, I think, have helped him.

¹ See note to p. 30.

Two important events occurred at about this period of Ward's life, but unluckily the letters alluding to them are missing.

The first was an offer of a place in the Government, which he received—and ultimately declined—from Canning about the end of September 1822. Canning had resigned office in 1820, in consequence of his reluctance to take part in the proceedings against the Queen, and his departure had left Lord Liverpool's weak Government weaker than ever. It gained some accession of strength, however, by the accession of Peel to the Home Office on Lord Sidmouth's retirement, but on August 12 it sustained what seemed an almost irreparable loss in the tragic death of Lord Londonderry, as Lord Castlereagh had now become. This occurred during the King's visit to Scotland, referred to in the previous letter. There was but one man who could replace him, and that was Canning; but he was unpopular with the bulk of the Tory party, and had, moreover, incurred the grave displeasure of the King, owing to his action in 1820. The Cabinet, however, were unanimous in seeing the necessity of getting back their former colleague. The King's objections were ultimately overcome, mainly by the tact of the Duke of Wellington, and Canning was persuaded, not without some difficulty, to accept the seals of the Foreign Office in the place of Lord Londonderry. He at once made the proposal to Ward already referred to, and offered him the post of Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. Its acceptance, however, involved the giving up of his seat in the House of Commons. To Ward, the chief defect of whose character was want of resolution, the effect of this offer was to reduce him to a state of extreme vacillation and doubt. In his letters to Copleston he discusses the *pros* and *cons* of the situation for a long time without being able to make up his mind about it. The office, he writes, 'is subordinate, and involves going out of Parliament'; but in answer to these objections he says: 'I prefer subordination to responsibility, and Parliament is no great object to me, as I am quite sure never to cut any figure in it.'

The idea of subordination, however, seems to have weighed

heavily with him, for in his next letter to Copleston he again says, ‘the notion of inferiority may so far attach to the office as to make the acceptance of it discreditable.’ At the same time, it is clear from his letters that he had a great hankering in favour of acceptance of an office which he calls one ‘of great trust and confidence in the present state of Europe, and under such a man as Canning, highly interesting, and one that affords a better introduction into business than any other in the State, with the single exception of that of Chief Secretary in Ireland.’

In this state of perplexity and doubt, he seems to have been anxious to find someone to take the responsibility of deciding off his shoulders, and to solve the problem for him. Accordingly he writes to consult his father (without whose approval, he says, he certainly should not accept, considering the obligation he was under to him ‘for the liberal way in which he has so often brought me into Parliament’), his old tutor Copleston, and his friend William Lamb.

His father, without absolutely refusing his consent, seems to have disapproved of the idea on the ground of loss of independence which it would involve. Copleston also advised against accepting, and apparently on the same grounds as Lord Dudley and Ward, viz. the abandonment of his career in Parliament. This argument, however, does not seem to have had so much influence on his mind, for he says, in answer, ‘you forget with what good reason I am anxious to be out of it [Parliament]. If I were likely to cut any figure there the whole case would wear a completely different aspect. But, as I am now become absolutely incapable of an effort to which, even in better times, I was never able to bring myself without the utmost difficulty and pain, the choice is betwixt a diligent under-secretary in an important department and an utterly insignificant member of the House of Commons. The option is not flattering to one’s vanity, but I am inclined to think that the under-secretary is the most considerable person of the two.’

The want of self-confidence, and distrust of his own great natural abilities, displayed in this letter, though evident from the first in his character, had no doubt been greatly intensified

by the severe nervous prostration through which he had so recently passed, the effects of which are clearly discernible in his letters at this time to Copleston.

The third adviser, however, whom he consulted, William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), gave him totally different advice. He wrote on September 29, saying, ‘I have little doubt that you should accept the offer ; it is one of the pleasantest places under Government, necessarily gives an insight into all that is going on, and would be rendered to you particularly agreeable by your cordial agreement and intimacy with your principal ; add to this that it would have the effect of supporting and assisting Canning at this moment, that it might lead to more, that it would give you what you want in occupation and employment, and that, without flattering your abilities and knowledge of the world at home and abroad, it might enable you to be of essential service to the ministry and the country. These are considerations sufficient, in my mind, to induce you to accept ; at the same time, do not take it unless you can make up your mind, in the first place, to bear every species of abuse and misrepresentation, and the imputation of the most sordid and interested motives ; in the second place, to go through with it if you undertake it, and not to be dispirited by any difficulties or annoyances which you may find in the office, and which, you may depend upon it, no office is free from.’ This was excellent advice, but probably the drawbacks it suggested carried more weight with its recipient than the arguments it contained in favour of acceptance. At any rate, after more than a fortnight’s anxious doubt and deliberation, Ward ended by declining, and seems to have had no cause afterwards for regretting his decision. He congratulates himself on the pleasure which it has given to his father, and is ‘glad that he did not avail himself of an extorted consent to that which, after all, would have vexed and mortified him.’ Copleston’s approval also gave him great satisfaction, and Canning, he says, ‘received my final answer quite amicably. With his conduct, too, throughout I have every reason to be satisfied.’

The other event of importance, which seriously affected





Dudley

From an engraving after a drawing by J. M. W. Turner.

Entered; Walker & Co.

Ward's future life, also involved the loss of his seat in the House of Commons, though in a different way. His father died on April 5, 1823, and John William, his son, succeeded him as 4th Viscount Dudley and Ward and 9th Lord Ward. Thenceforth he is known as Lord Dudley and Ward up to October 1827, when the earldom of Dudley was bestowed upon him, and the second title dropped. The double-barrelled title gave rise to the saying about him, and his habit of talking to himself, and rehearsing what he was going to say to others in two voices—gruff and shrill—‘It is only Dudley talking to Ward.’¹

He probably quitted the House of Commons without much regret, for only three months before his father's death he was writing to Copleston : ‘As to Parliament, I am only anxious to withdraw from it as quietly and decently as I can. I do not mean to cant about power and fame—they are among the brightest and most reasonable of human gratifications. But it is a capital point of prudence to desist from the pursuit of them when they are unattainable. It is a bad bargain to worry one's spirits and impair one's health for the sake of a little third-rate, precarious, fictitious reputation, unattended by any solid self-satisfaction, or by any real influence on human affairs. I meditate a speedy retreat. . . . I shall then try what literature and society will do for me during the remainder of my days.’

Park Lane : Wednesday [about May 1823].

Your friend Linton is writing to you to-day, so I put in a line in his cover. I believe he is in hope to have executed your commission, being the first he has attended to of three he has upon his hands, Lady Davy and Dr. Holland being the other two.

Yesterday I went down to the H. of L. and seated myself very coolly in it without ever taking the oath.

¹ See Moore's *Memoirs*, vol. iv. p. 87.

I was there a couple of hours without being detected, and by the greatest good luck no question was put, or I should have incurred the most grievous penalties, forfeiture, and I know not what more, but as it was, Shaftesbury, who told me of my forgetfulness, was good-natured, and let me off, treating it as ‘non avenu,’ but ordered me to attend to-day.

I shall always be glad to hear tidings of you and yours. Adieu.

Monday, June 7 [1824].

I opened your letter first—but there was also one (a rare event) from Lady R. dated from Leamington, where she was just arrived. I shall rejoice to see her. I am very fond of her—innocently, I can safely say of a woman, part of whose charm consists in her strong and sincere principles of religion and virtue. But I have sometimes thought what an agreeable companion for life she would have made. However she is married to a very wealthy man, who treats her kindly, and sets a proper value on her.

The Belhavens, too, are here. I did not know till yesterday, when I heard of it from Stewart Mackenzie, what a misfortune has befallen them. His whole fortune, it seems, is absorbed in some manufacturing establishment in which he was engaged, and which has entirely failed.

This is a great Scotch day with me, for I have Mackenzie in the house, and I dine with the Georgiana Brown of 1798—Lady Hope now.¹ How horribly old it makes one to see her two great, tall, hand-

¹ Wife of Sir Alexander Hope, the Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and daughter of George Brown, of Ellerton, Roxburghshire. Her third son was James Robert Hope Scott, the celebrated Parliamentary Counsel.

some sons going about—whom the ladies insist upon one's asking to meet them ! Some like George and some like John (or Alexander), and one is always in danger of mistakes. Mrs. Fox Lane assures me that George is by far the most agreeable, but I believe I should hear another story from Lady E. Powlett, in whose service the other brother seems to be engaged.

Thank you for what you say about the Bp. of L.¹ I am very sorry that I ever allowed any coldness to grow up between us. It was my fault, for he gave me no sufficient cause. How unfortunate it is that so good a man should enjoy so small a share of happiness. Lately, again, he has been suffering under a most dismal attack of hypochondria. It must be the result of physical causes. He has completely succeeded in life. The bishops that are not chosen from the great families must be considered as very fortunate men. Besides he has such sources of self-satisfaction in looking back to his own useful, honourable, laborious life, and in his well-earned reputation for talents and for learning. If any marks of kindness and regard from me can be soothing to him, they shall not be wanting.

You will be glad to hear that my mother seems likely to get over her very severe and painful illness. She has exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

I enclose this in some papers which Linton is sending.

¹ It is not clear what bishop is referred to. It could not be Copleston, though the allusion seems to point to him, because he was not made bishop of Llandaff till 1828, and it is clear from the reference at the end of the letter to Lord Ashburton, who died in 1823, that it must have been written not long after that date.

Just as I had written the last words Mr. Grenville was announced. What a pleasant conversation and what admirable manners ! There are no such *gentlemen* now.

I can't see any great merit in the Barings in not being angry at poor Ashburton's¹ will. What could they expect from him ? I think he was quite right not to leave them sixpence.

¹ Richard Dunning, Lord Ashburton, who died in February 1823.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FOREIGN OFFICE

ANOTHER long gap here occurs in the correspondence, the next surviving letter being dated in 1827. There is not much material for filling in these years of Lord Dudley's life. He seems to have spent the winter of 1823–4 in Rome, for we hear of him, in a letter from Richard Sharp to Rogers, as being amongst those who kept open house there at that time.¹

His name does not appear in the 'Parliamentary Debates' as having spoken during the Session of 1824, but in 1825 he seems to have been pretty regular in his attendance in the House of Lords, the quiet atmosphere of which was very likely more suited to his ultra-refined taste than that of the House of Commons. He moved the Address to the Throne at the opening of Parliament on February 3, in what Lord Colchester in his Diary describes as an eloquent speech ; he spoke again on March 5, on the Unlawful Societies in Ireland Bill ; and twice (on March 5 and May 17) on the subject of Roman Catholic claims, of which he continued to be a staunch supporter.

In 1826 he is reported as having spoken on five occasions—once (May 8) in presenting a petition in favour of the Roman Catholics ; again (on May 11) on Lord Malmesbury's motion against any alteration in the Corn Laws, which he opposed in a speech expressive of his dislike to them ; and on three occasions on the subject of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. This last was a subject in which he had a personal interest, he being himself a proprietor there. This fact, however, did not prevent him from expressing his opinion strongly that the then existing system was 'morally, politically, and economically wrong.' Although the case for abolition had, he said, been

¹ Clayden, *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. p. 374.

much exaggerated, still he admitted the system must be changed ; but the problem was how to undo it without a fresh error and greater injustice. He opposed legislation by the Home Government, and argued in favour of the Colonies agreeing among themselves to pass some good and wholesome law by which the object would be accomplished without the interference of this country.¹

We now pass on to 1827, when Dudley's great leader, Canning, was at the head of affairs. In February of that year Lord Liverpool had been at last compelled, by a stroke of paralysis, to retire from the leadership he had held so long, and on the 6th of the following April the King had reluctantly charged Canning with the formation of a ministry. Several of the existing ministers declined to serve under him, and retired ; amongst others, the Duke of Wellington and Peel. Canning was therefore compelled to call in some of the Whig party to his aid, and formed a coalition ministry, which included the names of Lord Lansdowne, Tierney, Lord Goderich, Lord Palmerston, and Huskisson. Dudley was offered, and accepted, the Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs.

This administration was soon brought to a close by the sudden death of Canning on August 8. Lord Goderich succeeded him, but not for long. Dissensions—referred to in the next letter—soon arose. The King, intent upon his building schemes, was anxious to secure a friend of his own as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and expressed his desire that Herries, formerly private secretary to Perceval, and then Secretary to the Treasury, should be appointed to the post. The announcement of the King's intention raised a storm of opposition among the Whig members of the Government, who threatened to leave in a body if it were carried out.

This threat, however, only succeeded in obtaining a temporary suspension of the appointment, and on September 3 Herries went down to Windsor and received his seals of office. This produced fresh disturbance. Herries was admittedly not fit for his high situation, and, when a question arose as to the appointment of a chairman to the Finance Committee, Goderich,

¹ See *Parl. Deb.* for March 7, 1826.

Huskisson, and Tierney agreed, without any previous consultation with Herries, to the nomination of Lord Althorp. This was naturally galling to the feelings of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Herries wrote to Goderich on December 21, objecting to Althorp's appointment, and offering to relieve his chief of the difficulty by resigning. Huskisson, on the other hand, also threatened to resign if Althorp were not appointed. Goderich, in despair, appealed to Herries, but could get nothing out of him but a constant reference to the ultimatum in his letter. The finale is amusingly described by Spencer Walpole, in his 'History':—

'The noble lord pleaded almost in tears, but still the stony-hearted Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed to his letter of December 21. Unable to reconcile his colleagues, Goderich went down to Windsor, and stated the matter to the King. George IV. for once in his life knew his own mind. Properly indignant with his weak minister, who had brought the Government into disrepute, he told him "to go home and take care of himself," and send the Chancellor to him. "Goody Goderich," so the world laughingly declared, began to cry, and his Majesty offered him his pocket-handkerchief.'¹

The Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, advised the King to send for the Duke of Wellington, which he did, and the Duke was entrusted with the formation of a ministry. All the Canningites—Huskisson, Palmerston, Grant, Lamb, and Dudley—remained on and retained their old offices, the joke at the time about Dudley remaining where he was being that he did so because 'ses affaires ont lui été toujours étrangères.'²

As Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Dudley does not seem to have made much of a reputation for himself. During Canning's lifetime he is said to have acted merely as his master's mouthpiece, and afterwards, when left more to his own resources, he was not always conspicuous for his success. The interview with Dom Miguel as to the affairs of Portugal, which in his letter of January 5 he says would never take place, did

¹ Walpole's *History*, vol. ii. pp. 373-4.

² See Letter from Lord Redesdale of January 19, 1828, in Lord Colchester's *Diary*, vol. iii. p. 538.

come off after all ; and so did Lord Dudley—but second best only in the encounter, for he allowed himself to be talked round by the wily tongue of the newly appointed Regent, and was persuaded to hasten the final abdication by Dom Pedro of the Crown of Portugal, and to countermand the orders which had been given for the return of our troops from Lisbon.¹

On one occasion, however, while at the head of the Foreign Office, his absence of mind did him a good turn, and earned him no small amount of ‘kudos.’ It was just before the battle of Navarino, and he had been writing letters to both the French and the Russian ambassadors. Inadvertently he put them into the wrong envelopes, but, instead of landing him in disgrace, his mistake gained him the highest reputation for diplomatic finesse. Prince Lieven took great credit to himself for not falling into the trap supposed to have been set for him by the astute Foreign Secretary. He returned the letter, with a most polite note, in which he vowed, of course, that he had not read a word of it after he had ascertained that it was intended for Prince Polignac. He could not resist, however, afterwards telling Lord Dudley, at an evening party, that he was *trop fin*, and that diplomatists of his standing were not ‘to be so easily caught.’²

Lord Dudley’s stay at the Foreign Office lasted for little more than a year. The Duke of Wellington’s Cabinet was divided in its opinions upon most of the leading questions of the day. Differences between the Canningite and the Tory sections had already arisen as to proposals for changes in the Corn Laws, and, though these were smoothed over, a fresh dispute soon arose over the bill for the disfranchisement of East Retford for bribery. On May 19 three of the Canningites—Huskisson, Palmerston, and Lamb—voted against Peel in favour of the total disfranchisement of the borough instead of throwing it into the adjoining hundred. Although they were beaten in the division, Peel made no attempt to conceal his displeasure at their conduct, and Huskisson thought it his duty to tender his resignation to the Duke of Wellington. Much to Huskis-

¹ See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. liv. p. 419.

² See *Gentleman’s Magazine*, N.S., vol. xxvi. part i. p. 368.

son's surprise, the Duke accepted the offer, which was only intended to be made *pro formâ*, and without any expectation on Huskisson's part of being taken at his word. He sent Dudley and Palmerston to the Duke to try and arrange matters, but they could not shake the Iron Duke, and Huskisson had to go.

His resignation led almost immediately to that of the rest of the Canningite section, Palmerston, Grant, Lamb, and finally Dudley, who, as will be seen by his letter of May 22, was, between his feelings of allegiance to his colleagues and his fear of offending the King, thrown into a state of difficulty and doubt as to his future conduct.

The situation is thus described by Lord Palmerston in his 'Diary':—

'We joined the new Government in January. We left it in May. We joined as a party; as a party we retired. The only one who hesitated was Dudley; and he would willingly have given 6,000*l.* a year out of his own pocket, instead of receiving that sum from the public, for the pleasure of continuing to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.'¹

Thenceforward the Duke of Wellington's administration was a purely Tory one.

16 Arlington Street: August 21, 1827.

The death of Mr. Canning has indeed been a severe blow to me. It would be idle to speak of those great abilities which even his enemies had ceased to call in question, but I can say with truth that I never knew a more kind-hearted and affectionate man. He was mindful to a degree that would have been remarkable even in a private person of those little duties of social life which he had so good an excuse for sometimes forgetting. In the midst of all those anxious labours to which he was at length a victim, he never hurt the feelings of a private friend by neglect. He

¹ See Evelyn Ashley's *Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. i. p. 123.

united an understanding of a very high order to a disposition far more gentle and amiable than, I am afraid, is often found to accompany great talents. He passed for being irritable, and so I think he was in a certain way and with respect to certain things. He bore being opposed by his enemies, and, what is ten times worse, being worried by his friends, with a very good grace ; but anything that he thought mean, or tricky, or an unfair advantage taken of him he could not endure. On such occasions he showed no mercy, but always expressed himself with great bitterness. To all human frailties, except those connected with baseness or falsehood, he was remarkably indulgent. For the last three months of his life I, of course, saw him every day, and was obliged to inflict upon him frequent and vexatious interruptions, but never did I hear from him an unkind, peevish, or even impatient word. He was quicker than lightning, and even to the very last gay and playful, so that it was very agreeable to do business with him, the more so because he was always inclined rather to disguise that immense superiority which must have made everybody else seem dull and slow to him than to make a painful use of it. His death was less unexpected to me than to most of his friends. He made a gallant struggle, but I could not help seeing that his strength declined rapidly. After his return from Brighton he was very unfortunately induced to dismiss Dr. Holland and to call in a man named —, who, I believe, treated him without much judgment or attention to the peculiarities of his constitution. Then for a considerable period he remained without any medical advice at all, till one day Sir W. Knighton called upon him

about business, and found him so very ill that he insisted upon his seeing Holland again. H. despaired from the first moment he saw him. All this mismanagement of course accelerated his end, but what really killed him was fatigue. He died of overwork just as much as any poor horse that drops down dead in the road. On the Thursday before his death he finished and sent to me a very long and very able State paper. Then he had Herries with him for three hours ; then at five o'clock he called for Stapleton, and desired to see his State paper again to revise it. Stapleton refused—told him he was too ill, and advised him to go to bed. In an hour and a half he was seized with those mortal pains which scarcely gave him any respite till he died.

His habits of industry must appear quite incredible to those that did not know him. I met him once at a country house where he went for what he was pleased to call his holidays. He had his secretaries about him soon after eight, had despatches ready before breakfast, then wrote all day till six. At tea-time he established himself in a corner of the drawing-room to write his private letters—and this every day—only now and then with the exception of a ride, and even during that he talked eagerly and fully upon public affairs or any other subject that happened to present itself. He was very sensitive, and all his experience of the world had not blunted the natural acuteness of his feelings. More than once I have observed how much he was moved while mentioning some instance in which he thought that he had been kindly and generously used. After his speech upon Mr. Lambton's motion—the greatest in point of effect that I

ever heard in Parliament—he walked down to the bar, and when his friends surrounded him to congratulate him on so great a victory, he burst into tears. It would have gratified one's curiosity to talk to him about Mr. Pitt, but I thought he rather avoided the subject, and at the distance of many years it was still painful to him. When he once took a dislike it was strong, but it was not a feeling that grew up readily in his mind. Indeed the generosity of his own nature made him often blind to the malice and hostility of which he was afterwards to be the victim, and I have more than once had to warn him against an enemy whose ill-will he scarcely suspected. As to his friends he never thought he could do too much for them. This was one of his faults, for he was uneasy till he could gratify their most unreasonable wishes.

I am really obliged to you for the sympathy you express with me on so great a loss. I have taken what is perhaps the best way of showing my thankfulness by mentioning to you some particulars respecting the character of such an extraordinary man which long acquaintance with him enabled me to observe.

I should have pleasure in telling you that his successor, Lord Goderich, the best-natured and most obliging of men, is perfectly well disposed to serve Mr. Stewart, but it is now very questionable whether it will be in his power to serve anybody. The Whig members of the Cabinet have, as you know, fallen out with the K. about Mr. Herries. Yesterday as late as six o'clock I thought the whole thing was on the point of being settled, but late in the evening I heard that an accommodation was despaired of. It now seems probable that Lansdowne, Carlisle, and Tierney

will go out, and in that case it is still more probable that the Government will be broken up. However, it is not easy to imagine a new administration with which Lord Lauderdale—now, next to Lord Grey, the chief idol of the Tory party—will not have a great influence, and he will gladly do that which Lord Lansdowne would have done.

If you are still at Minto, pray remember me most kindly to your host. He has been good enough to take a great deal of trouble for me.

I am writing early, and before going out, so that my news will be old news before post time. The evening paper will be much more instructive.

Ever truly yours,

D.

F. O. : January 5, 1828.

Your letter has delighted me. I had sworn twenty times in my wrath never to forgive you, but I cannot help it, only you ought never again to wound even the unreasonable sensitiveness of a person whose attachment to you has stood the test of years and of absence.

For fear it should surprise you too much by coming upon you suddenly, I will tell you, though in entire confidence, that in all probability the game is up. The conversation which the Portuguese Ambassador, who has just left me, desires me to have with D. Miguel as to the affairs of his country will never take place. I have not time to explain to you, for the post goes in ten minutes, the history of what is going on, but it is ten to one that we are all out before the meeting. As to myself, I shall be guided

by the same rule upon which I have acted all along. Not to be the first to resign, which would be shabby, nor to dissuade others from breaking up the Government if they are inclined to do so, which would be the proper part of a man capable of contributing much more powerfully to its preservation by his own talents and exertions than I am.

One word about Sydney Smith and Bloomsbury. I know that whole matter as well as anybody. The Chancellor is his friend, and really disposed to serve him, but then the Chancellor is a Tory, and was member for the U. of Cambridge. So conspicuous a piece of preferment could not be given to so strange a monster as an Oxford Whig without a clamour against him among all *his own parsons* as he could not bear up against. So you see it is not so much any particular odium attaching to the Whigs as the C.'s particular position with respect to them that has stood in Sydney's way. But he is trying to provide for him in some way less obnoxious than placing him at the head of a great parish in the middle of the metropolis.

In forty-eight hours I shall probably know something decisive. You shall hear from me.

Ever yours,

D.

F. O.: January 10, 1828.

You see my prediction is fulfilled. The Government is dissolved—not by Goderich's resignation, for he could not bring his mind to that, but he told the K. that which convinced him that they could not go on. The D. of W., as you see by the papers, has been sent for, and he has sent for Peel, who is come to town—that is all we at present know.

I must do the K. the justice to say that he has—so far as I know—behaved perfectly well. What he may be advised to do, and what he may be compelled to do, is another affair, but I am sure that he is desirous to retain part of his present ministry, not only the Chancellor, but Lansdowne, to whom you might suppose him to be less well inclined. By the bye our friend Ld. L. is grown sadly lazy and supine. It is quite lamentable that a little more energy is not combined with such abilities, such integrity, and such a perfectly mild and unassuming disposition.

Yours ever,
D.

F. O.: January 16 [1828].

The thing is not yet quite settled, but I think it will end in the D. of W. Premier, no Whigs, and of course more Tories, but the Government will not take a decidedly *ultra* or anti-Catholic character. It is probable that Huskisson, Palmerston, C. Grant and I (for the present at least) shall remain where we are. I shall regret Lord Lansdowne. I should regret him more if his industry and zeal were upon a level with his talents and integrity. You must consider this as confidential, but I daresay the curtain will draw up in twenty-four hours.

D.

F. O.: 3 o'clock, January 28, 1828.

I am just going to Apsley House. Perhaps there may not be time to write. I suppose, however, that the Government is formed.

Sydney S. is to have a prebend at Bristol. The Chr. wrote yesterday to the K. to ask his permission

to give it to him. His patroness, Lady L., who was rather in a fidget about him, sent at the same time to desire me to lend a hand. I conveyed a message to H.M. to the effect ‘that if he would accede to the Cr.’s wish, I also should consider myself as obliged.’ The answer was gracious to both—written to the C. ; to me this message : ‘Tell D. I suppose he has seen S. S. where I once dined with him (at Holland House), and a more profligate parson I never met’ ; at the same time he gave his consent.

Apsley House : 4 o’clock.

I have not seen the Duke, but here is a copy of a list of the new Government taken from that which Huskisson is now writing down :—Chancellor, Lyndhurst ; Foreign, Dudley ; President, Ellenborough ; Secretary at War, Palmerston ; Home Department, Peel ; Duchy Lancaster, Aberdeen ; War and Colonies, Huskisson ; Board Controul, Melville ; Mint, Herries ; Board of Trade, Grant.

It is not quite settled, but I do not think any unsurmountable obstacle is likely to occur.

This to yourself, until you have it from others.

Yours ever,

D.

[March 1828.]

Our new chief (the D. of W.) is really a most extraordinary man. His share of trouble and of glory in this life had already been pretty large, but he goes to work just as if he had his fortune and his reputation still to make, just as if there had been no India, no Spain, no Waterloo. His industry is incessant, his attention never slumbers. If you send him a long

paper, he returns it the next day with detailed observations, numbered and with proper observations, indicative in every line of the most careful examination of the whole subject. He has nobody to help him. It is all in his own hand, and it is impossible to mistake the peculiarities of his style.

My experience of him is too short for a just judgment, but hitherto I have found it very pleasant to do business with him. He is quick as lightning, clear, decisive, at the same time simple and good-humoured. I see no symptom of his not meaning to behave quite fairly to all his colleagues. He has no zeal for liberty, that is true, but on the other hand he is quite free from the prejudice of the old Tories, both as to the Church and the State. I am very much mistaken, too, if he does not turn out as economical a minister as Lamb can wish—at least if he looks as narrowly into the public accounts as he does into his own.

The other morning I went to him early. He was employed in the drudgery of transcribing a monstrous long letter, which I had already seen, and which, being addressed to a foreign minister, he was punctiliously polite enough not to have copied by another hand. It must have cost him near three hours. Whilst he was finishing a sentence my eye was caught by a scrap of paper that lay open on the table before me, so that I had read it before there was time to think whether it was right to read it or no. It was from his house steward, with whom he communicates in writing, and was in these words : ‘ Will your Grace be pleased to have some fresh tea ordered in, as we are now making use of the best canister ? ’ Is not

this characteristic. Poor Canning ! They might have consumed all the Hyson, Souchong, and Pekoe in the house without his having the smallest suspicion of what was going on. If Joseph Hume knew this ‘trait’ he would, I think, take an early opportunity of declaring his confidence in the Duke’s administration, but as I did not come quite fairly by it, I have told it to nobody, so keep it to yourself. It has diverted me very much.

It is a great comfort to have a real minister. Were you never on a journey driven three or four miles by the under-ostler, or by what is called ‘an odd man in the stable,’ slowly yet insecurely jolted by every stone, and expecting to fall into every ditch, and were you not afterwards delighted when happily meeting John, the proper postilion, he mounted, gathered up the reins, cracked his whip, and trotted on a good, sound, even pace ? That is just the difference betwixt Goderich and the Duke.

Monday, March 10 [1828].

I began this note three or four days ago ; but I kept it on purpose, meaning that it should reach you on the 13th. Yesterday I believe would, upon calculation, have been the proper day for that, but then there was no post. You know that the day has a double claim upon my recollection. This next will be its *thirtieth* recurrence ! and I can assure you that it has never once passed unrecalled—never without exciting in my mind lively emotions as to both events of which it is the anniversary. The feelings to which it gives birth are of a very mixed kind—some pleasant, some too, I own, very painful. I

could hardly describe them even if I had more time. One of the strongest has always been, will ever be, affection to the person whom I first saw, and who first saw the light, on that day. Now heaven bless you, and may the remainder of your life be long and happy ! I have lived a good while, and I have lived much in the time, and I have been no inattentive observer, yet never have I seen a more amiable or a more accomplished woman. I know not whether I shall give you any satisfaction by telling you so, but time and absence have never weakened my remembrance of you. You have always preserved the same place in my heart. I write in haste, and I can write no more, for this is a busy day. Ever yours.

P.S.—I will not forget to speak to Huskisson about poor M. Dalzel's son. It is in his department.

Arlington Street : April 24, '28.

Thank you for writing to me, at a moment, too, when I am afraid you were not well enough to do so without difficulty. I should have been alarmed too if an account of your illness had reached me from any other quarter. Pray take care. I am sometimes afraid that in your attention to others you neglect yourself.

We have your great lion here, Sir Walter, but I have not seen him yet. His natural cheerful ways please everybody.

I believe the blue stockings are making dinners for him, and the Red Rover,¹ who from what I hear of him seems to be a very clever, coarse Yankee, who

¹ Fenimore Cooper.

repays with becoming scorn the attentions that are heaped upon him by vanity and curiosity.

The Camelopard is not well, so it is time there should be something else. Besides he (the Camelopard) is too tall to come into a drawing-room, and is moreover the King's private property.

Ever yours,

D.

Poor Drummond!¹ I am afraid he is gone. All the papers have it. I hear no contradiction. Three days before the account came I received from him a magnificent book, a translation of Horace's Odes, illustrated and illuminated with all the taste and splendour of Italian art as a present to the King. I shall have a long story to tell you some day when I can find time. I like you to know all about me.

May 22, '28.

Everything is going on as ill as possible to-day. Huskisson *is out*. After the debate on Monday night he wrote to the D. a letter conveying a conditional, or what the D. understood as an *absolute* resignation. Some explanatory letters have passed since, but at this moment we are just where we were. The K. has just sent for me, and I am waiting for my audience at the palace. I shall endeavour to induce him to see H., and interpose by his authority to settle the matter. If H. goes out my situation will be most embarrassing. The natural thing is to go out too, but that will be to quarrel for ever with H.M. I know beforehand that he will desire me to remain, and he has shown me such constant

¹ Sir William Drummond died at Rome, March 29, 1828.

kindness and favour that without any personal cause of complaint it will appear ungrateful to quit his service.

I was called into his presence before I had finished the sentence. He received me as usual perfectly well, and said many obliging things as to his wish to retain me in any case. He professes [to be] and I believe is sorry to lose H., but he says he must support his Prime Minister, or everything will go again to confusion as it did in Goderich's time. After a good deal of conversation he desired me to see the Chancellor this evening along with Sir — —, whom he would send to us. Instead of a little repose which I should have been glad of, I was then forced to go to a great dinner at Count Münster's. My next move was to Geo. St., where I found the other two persons. Sir — — will I see do us no good, and the C. is lukewarm. That is natural. His connections are *ultra*, but he has always behaved fairly to those of another persuasion that have been in office with him.

Friday night.

Nothing quite settled, but it don't look well. Except a dinner at Sir E. K—'s [illegible] to meet the D. and Dss. of Gloucester—not a very refreshing ceremony—I have been at work all day and all night till one in the morning, engaged either in the business of my office, or in fruitless attempts to patch up this silly provoking quarrel—if quarrel it can be called. I think to-morrow must decide.

Saturday.

I am like those fishermen in Scripture that have 'toiled all day and caught nothing.' Not a stroke of

work done in my office, but the morning spent in interviews and audiences with a view to settle this confounded business. There is still a ray of hope, and that is all. Good-bye.

Arlington Street : May 29 [1828].

It is very true what many of your countrymen have said to me, 'the Cranstouns are the cleverest, but the oddest people in the world.' Who on earth but you would have mentioned your brother as you do in your last, and yet omitted to let me know that he was living within a few yards of me ; and who but that most unaccountable senator of the College of Justice would have been here so long without giving to me any sign of life ? He to be sure, poor fellow, has some excuse, as the cause of his coming is unpleasant and likely to take up his thoughts. However W. Murray told me yesterday that it is pronounced to be a cataract, and I believe the operation hardly ever fails. He is in excellent hands. I know Alexander, and have consulted him, and have a high opinion of him. I see, thank heaven, like a lynx, but my eyelids used to be out of order. He put me at once in a way of managing them, and for the last dozen years I have had no trouble. It was Lady Ruthven that told me of his being here, and we went directly to find him, but he was not at home.

So you see I am out. I do not pretend not to be sorry to quit so splendid, and in many respects so agreeable, a station. Indeed there are some circumstances peculiar to myself which make resignation a greater sacrifice. I have an unbounded admiration

and reverence for the Duke, a great confidence in his genius for business as well as for war. I was a sort of favourite at Court. The King always spoke of me and to me in the kindest and most advantageous terms. He has really been to me a very gracious master, and I should be ungrateful if I quitted him without regret. Then you may imagine how on other accounts it would be more agreeable to me to remain the colleague of some of my friends. But the change that has taken place is too great. ‘How shall I sing the Lord’s song in a strange land?’ If I had remained, I should have remained alone, and if a man like Palmerston, trained among the Tories, and to whom the loss of office is, I am afraid, in a pecuniary point of view most serious, who has been in public employment all his life, whose connection with Mr. Canning was far more recent, and far less intimate than my own, thinks himself bound in honour to retire, when the same judgment is formed by other men whose past conduct renders them far more fit associates of an ultra-administration than myself, how could I, raised to power by Mr. Canning, continue in a cabinet now composed almost entirely of those that hated him, without the shelter of a single example, without the continuance of a single political friend? This is the triumph of the Tories; against them what would have been my strength? With them where would have been my honour? If in the first fortnight they had tossed me in a blanket, and then thrown me out of the cabinet window, who would have blamed them? Who would have pitied me? One of the few persons to whom I mentioned the subject before I decided said: ‘If you were an

adventurer, if you were tormented with the thirst of office and power, if you were reckless of public opinion, I should say "stay"; but your own natural position is a good one; you are sensitive; unpleasant things might occur, and at the end of no long time you might feel yourself compelled to resign under circumstances less advantageous and with less personal credit.' You know who I mean. It was said with her usual good sense and insight into character—which indeed never fail her.

It is now late and the post is going. . . .

You know my frame of mind too well not to suppose that all that has been lately passing has worried me a good deal. I believe I have done right, but I wish the case admitted of *no* doubt. Your brother is clearly of opinion that I could not remain alone. Adieu. A line from you will be acceptable, but I should be sorry that you wrote when it gave you pain.¹

Ever yours,

D.

Park Lane: Saturday [? 1828 or 9].

I wrote not the same day, but the day after I got your note. You gave me no direction, so I wrote Putney instead of Fulham. It is only two hundred yards off, but then it is on the opposite bank of the river and in another county, therefore most pre-eminently wrong. It will never reach you, but that don't matter, for being uncertain I said nothing that could be understood by any one besides yourself, yet to yourself sufficient, for I told you that I was very

¹ Dugald Stewart was dying at this time. He died June 11.

much pleased with the plan you had mentioned, and that I should gladly assist in carrying it into effect. It would give me the greatest satisfaction to think of you, perhaps to see you, enjoying repose, on a spot familiar and agreeable to you in the society of your friends. I was thinking where it should be, but I am afraid that the fields and little gardens on the Leith side are now covered with buildings.

Your account of Maria gives me great concern. . . .

I am going into Kent on Tuesday to make a visit to Lady Stanhope at Deal Castle. It was very kind of her to ask me, for she is a clever, social, agreeable person, and the place where she is living the very best on that fine coast.

CHAPTER XIX

LORD GREY SUCCEEDS THE DUKE

LORD DUDLEY's short official career closed with his resignation of the Foreign Office. There was a report about the end of 1828 that he was to come into office again as Lord Privy Seal, and Lord Grey, in a letter of December 7 to Princess Lieven, says that he had heard there was a desire at Windsor that Dudley should come into office again, and that he thought the rumour not improbable.¹ However this may have been, the appointment was not made, and there is no allusion to it in these letters.

After his retirement he appears to have taken but little part in public affairs during the two succeeding years, but to have carried out the intention expressed in his letter to Copleston in 1823 of devoting himself to literature and society. His name appears but twice in the debates during these years. Once, on April 6, 1829, when he spoke in favour of the Qualification of Freeholders (Ireland) Bill, and again on July 20, 1830, on the East Retford Disfranchisement Bill, when he supported Lord Wharncliffe's proposal to transfer the franchise to Birmingham. This was the rock on which his Canningite colleagues in the House of Commons had split with the Government two years previously. Lord Dudley, however, was careful to explain that his only reason for voting as he did was that it was better to grant this as a favour then, than put it off till the evil day when they would have to do it under compulsion.

On June 26, 1830, George IV. died, and the result of the General Election which followed was to add greatly to the

¹ See *Correspondence of Princess Lieven and Earl Grey*, vol. i. pp. 197 and 201.

weakness of the Duke of Wellington's ministry. The Tory party was angry with it for having passed the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act in the previous year. Owing to the prevailing distress and the increasing demand for Reform the country was in a state of excitement and disturbance. Abroad there were revolutions, and at home riots and rick burnings. The Duke had exasperated the Opposition, without conciliating his own party, by his emphatic declaration against Reform. The Cabinet, dreading a riot, had advised the new King and Queen to abandon their engagement to attend the Lord Mayor's banquet on November 9, and by so doing had very nearly provoked the disturbance they sought to avoid, and had brought down the charge of cowardice upon their heads. On all sides the Government were losing ground every day.

The climax came on the revision of the Civil List necessitated by the accession of William IV. Sir Henry Parnell's motion for referring the List to a committee was carried against Government by a majority of twenty-nine, and on November 15 the Duke resigned. The King sent for Lord Grey and charged him with the formation of a ministry. For the first time after twenty-three years the Whigs came into power, and, to Lord Dudley's dismay, reform of Parliament became a certainty.

Brighton : Sunday [February 1830].

Linton is writing to you, so he will tell you all about your box more clearly, in a better hand, and perhaps in better English than I could. However, as he is to have a cover I will put a line into it. Here is a thaw at last, heaven be praised, for the sufferings of the poor are dreadful in such hard weather as we have had, particularly the women and children. I daresay you must have observed how the women of the lower order never have sufficiently warm clothes. Two were literally frozen to death the other night on the top of one of the Brighton coaches.

I am here still, and shall remain another week,

very glad not to be in London, which I hear is quite detestable, and where everybody is ill.

My cousin Robert—Lord Tamworth¹—is just dead. . . . Robert married a girl that swept the walks in my father's grounds at Himley. I hope the plebeian infusion will mend the stock. She has produced us some young cousins.

Have you read Moore's 'Byron'? I have not got through much more than half of it yet, for I read very slowly, but as I knew well almost everybody that is mentioned in it, and the hero in particular, it amuses me extremely. It is Byron's part though, not Moore's, that is delightful. Moore is a clever little man with many good qualities, and writes very pretty verses, though I could never for the life of me read twenty of them together, but his English prose is very Irish, and he is so bigoted to foolish exploded faction—to Holland House, and to Sam Rogers—that it makes me sick. I must own that I am vain enough to be pleased with the favourable mention poor Byron makes of me in one place which I have read, and (as I am told) in some that I have not read to you.² The

¹ Son of the Earl of Ferrers.

² Lord Byron writes in his Journal under date November 23, 1813:—
✓ 'Ward—I like Ward. By Mahomet! I begin to think I like everybody—a disposition not to be encouraged; a sort of social gluttony that swallows everything set before it. But I like Ward. He is piquant, and in my opinion will stand very high in the House, and everywhere else if he applies regularly. By the bye, I dine with him to-morrow, which may have some influence on my opinion. It is as well not to trust one's gratitude after dinner. I have heard many a host libelled by his guests with his burgundy yet reeking on their rascally lips.' (See Moore's *Life of Lord B.*, 1832, vol. ii. p. 269.) Apparently the dinner did not affect Lord Byron's opinion, for he writes again on the night after it, 'Ward's dinner went off well; there was not a disagreeable person there.'

Describing Ward's style of speaking in the House of Commons Lord

truth is that he liked cheerful, honest people, and those who had shown themselves disposed to like him upon his own account, and for his agreeable qualities, before ‘Childe Harold’ brought all coquettes and coxcombs in the kingdom to his feet.

The division in the House of Commons surprised me, and I imagine it surprised the Government. It shows a good deal of ill-humour, more than I had supposed to exist. I say ill-humour because in point of principle there is mighty little for an Opposition to stand upon. It is the *out* feeling that is strong against the *in*.

On what do one’s spirits depend? I cannot tell. It has rained cats and dogs all day, there has been a dense fog, I have not stirred out of my room, I have not seen a soul, the barber has cut me, and yet I am perfectly cheerful and have not felt a moment of ennui. In fine weather, and in good company I am sometimes lower. Adieu.

Don’t be frightened at the mark of blood on the corner of the paper. It is not suicide, but bad shaving.

Park Lane: Friday evening [February 19, 1830].

I have been here since Tuesday—quite well. This is my native air, and a little fog and smoke agree with me admirably. It is only the delicious climate of Italy that wears me to a thread-paper. I am told that there was nobody here a fortnight ago, but now the town is quite full.

Last night I went to the H. of L.—a shabby

Byron says: ‘I like Ward—studied but keen, and sometimes eloquent,’ (Moore, vol. ii. p. 209.)

debate.¹ Melbourne no great things. As he moved it ought to have been better. Aberdeen has excellent sense, and made a good case, but his execution is painfully deficient. Lansdowne very direct, putting some points very well, skilful in the mechanical parts, but wordy, prolix, and dull, and caring not sixpence about the matter. But there was an exception. What an astonishing man is that Duke of W.! What will not moral courage do, united to a sound though not brilliant understanding. His speech was so clear, so vigorous, so pointed. His superiority over everybody else was manifest in five minutes after he began. He is beginning to express himself with facility. In a former debate I am told he made minced meat of poor Lord Holland. Then he has time for everything, for the Church and for the State—for Lady J. and Mrs. A. I was making a visit this morning—neither to Lady J. nor to Mrs. A.—but there came a note of three sides.

The D. of C. [Cumberland] is really out of luck. I do not pretend to justify his conduct upon any strict moral ground, but still a man is answerable only

¹ On February 18, 1830, Lord Melbourne moved in the House of Lords for papers relating to affairs in Portugal. Greville thus describes the debate: ‘A rather long and very bad debate. Melbourne spoke very ill—case very negligently got up, weakly stated, confused and indiscreet, in the same sense as his brother’s pamphlet with part of which (the first part) none of the members of Canning’s administration agree, and consequently it was answered by Lansdowne and Goderich. The latter made an excellent speech, the only good one that was made! Aberdeen was wretched; it is really too bad that a man should be Secretary for Foreign Affairs who cannot speak better. The Duke made no case for the Terceira business, and delivered a very poor speech; but I like his speaking, it is so much to the point, no nonsense, no verbiage about it, and he says strongly and simply what he has to say.’—Greville’s *Journal*, vol. i. pp. 277 and 278.

for the ordinary consequences of what he does, and I believe that no mortal would ever have supposed that such a dramatic misfortune would drive Lord G. [Graves] to suicide. In fact I believe it was not her conduct, but some remarks that were made upon his own in tolerating it that filled him with despair. He was a great fool about it. All London knew what was going on. He ought to have taken steps to prevent what was so glaring. But everybody supposed that it was to him a matter of total indifference.¹

We are all going to the dogs. It would be ridiculous in me to complain, but I judge by the state of my own affairs what must be the condition of those that have families and debts. In England we are ill off, but the complete ruin is in the W. Indies. By the least conditioned estate in Jamaica—300 hogsheads and 600 people—I shall get 150*l.* for the last year's profits, and I am told that the Dean of our Order, Sharpe, who in one good year netted ninety thousand pounds, will hardly pay his expenses.

This Macaulay² that Lord L. has brought into Parliament, where I think he will cut some considerable figure, is a *very* clever, *very* educated, and *very* disagreeable man. Sharpe, in his capacity of dry-nurse to rising men of talents, is about to give him a dinner, to which in memory of ancient times he has asked me. Poor old gentleman!—Macaulay is just the kind of fellow to undervalue him. Stern and

¹ As to this story see Princess Lieven's *Correspondence with Earl Grey*, vol. i. pp. 425, 484, 436, 440.

² In February 1830 Lord Lansdowne offered Macaulay a seat in the House of Commons for Calne without asking for any pledge as to voting. Macaulay accepted the offer, and made his first speech in the House on April 5.

* p. 224 where b is felt correctly — if this is right

unsparing, he will have no mercy upon a little vanity and twaddle. . . .

Saturday.

I do not believe that there is any sort of danger at the present moment, but there is a great deal of depression and misery. I never knew anything so bad in Staffordshire. The great prosperity of a few remarkable years could not be expected to last, but the contrast is more complete than I had looked forward to, though I was never very sanguine. Even in our country rents fall off, and there is some difficulty about letting one of my best farms.

Pray let me hear from you as often as you are disposed to write. It always gives me pleasure.

Wednesday, March 3, 1830.

I went last night to a ball at Mrs. Antony Hamilton's, because she and Mr. H. are very excellent, sensible people, because they have been kind and hospitable to me, and because I thought they would be better pleased that I should come, and perhaps a little because I was amused at the notion of a ball given by a clergyman's wife, in the parochial house, and in *Lent*. However, I suppose it is all right, for they are models of propriety and good conduct.

Here I saw Miss Kemble. Off the stage she is rather a little woman, and though only twenty looks younger than she is. These are her holidays, and she was dancing away gaily. I found there Lady Davy and Mr. Blake, and other amateurs of the theatre who are zealous in their admiration of her talents. Blake told me the history of her coming upon the stage, which I think so curious and touching that I

shall give it you. She had been remarkable for her talents from her childhood, and had a turn for literature and poetry. At seventeen she wrote a tragedy on the plan of Shakespeare's historical plays, which Blake says was a very extraordinary performance from the power of expression, and the still more remarkable one at that age of delineating characters. All the while no practice of declamation, no mention of the stage. A few months ago her father came home one day from a meeting with his co-proprietors, and said to his family, 'I have to tell you that we are ruined. Covent Garden cannot go on. I have nothing for it but to sell my effects and to go abroad. There we must exist in poverty unless I can contrive to make something by setting up an English theatre in Paris or elsewhere.' You may imagine the effect this produced. At last Fanny said, 'I hope at least that I shall not be a burthen upon you. I think I can gain my own livelihood.' 'But how?' For they thought she looked to some literary undertaking, or to go out as a governess. 'I think I could act.' 'My child, you never tried.' 'True; still, I feel confident [words missing] as some part.' Strange as it appeared, they did not oppose the making of the experiment. She went to work, and in six weeks was ready with her 'Juliet' as she first played it. This seems hardly credible, but Blake, who is a perfectly veracious, honourable man, of an excellent understanding, and who knows the family well, assured me of the fact, which I have repeated to you almost in his words. It seems to me a very remarkable trait in the history of genius. While he was talking she was gliding rapidly before us. You would have been pleased as I was to think

* Blake?

how happy this pretty, innocent creature must be, who by her singular talent has at so tender an age saved her family from ruin, and (we may add) one of the two great English theatres from destruction. She is rather pretty, but her figure has considerable defects. If I had looked at her without knowing who she was, I should not have remarked anything except her eyes.

Poor Douglas Kinnaird has fallen into very ill health,¹ and considerable apprehensions are entertained of his safety.

I did not happen to see the report of what was said in the H. of C. as to the Lord Chancellor's² income and expense. Is it possible that anybody could have been foolish enough or impudent enough to say that he spent only a third of his emoluments? That would be absurd. Eldon may indeed have lived upon 500*l.*, but he never did anything decent according to his station. But though this Chancellor cannot live on 5,000*l.*, I see no symptom of his exceeding his official income which is 15,000*l.* It seems to me that all he does might be covered, not by one, but by two-thirds of that sum. But in the world there is no end of lying and inaccuracy.

By the bye, you may perhaps not dislike to see what may be done. The enclosed card is a little statement that Linton put into my hand the other day to show me everything at a glance. Considering that I have a large establishment, and live well, and see a great many people, the whole outgoing is not excessive. You will see clearly from this that when

¹ He died on March 12 following.

² Lord Lyndhurst.

a great estate is damaged it is not by mere handsome living.

I rather think that I overrated the general distress owing to the impression naturally made upon me by the particular case of my own part of Staffordshire. The gentlemen from the north do not complain, and I hear of rents being pretty well paid in other districts. In Scotland counties differ a good deal. The Lothians are bad. The harvests have not been good for two or three seasons. As to the rest, the statements are very contradictory.

'Porterfield of that ilk' has shown me two long and detailed letters, one from Mr. Brown, Duke Hamilton's steward, very desponding, the other from Kirkman Finlay in a very sanguine tone. I go on tolerably at Ednam, where Minto has given me a most discreet and excellent steward. He is as vigilantly attentive to my interests as he can be to those of his old patron. I am not sorry that you remain a little longer in the neighbourhood of Southampton. It is a delicious country. It would be a sad thing if you were to be recalled to Scotland by the loss of poor Jenny. Now adieu.

You know how glad I always am to hear from you. But pray take care of your eyes. Though mine are half a century old, I see like a lynx—but I am very careful, and spare them as much as possible by candle-light.

✓
Park Lane: March 8, 1830.

I shall put myself to the expense of eighteen pence and you perhaps to that of sixpence more, in order to give you an early reading of a little pamphlet of

which all the world here is talking. It is by Lady Canning.¹ It lay unnoticed upon my table a good part of one day. I saw something marked 'from the author,' but in spite of its title I supposed it was some trash by an injudicious friend, or by some 'highly talented' young Irishman just coming to the bar—who are the sort of people that write and distribute pamphlets. But I was quickly informed of my error after I went out. I was assailed on all sides with 'Have you read Lady C.'s pamphlet?' so that I was fain to run home and pass half an hour in qualifying myself to make a decent appearance in the world. It has produced a great sensation and is universally admired, deservedly, I think. It is written with great spirit, and in a clear, natural, vigorous style, and with a force of reasoning which Brougham (who is very much struck by it) has the impertinence to say is by no means frequent in a woman. Lord Holland says there must be another debate in the House of Lords on the strength of it. It is certainly a very remarkable proof of talent. There is no imitation of her husband's style. She writes just as she talks, in a brief, acute, terse way. He had great confidence in her, a great deference to her understanding, and this performance justifies him. It is certainly hers. Lady Clanricarde assented when I alluded to it as the work of her mother, and Lord Seaford [called] upon her (Lady Cg.), and made her his compliment on it, which she received.

I send you a little card of Linton's as I promised. The sum is considerable, but the establishment is

¹ On the Portuguese business, in answer to one said to be by J. Lamb. See *Correspondence of Princess Lieven with Earl Grey*, vol. i. pp. 464 and 467

large, and the hospitality constant, and this may convince you that when the great fortunes in England are damaged, it is not by any free household expense. Adieu.

I send also as a necessary illustration the pamphlet to which Lady C. refers, and which is said to be by J. Lamb.

Brighton: October 31 [? 1830].

I am ashamed of the dates, and in fact I have no good excuse, for I have been quite well and at leisure. Indeed it is always absurd to say one has not time—one always has when one chooses to make it, and the excuse when it is made to me angers me more than the offence. When there is any business to be done, when I have anything to say that really ought to be said, I am punctual enough; but when there is no particular call, and it is a matter of mere kindness and courtesy, I am apt to be remiss. Besides, to say the truth, I owe you a grudge for some neglects of that sort on your side, which at times inclines me, being of a vindictive nature, to retaliate. You have been guilty of some great outrages in that way, and the remembrance of them has sometimes made the pen fall from my hand. Lately, however, you have behaved better, so I will follow the good part of your example. My last was, I think, from Tunbridge Wells, where I spent eight days very agreeably with Mrs. Tighe. She had in her house her son and his wife, a sister of the D. of Richmond,¹ very nice people. Here there is nobody.

¹ Lady Louisa, sister of the 5th Duke, married, in April 1825, to the Right Hon. William Frederick Fownes Tighe. She only died so lately as March 2, 1900.

It is quite astonishing how the place has been spoilt, first by the presence, and then by the absence of the Court. Now there is scarce a soul. I am going up to-morrow, for how long I do not exactly know, but I wish to get back here if it is anyhow tolerable, for though London is in most respects the best abode in the world, yet the climate is at some seasons intolerable. Bath has, I believe, in that respect a great advantage, and then the beauty of the town and site give it such a charm.

Brougham was here a few hours to see his wife, who is come for her health.¹ I met him in the street, and he came up to this room for a quarter of an hour. People talk of his being frantic. I never saw anybody more composed, more easy, more agreeable. He had with him his daughter-in-law Miss Spalding, a delightful girl in person and manners.

Lady Anna Maria² is here, or is expected daily. By the bye, her brother Lord M[into] did me a great kindness in recommending to me, and sharing with me, his steward, Mr. Selby. My factotum, Mr. Benbow, has been just now at Ednam on his way from Lord Conyngham's estates in Ireland, which he manages. He is as ill to please as any gentleman you will meet on a summer's—or winter's—day both as to persons and things, but he is pleased with Ednam and with Selby—only I see that Selby has inoculated him with his regret that I did not buy a great deal more. Now forgive me for this long gap, and write to me again.

I did not see what Sir Walter said about C. It

¹ Brougham married Mrs. Spalding in 1821.

² Lady Anna Maria Donkin, daughter of the 1st Earl of Minto.

would be so strange to see Monsieur in the Canongate again. I wish we were *all* there again. Adieu. I shall carry this to town, where I shall be by post time to-morrow. I rejoice in the continued good accounts of Maria.

Monday morn.—I was going to ride, but it rains so I must wait a little, and go in the carriage. What an astonishing month was that October which is just defunct! I have a way of marking things in black and white, and I find in it *seventeen very fine* days, and all the rest *fine* save one, the 28th, which is my unlucky day. Is it not strange that such a notion should grow up in the mind of a reasonable man?

Do you like Bath well enough to think of it as an abode? I wish from my heart you could and would have *some* abode, some fixed dwelling, which seems to me one of the most essential points of human happiness. Your Edinburgh scheme took me wonderfully. You may always command the means of carrying it into effect. The page ends, and Saunders says he is ready.

6 o'clock [November 16, 1830].

The Duke has declared his resignation. A person whom the King has consulted told him that Lord Grey was the only man, and that I believe. Reform in Parlt. is now certain, and it may as well take place under him as anybody else. It is to be presumed that Lord G. has his own Chancellor to name, else I believe the King would like to keep his present one.

The decline of the Duke's popularity which has led to this event is quite incredible. I am sorry for

Aberdeen whom it will annoy, and for the C. still more to whom in every point of view it is such an immense¹ ; but I am heartily glad for the break up of the rest—Ellenborough, Bathurst & Co., and Lady Jersey.

I am writing in the present C.'s room, who tells me that Lord [Grey] has already received the King's commands to form a government. How pleasant this to the Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey that so basely forsook him.

London : Wednesday November 17, 1830.

You know that the King has sent for Grey, but perhaps you do not know that Grey has sent for Palmerston, who will of course lead the H. of C. I have no time for [more]. It is not known who is to be Chancellor—not the present one.

Mrs. D. Stewart,
3 River Street, Bath.

Park Lane : Saturday [November 20, 1830].

I might have heard, but did not hear, of Brougham's elevation, before the post went out. They say it was settled at four o'clock. I did not know it till I got to the Master of the Rolls's. I have known this astonishing man so much and so familiarly, that his rising to the highest station in Europe, and sitting down on the place of Bacon, and Clarendon, and Shaftesbury, Somers, Cowper, and Hardwicke—succeeding indeed in the longest line of illustrious statesmen and magistrates of which any country can boast—is a matter to me of curiosity and interest—

¹ Word missing in original.

not I own of pleasure on account of those whom he displaces. His power of attainment is almost miraculous, and I doubt not that he will quickly acquire the only branch of human knowledge of which he is at present wholly ignorant—the Law of Equity. I do not know what effect this appointment may produce now, but I am perfectly sure that a few years ago it would have seemed like the beginning of a revolution, such was the terror and aversion that his name then inspired. As it is I cannot but think that the clergy in general, and a large part of the landed gentlemen will regard him with an evil eye.

Park Lane: Thursday, 25 [November 1830].

I had not seen your little friend Tom Campbell for a long time. The truth is I had neglected to pay him any friendly attention, of which, as there was no good reason for it, I was a little ashamed. The other evening I met him by accident at Mrs. Peel's great assembly, and rather expected him to receive me drily—as I deserved. However, he was good-humoured and magnanimous, and talked with me just as he used. At last he said, “I have within a few hours received a paper, which I should wish you to see, in order to have your opinion about it, and to have it immediately. Unluckily I have not put it into my pocket, but I live only three steps off here in Whitehall yard. Will you come over that I may show it you ?” I consented, and we quickly found ourselves in a very nice little apartment, within a stone's throw of the Secretary's Palace which we had left. The door was opened to us, and a light brought by a sort of duenna. The whole thing had a very

Gil Blas air. The paper he had to show me was the statement printed, but not yet published, made by Lady Byron in answer to some passages at the end of Moore's 'Life.' His opinion had been asked, I believe his aid in defending her against the attack that had been made upon her. I told him that, owing to my odd slow way of reading, the twenty or thirty pages including all about the *separation* were unknown to me, but that Lady B.'s justification seemed to me complete, admitting her statement of facts to be true, of which I could not doubt. It was midnight, but the hospitable bard proposed to me to drink a bottle of champagne with him.

Champagne is my weak side, and if unluckily I had not just taken some ice I should not have refused his offer. When I excused myself, 'Then,' said he quite earnestly, 'a little brandy and water rather warm is the thing for you.' There was something in all this that made one smile in a man that has now seen so much of the grave fastidious society of London ; yet his gaiety, and simplicity, and cordiality gave me so much pleasure that I regretted the champagne, and the talk we should have had in the next hour. Next day I looked up the passages in the 'Life' to which Lady B. refers, and I own that they do not seem to me quite creditable to the biographer. What his narrative is calculated to convey is, that a young woman of high birth, good education and understanding, and irreproachable conduct, in fifteen months after her marriage with a very handsome man, of splendid reputation, the object of her choice, and with his child in her arms, should, at the instigation of her parents—they again instigated by

some very low person—quit her husband without some grievous cause of offence. Is that likely? or is it not much more easy to suppose that some injuries had been inflicted upon her by a violent, profligate, capricious man, which, though from delicacy she did not speak openly of them, made it impossible for her to expose herself to the renewal of them? There is a circumstance which I never before mentioned to anyone, but which very much confirms me in this opinion. I at that time had occasion to see frequently a very eminent medical man, who also attended Lord B. He was discreet and honourable, and went little into details, but he said quite enough to convince me that he thought B.'s conduct quite intolerable, and indeed hardly to be accounted for in a person in his right mind. Little Moore has really carried his partiality to the memory of a friend too far in vindicating it at the expense of an unfortunate lady, and of her father, poor Sir Ralph, and her mother, Lady Noel—an excellent woman, who could have no earthly interest in separating her daughter from her husband. Good decent people of that sort are always desirous to prevent such a catastrophe.

It is Mrs. Beauclerk that has lost her youngest son in India, and a very severe blow it is to her, and quite unexpected. But I have just (Sunday) made my first visit to a still greater sufferer. Mrs. B. is still the mother of a large and flourishing family. Lady Charlemont has lost *all*. Her daughter, a beautiful girl, the survivor of her brother and sister, grown up like herself to maturity, died a few months ago at Nice. I used many years ago to live a good deal with her and Lord C., and it was only local

separation that interrupted our acquaintance. I had not seen them since these calamities, and was uncertain how far she would like to see anybody. However, Lord C., who is anxious to procure for her some distraction of society, desired me to call, which I did, though I was obliged to collect myself a little for the task, as I know that under such circumstances it is impossible to meet any old friend for the first time without a renewal of painful emotion. She is an excellent person, and, though courted and admired by all the world through a twenty years' reign of remarkable beauty, her conduct has always been quite irreproachable.

Poor Douglas K. [Kinnaird] has turned out a great benefactor to his family. He has left 100,000*l.* to the present chief of it, which will probably relieve the estate from any embarrassments brought upon it by the last possessor.

I know nothing of the state of society at Exeter, but I think the account Copleston used to give of it was not very encouraging. Perhaps the cathedral may produce some men of learning and sense. If you see old Bartlam—who, by the bye, though an English parson of the old school, is not wanting in either—remember me to him, and tell him I hope we shall meet again at Sudbourn.

Remember me, too, to Dr. Miller. His visits to London are *very* rare, but if anything should induce him to come, I hope he will not omit to give me the pleasure of seeing him.

We have had some very fine days—yesterday less so than the preceding ones—to-day (Monday, 29) a thick fog. Perhaps you have sunshine in the west.

Adieu. I have written you a long letter in bits and scraps. The fog is gone, and the weather heavenly. I am quite sure that these last three days have been sent from Rome—a gift from the Holy Father in gratitude for Catholic Emancipation—my room is as warm as if it were in the Barberini Palace. Write to me soon.

Park Lane: Sunday, December 12 [1830].

Something that I told you a few days ago obliges me to trouble you with a short account of a most strange and unpleasant event. I believe I informed you that Lord Grey had offered the place of Chief Baron to Lord Lyndhurst, and that he had accepted it.¹ The grounds upon which I mentioned this as a fact were these. Lord G. first, I believe, through the Master of the Rolls, and then, when the overture was listened to, more directly, proposed this office to Lord L., who accepted it with a distinct understanding that it was to be considered entirely as a professional and not at all as a political appointment. I mention this only to show how far the transaction had gone. Lord G. acknowledged the acceptance in terms of the highest satisfaction in a very friendly and complimentary letter. Lord L. who is careless threw it aside, but he has a more faithful guardian of his archives who produced it instantly from her scritoire. It was acceptance, cordial, unqualified acceptance, without the remotest hint at his inability to complete his own part of the engagement. Now was I justified in saying what I did, and what do you expect was the result? Lord G.'s was I think of

¹ Cf. Lord Grey's letter to Lord Brougham of December 6, '30, *Life and Times of Lord Brougham*, vol. iii. pp. 85-7.

Thursday night's date, and sent on Friday morning, and yesterday they (the L.'s) were given to understand, *not* in another letter from Lord G. but through the Master of the Rolls, that the office neither was vacant nor was likely to be so, that Chief Baron Alexander had indeed said something about resigning, but nothing positive, nothing binding, that he now talks of keeping the office three or four years, and that Lord G. had never been at the pains of ascertaining from the Chief Baron himself his real intentions. Lord Grey is a man of honour, and incapable of intentional deception, and the extreme pressure of business at this moment may excuse even so gross a neglect. But if he had been a mere villain of the school of Machiavel, seeking to ruin an opponent by any means in his power, however inconsistent with good faith, you must at once perceive that he has brought upon Lord L. all the blame that, justly or unjustly, would have been heaped upon him for the step he was willing to take, without placing him in that station of complete independence and secure neutrality that was to have been the reward of encountering such an inconvenience. The fact is that no man in public life has ever done to another a greater or more unpardonable injury.

I have troubled you with a long rigmarole about a thing in which you can take no interest, but without explanation I should appear a downright fool for what I so confidently told you the other day. But I was not bound to know that a first minister of England was capable of offering to a very distinguished man a high station in the law without being previously sure that it was vacant. I mention all this

only for my own satisfaction. The L.'s are not desirous of making out a case. They think, and justly, that the less that is said the better.

This cannot go to-day, but I have more leisure than I may perhaps have to-morrow.

Monday morning.

You will be weary of the subject, but a note I got last night from a well-informed person makes what has happened still more singular. 'I have this afternoon heard from indisputable authority that Chief Baron Alexander was till this day quite in the dark on the subject of the meditated change. A friend of mine saw him at his own house this day, walking in an agitated manner in his library, declaring his utter astonishment at the whole business, and asking whether they meant to kill him.' Now this is the man whose office the present Prime Minister gravely offered to the ex-Chancellor, and congratulated him upon his acceptance of it in the prettiest letter imaginable, in which he assures him that nothing in all his life ever gave him more pleasure. If it were not shameful thus to trifle with the feelings, fortunes, and character of such a man as Lord L., the thing would be quite ludicrous. It seems like a joke—something equal to the famous 'Berners Street Hoax,' and might like it have been contrived by Theodore Hook.

Now good-bye, but you have not done with me yet, for I have something very curious to send you in a day or two. The post did not come in till late, so I will defer saying anything about it more than to acknowledge the receipt of it.

Tuesday [December 21, 1830].

I have not much time to write in this ante-room of the H. of L., where I have just taken my oath as a Privy Councillor before my Lord Chancellor Brougham. The mention of him puts me in mind of what Lord Lansdowne told me just now. It is the custom that when a new Chancellor goes down for the first time to take his seat in Westminster Hall he should be attended by some of his colleagues (indeed by all) and by some other Lords his friends. They meet in an adjoining room. Lord L. said it was with no small surprise he found that [his] old friend's reputation for sanctity had attracted a large number of Bishops, who came to testify their respect for the keeper of their Sovereign's conscience.

I have seen Phillpotts to-day. I think his case excellent, and he is abundantly furnished with ability to make the most of it.¹ A letter he read to me to

¹ Phillpotts had been appointed Bishop of Exeter by the Duke of Wellington in November 1830. He had down to 1828 been a very strong Tory and anti-Catholic, but when the Duke of Wellington in 1829 gave way to the Roman Catholic claims and passed the Relief Act, Phillpotts changed his views with the Government and continued to support them, and got the bishopric as his reward. A difficulty arose however. When the offer was first made Phillpotts said that he could not afford to take it (it being worth less than 3,000*l.* a year) unless he might keep his living of Stanhope, which was worth 4,000*l.* a year. Many bishops of Exeter had held parochial preferment along with their sees, and the Government granted Phillpotts' request. Although the last three rectors of Stanhope had also been prelates of distant sees, the parishioners were at once set in motion, and petitioned against Phillpotts' retention of the living, complaining that he took 4,000*l.* a year, and left all the duties to a 'hireling.' The matter was mentioned in Parliament, but pending its discussion the change of ministry took place, and the Whigs came in under Lord Grey. The new ministry refused to sanction the arrangement, but after some negotiation in effect gave way. A Canon of Durham was induced to exchange his stall for Stanhope, and Lord Grey presented Phillpotts in January 1831 to the vacant stall.

Lord Melbourne is quite excellent. It seems that the King's pleasure was taken on the matter of the Commendam for Stanhope, not once, but, owing to the accident of his having been [word missing] by three successive changes in the plans of the late Government, *three* times. As to the objection on the score of the plurality it is quite a humbug. There are numerous instances of bishops holding distant livings along with their sees. It is really a shame out of mere personal hatred to raise an objection that never was raised before.

Adieu, for to-day.

Park Lane : Friday, December 24 [1830].

Did I not then tell you the result ? Well, that is ‘pour la bonne bouche.’ Sure of the effect of the shot he had fired, the Bishop-elect called next morning upon the Secretary, and desired, before he heard any answer from his lordship, just to acquaint him that the letter he had received on the previous evening was not designed as an act of hostility against him and his colleagues, but merely in order to show what might be said if they drove him to extremities by declining a reasonable compromise, which he earnestly hoped for their sake as well as his own might not be the case. I forget whether Melbourne was authorised to give him an answer on the spot, but the dread of such a statement made in public by method of pamphlet or of speech brought them to their senses, and they have agreed to give him—not an equivalent for Stanhope, for that can hardly be found—but some piece of preferment, and, in order to satisfy their tender consciences, ‘without

cure of souls.' Souls, indeed ! Why, I doubt whether there is a man in the Government, except Charles Grant, that believes there is a soul. What disgusts me is not so much the personal malice that prompted this attack, nor the barefaced injustice of making a man the victim to this 'Ex post facto' scruple of theirs, as the vile hypocrisy of pretending to have all this regard to the nicer points of ecclesiastical discipline and religious duty.

I have no very confident opinion as to what is going on. There is a bad spirit prevailing in the country.

Did you read the speech Sir Robert Peel made upon Monday last ?¹ If not, pray do so. It was a speech of great effect, and has added marvellously to his influence.

H. of L.: Thursday [January 1831].

I need not date, for the paper and seal tell where I am. Lord Brougham is delivering a judgment. I do not know how soon it will find its way into the papers, but it is settled that Lord Brougham's predecessor should take the office of Lord Chieft Baron.³ He consulted his usual adviser. She was at Brighton, but came instantly to town, and decided with her usual promptitude and good sense in important matters. It is, to be sure, a station very inferior to that he held in rank and in emolument, but still it is an office of dignity and importance, with a very handsome income, and what is best, for life. He is made for office. He would be wretched without it, not only from the loss in money,

¹ On December 20, in the debate on legal appointments in Ireland.

² Lord Lyndhurst was appointed L.C.B. January 18, 1831.

but also of constant employment, which is quite essential to him. He might have taken the chance of Vaux & Co. being turned out, but then, unless the Duke came in, which is no necessary consequence, he might not be nearer the object.

My Lord Wynford has begun his discourse, so I must have done. It is upon the distress of the country, which if he ascribes to anything but an overgrown population and the gold currency he is a goose. Adieu.

Park Lane: January 15, 1831.

I shall be sorry if they are published, for Sam¹ and I are pretty good friends again. The same lady gave me the other day a supplementary anecdote to the last, which to anyone that knew both the men as I did must appear most ludicrously characteristic. ‘I said to him,² “Well, but what is it that made you hate R. so bitterly?” “Why, I took a dislike to him first from the circumstance which occurred at the very beginning of our acquaintance. We were invited to the same place in the country. I proposed to convey him. To make the conveyance more agreeable to him I put on four horses. Soon after our return I heard of his going to Brooks’s and saying, ‘I wish Lord B. had some friend to advise him to proportion his expenses a little better, and to burn wax candles, and content himself when he travels with a pair.’” I am sure this must be authentic. I cannot say that I remember Byron’s tallow candles, but it was just his style, and I do remember a dinner to which he invited me at the hotel where he was

¹ Rogers.

² Lord Byron.

living. This dinner was horribly too big, and horribly too bad—all in the way of the tallow candles and four horses, and mixture of expense and shabbiness. He knew nothing of such matters, but left them to the people about him, who were brutes and cheated him. I did not cut any jokes at Brooks's upon his dinner, but gave him a hint in private, so he made no lampoons upon me.

You see Alexander has resigned and that Lord L. has succeeded him, as had been settled when that strange demur took place. There is a good paragraph to-day in the 'Times' upon this subject.

I have not looked into the 'Westminster Review' for some time. It is, I believe, in the hands of the most ferocious Jacobins. But there is now a very bad spirit prevailing in the country. If I recollect right you are acquainted with R. Wellesley and his wife. Maria used, if I mistake not, sometimes to be with her at Brighton. Last week I had occasion to write to him on some business of my own in which he had kindly given me information and aid. I received an answer, not from himself, but from her, giving the most afflicting account of his health. I made immediate inquiry about him of a friend at Brighton, where they are, and was informed that he is not expected to live above a few weeks. This will be the loss of a very amiable and accomplished man. The state in which he will leave his wife and children makes the expected event still more deplorable.

I must make an end to-day, as I must set out soon for the Priory, where I shall stay till Monday, and as I have one or two other letters to write first.

CHAPTER XX

THE REFORM BILL

THE first question in Lord Grey's new administration was that of Parliamentary Reform, and Lord Dudley's last speech was directed against it. Lord John Russell's second bill had at last passed the House of Commons, and had been carried up to the Lords, and on the third night of the debate on its second reading there (October 5), Lord Dudley raised his voice against it, and is said never to have spoken with greater animation than he did on that occasion.¹ He urged the Lords to do their duty fearlessly and conscientiously to their country and themselves, otherwise the House of Commons would be converted into a democratic assembly. It was not a mere question of Parliamentary Reform, he said, but a proposal to give an entirely new constitution to the country—a democracy, the worst form of government. The country was on the eve of becoming a Republic. He called upon the Lords 'now to make their stand while that instrument of self-destruction was lying on the table; nor shrink from their duty, nor quail in spirit before the insolent dictation and domineering aggression of those who were the avowed enemies of our institutions, and reckless advocates of all innovation.' He wound up by saying: 'Their Lordships were not to be swayed or influenced by the motives of any administration in contradiction to a clear sense of the high duties of their station in the realm. If they, in this important conjuncture, did that which was right and their bounden duty, they would in return possess not only the reward of a self-approving consciousness, but be entitled to be recognised as the true friends of order and liberty by future ages,

¹ See *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvii. p. 95.

and draw down on their memory the gratitude of their country.¹

This speech was cut up and ridiculed by Lord Brougham on the last night of the debate; but Lord Dudley's only remark was 'Never mind; I can bear it from him.'

Park Lane: June 1 [1831].

So you were struck with the handwriting. There is a curious circumstance belonging to that—one of the great inventions that affect permanently the lot of men and of geese. A little man that takes care of my books and papers, and makes copies when they are wanted, brought me the other day a metallic pen which he recommended me to try. I thought it was most likely to save himself the trouble of mending the quills, and as I had seen things before of the same sort that did not answer, I only made a face of scorn and disbelief, and inflicted more quills upon poor Mr. Hunt. One day, however, out of curiosity and because the quill was execrable, I took it up and was surprised at its neatness and facility. Perhaps it is not quite so good as a very good pen at its very best, but then one is saved all bother and delay, and mending and changing which used to make one's life hard. I have made use of no other for the last ten days, and there is no perceptible change. It is a delightful thing, and I have a great mind to write a book upon the strength of it. You that have studied political economy will of course make proper reflections upon the effects of this invention upon the state of the country. You see clearly that by contracting the consumption of feathers, it must diminish the value of the goose, and thereby the profits of the farmer,

¹ See *Parl. Deb.* N.S. vol. vii. pp. 1,334-44.

and in so far injure the agricultural interest. How I should like some country gentleman to say something about this in his Reform speech at a patriotic meeting, and then I would get a clerk from a neighbouring bank to answer him with a statement of the great benefit from it in keeping accounts. The whole world now will be like the Cardinal Chigi, who was chiefly remarkable in his time for having written twenty years together with the same pen.

I have been on the whole very well in health, though this trying weather, these sham fine days with hot sun and bitter east wind, do give me some uncomfortable feelings. The truth is that London, or rather Hyde Park, agrees with me better than any place, hardly excepting Himley, which is also very healthy. But this is my native air. I was born pretty near fifty years ago within five hundred yards of the spot where I now live, and there is a great deal in that. Then there is a great advantage in having the *best* medical aid always at hand. How I wish, for instance, that you could have recourse to Alexander just now. My eyes were out of order the other day —more than usual—for they always require care, and the way in which he set them to rights resembled magic.

I send you Canning's verses to-day, with many apologies for not having sent them before. To-day, too, or to-morrow, or perhaps part one part the other, you shall have a little pamphlet, which, though not of course avowed, I could as well swear to be the composition of my Lord Chancellor Brougham, as I can any scrap of paper in my possession to be his handwriting. It is very well done, and moderate

and even courteous in its tone, but in its purport as coming from the Woolsack is altogether amazing. The successor of Bacon, of Clarendon, and of Hardwicke acquaints the assembly in which he presides that if they exercise that right, which he does not deny to be vested in them, of rejecting a certain bill, their resistance will end in their throats being cut, and their property confiscated. This is said very civilly, but the meaning is not concealed, and the pamphlet is called 'Friendly Advice.'

I am going on Monday to spend a couple of days at the Priory, and then I am going on for five or six more to Himley, which I want to see now that it is finished and well-nigh furnished. I told Linton that as so many people were just now ruined, I thought a good deal of furniture would be brought to sale on cheap terms. He has acted upon the idea with astonishing skill, activity, and success. You will be quite amazed when you see the quantity of useful and at the same time magnificent furniture he has picked up for a little more than two thousand pounds—three will at the same rate do all that is wanted. I have not a shadow of doubt that in the hands of an upholsterer it would have cost eight at least—perhaps ten. That was about what I always looked forward to being obliged one day to lay out. Besides, there are articles far more curious and splendid than I should have dreamt of ordering. In the same way, and of Linton's finding, Fagel's service of Sèvres china is lying upon my table below for sixty-five guineas, for which the poor Greffier expected on going away to get 300. But there is no price to be got for anything just now. Adieu.

Pray keep your Bath plan in view. This is a long letter, but what are you to expect from an everlasting pen?

I dined the other day at Lansdowne House. This, I thought, was friendly and gentlemanlike, as he must know I am tooth and nail against the great measure of his Government. But he has too much good sense and good nature to quarrel with people he has long known about matters of opinion. Adieu.

Park Lane: October 7 [1831].

I found Sir Walter Scott's name upon my table two or three days ago, which was the first I knew of his arrival. I was much gratified by this mark of recollection in one whom one cannot but consider as one of the great men that this island has produced. You remember I came to Edinburgh just at the first dawn of his glory, and before anybody could anticipate the blaze of its meridian. He showed, too, some kindness and civility for which I have all along been grateful. I called yesterday and was admitted. I do not know whether you have seen him lately and since his illness. They say he is better than he was, but there is no disguising from oneself that he is a good deal damaged, more in proportion to his incredible labours than to his years, which are not yet very many. He is seeking a warmer climate—Naples is his object; one cannot help thinking, if he were in better health, how the sight of that enchanting country would have warmed his fancy into new creations of poetry and romance. He is likely to have a good voyage, as they have given him a cast in a line-of-battle ship to Malta. He seemed in good

spirits, and in the quarter of an hour that I thought it not indiscreet to remain, talked readily and much in the old way. We had a little story or two.

We shall defeat your friends at the second reading to-morrow.¹ This is the least of two evils. It will give a little breathing time. I am not afraid of insurrections. I believe that the law of the land upheld by many sober-thinking people will be strong enough to prevent that. Though people talk great nonsense on that subject. It [is] more for the sake of frightening us than anything else. Sydney Smith called here the other day, and told me that John Murray (Henderland) was convinced that if the H. of Lords rejected the bill, not one single house belonging to any peer that voted against it would have one stone standing upon another at the end of six months. Heaven have mercy, then, upon poor Himley, which is within a dozen miles of the Birmingham Union ! However, at present they entertain so little thought of demolishing my house that I have been invited to a great political dinner on the 28th by the low bailiff, the second magistrate of the place (the high bailiff being the first, whose feast, to which I was also invited, is over), which, with Mr. Murray's leave, I mean to attend, and hope to go and return unmolested. We may have our windows broke here ; the Duke has barricaded Apsley House. Though this house does not belong to so great a general, it is equally conspicuous, so I have taken the sashes out of the balcony, and got deal

¹ The Reform Bill was thrown out on the second reading in the House of Lords by a majority of 41 at 6.30 on the morning of October 8, 1831, after five days' debate.

boards to protect my glass. I hear Jeffrey is very ill, and that he makes heavy complaints of some ill-usage on the part of Brougham.

We have an Italian season. Never was anything like it—October 7 and I have not seen a fire for a week past. Shall you remain much longer at Kinneil? I am always rejoiced to hear from you, and content with a few words when writing more is irksome.

How anxiously I wish to see you settled somewhere! How gladly would I aid you to attain that object! How deeply I regret that after the irreparable loss you sustained you should not at least be allowed the consolations of ease, comfort, and absence from care.

Park Lane: Saturday, October 8, 1831.

I do not know whether you read the debates, but that of last night was so memorable on account both of the unequalled importance of its subject or of the talents displayed in it by three remarkable men, all stimulated to the very utmost point of exertion, that I am anxious you should not want an early opportunity of gratifying your curiosity. Perhaps you see the 'Times,' but at any rate there can be no harm in sending you one. Lord Grey rising at a quarter before four, and speaking till five with great energy and ability, was a great instance of strength of mind and body in a man sixty-seven years old. Brougham's is considered as the most astonishing display he ever made. I don't know whether the 'Times,' which does nothing but from party motives, has done justice to Lord Lyndhurst. It was, however, a capital speech. He has the merit of being easy to follow, simple and graceful in his language. I walked home between six

✓ and seven on the finest imaginable morning, went to bed at eight, slept soundly till mid-day, and got up perfectly well and refreshed. You see we had a spanking majority, better than was expected, but the bench of Bishops was very staunch, beginning with the Primate Howley, who made a very discreet and conciliatory little speech. Now pray tell me something as to the effect produced in your part of the country. Here I am pretty sure there will be no mob.

Ever yours.

Monday midnight [October 10, 1831].

The day is over on which some disturbance was apprehended. Nothing has happened. An hour ago I walked out to enjoy the extraordinary fineness of the night ; I never knew the street so quiet. I was descried, however, by one person that knew me, and he [is] rather remarkable for his powers of speaking and his original way of thinking. We walked together, talking amicably on the great question. He is stern and bitter in public, but mild and well-bred in private conversation. It was impossible not to contrast the complete tranquillity and silence, which were made more striking by the delicious [] of the air, with the turbulence and danger by which we were surrounded.

Tuesday morning, October 11 [1831].

All is quiet here, but I am sorry to see some bad accounts from the country ; however you must not believe all that you hear. Yesterday it was currently reported that Himley had been burnt by an enraged mob. This was believed in the city at the

time when it was impossible that the news should have come.

I am told you people in the west are very savage, but that the Government has, much to its credit, employed a military force to protect you. Adieu.

Park Lane : November 25, 1831.

It is half-past four. I got up as I always do at eight. I have been at work ever since about one thing or another, so I am a little tired, but I must and I will write to you for the pleasure I think what I have to tell may give you. I believe that in my letter yesterday I told you that Lord Wharncliffe had spoken to me about an arrangement that he had in view, but that for some days I had heard nothing from him, and I did not mention distinctly what was going on, because I did not think myself authorised to do so, the communication having been confidential, and it being my principle, upon which I have always acted, that the duty of secrecy does not allow the shadow of a deviation. I therefore said only as much as people in the streets were possessed of. Yesterday, an hour or two after I had closed my notes and despatched your 'Standard,' I met him at dinner at the M. of Rolls. He then broke silence to tell me that he had another paper (he had shown me one before) upon his plan for a compromise. He sent it me this morning, and in a little more than an hour, just as I had read it over carefully, [and] written him a note with my first impressions on the subject, he came himself.

The state of the thing is this. It began by a visit he made to Sandon on his way from Yorkshire, where he conferred with Lord Harrowby as to what should

be done at the present critical period to avert the danger that impends over us. The result was an interview first with Lord Palmerston and then with Lord Grey. Lord Grey listened to what he had to say, not indeed with entire or decisive assent, yet not with uncompromising denial or any marks of a hostile temper. He said enough to show that he was not unwilling to negotiate, so that the principle of compromise seems to be adopted—at least not treated in the first instance as inadmissible. Lord Wharncliffe has since been occupied in preparing another paper which I have just read, and which is as much adapted to the attention of his own friends as to that of the authors of the bill.

He begins by saying that nothing can be done except both parties are willing to act in the spirit of a compromise, unless both will make a sacrifice of part of what they desire. He then lays down what he thinks might be done consistently with the public safety.

1st. That a representation should be given to the large towns, though not to all those that are named in the Bill.

2nd. That [in] the small places—in short, the rotten boroughs—the nominations shall be disfranchised, a sacrifice, however, which he considers as made to public opinion and feeling and not to public good.

3rd. That the right of election in counties should be enlarged, and the number of members increased.

4th. Then, which presents most objects of difference and difficulty, the way in which the other towns of schedule B shall be dealt with, comprehending all those of a mixed character.

Lord W. objects to the system of towns returning only *one* member—and all members directly and uniformly from one rule of representation, instead of straining a part of it through the sieve of a corporation. He also objects still more strongly (and this I think indispensable) to allowing the voters for great towns to vote also for counties, which in so many instances would entirely crush and supersede the landed interest.

This is the outline, and he is endeavouring to ascertain how far the other peers of the majority will think it sufficient. I had written to him that though it was too great a question, and one on which to come to a final decision at first sight would be rash, yet that I had a strong impression in its favour. What you wrote to me about this very matter of compromise was so good, and coincided so entirely with his plan, that, having your letter in my drawer, I read to him what you had said. He was very much pleased, and said, ‘Well, then, if you think it would be agreeable to her, you may let her know what is going on.’ He had just seen John Russell, and found him well disposed, though there had been a report to the contrary.

I have not a moment to write more, nor even to read what I have written. You must get Maria to help you out with it.

I can get a little time by sending to Vere Street from whence the post goes later. Before I quite make up my mind upon this matter I must hear what is said by the D. of Wellington. His notion is that there is not enough on [——] side to carry on the government of the country, and I am afraid there

may be some truth in that, but then, says Wharncliffe, how is it possible to resist the whole bill in the state to which the mind of the people of England has been brought ?

Wrottesley Hall : January 12, 1832.

I am on a visit of a couple of days to my neighbour and hereditary friend, Sir J. Wrottesley, one of our county members, and father of the new rector of Himley, of whom and his wife I have already given you some account. He is not old, but he married early, and his five sons, the youngest of whom is a fellow of All Souls, are by accident all met here these holidays under their father's roof. It is a very fine family. He has a daughter who was married on Tuesday, and the young people [are] at the rectory at Himley. He lost the mother of them all several years ago, but she has been succeeded by a most excellent, sensible, lady-like person, the widow of Conyers of Coft Hall, who has brought him no offspring.

So much for my host, and now for the Reform of which he is a supporter. First of all I believe you may be quite easy in your own view of the case, for it seems pretty certain that the bill will pass, for which object the prerogative of the Crown is to be abused, and the whole order to be degraded, which is the less to be regretted because it only anticipates a little the effect of the bill. But I should not be afraid of the effects of a rejection if we still kept our majority. No doubt there is a sort of phrensy prevailing in the west of Scotland, but in this part of the island that is by no means the case, and the landed

gentlemen—a great part of them certainly—are beginning to open their eyes. A friend of mine who attended the quarter sessions at Gloucester last week told me that, though there was a very numerous bench, yet there were not more than two or three advocates of the bill. What that class of persons is beginning [to feel] is, that though a reform including the extinction of the rotten boroughs is very necessary, yet that this measure of government goes to a very dangerous length. In a little more time this would be the prevailing opinion. As it is, the bill will most likely be carried, and then see what will happen. Perhaps the peers and great proprietors may for a time be allowed to keep their own, but as to power, privileges, and to composing a really legislative assembly, it is quite absurd to imagine that such things will endure. The French are only a stage before us, and we are coming up to them with whip and spur.

I am going home to-morrow. It is a pity to have built such a good house which nobody will long be allowed to retain the means of living in.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I enjoy as good health (perhaps better) as it is reasonable to expect at my age. You must devolve upon Maria's younger eyes the task of making out this crabbed little hand, which is not rendered more legible by the haste with which it is written. By the bye, my eyes are all the better for the absence of London smoke.

One more word as to the bill. In a choice of evils I hardly know which is the worst. The prospect of a regular organised rebellion is no doubt

very formidable. I must observe however that would not be so except for the encouragement given to the authors of it by their correspondent and patron, Lord Grey. On the other hand the rebellion may be put down, and the bill may be fatal both to the Crown and the peerage. Not but what in general good members may be returned for the counties, but then I dread the great towns. Here we shall have very fit people—probably the present members for the southern division. Wedgwood will represent the potteries in the north.

This is an astonishing fine winter. The equality of the temperature is very remarkable. For more than a week past the thermometer has seemed nailed to 42. Adieu.

CONCLUSION

THE letter from Wrottesley Hall brings to a close the correspondence which Lord Dudley had kept up ever since a boy with his best and dearest friend. The letters of that friend who was able to inspire such devotion and fidelity must, no doubt, themselves have been full of interest ; and it is much to be regretted that but one side of the correspondence can be here presented, and that, too, in an incomplete state. The frequent allusions in Lord Dudley's letters to Mrs. Stewart's views on the political, social, and literary topics of the day—allusions which show that, though he by no means always shared her views, he invariably held them in the highest respect—make one wish that her side of the correspondence could also have been given.

These last letters show no sign of the cloud that was so soon to darken the mind of the writer ; but it was already looming on the horizon, and soon enveloped him. Eccentric he had always been, and his habit of talking to himself—said to have been contracted from Dugald Stewart—has already been referred to. One more instance of it, however, may be here given. He is said to have had a particular dislike to being asked to give anyone a lift in his carriage. On one occasion a fellow member of Brooks's—unaware, possibly, of this peculiarity—asked this favour of him. He could not well refuse it, so the pair drove off in silence together, till, getting near Mount Street, Lord Dudley muttered audibly : ‘What a bore ! It would be civil to say something. Perhaps I had better ask him to dinner. I'll think about it.’ His companion was quite equal to the occasion, and, after a pause, muttered to himself : ‘What a bore ! Suppose he should ask me to dinner ! What should I do ? I'll think about it.’ We are told that Lord

Dudley afterwards took a great liking to this man who paid him back in his own coin, and they became firm friends.¹

Early in 1832, however, mere eccentricity began to develop into downright insanity, so much so as to excite general attention. In March Croker writes to a friend : ‘Our poor friend Lord Dudley, in Park Lane, is ill to a degree to excite some alarm. His absences and oddities have become so marked that Halford, who witnessed some of them, *intruded* his advice, and ✓ ordered bleeding, cupping, &c. He had music and a dance on Wednesday, but never took any notice of his guests, but sat in an arm-chair all night in an ante-room. He had a dinner on Friday, and allowed the Duke of Sussex to sit at the lowest place at table, as he had gone to dinner without him, and there was no place vacant except one at the bottom. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Rosslyn came in a little late from the House, and had to dine at a side table ; and his whole conduct was so strange that Halford, who dined there that day, volunteered, as I have told you, his interposition.’²

A week later (on April 3) Croker again writes : ‘Lord Dudley invited last week the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst to meet Lord and Lady Holland ;³ “bien assortis, n'est-ce pas ?” But he saved himself all trouble in amalgamating such discordant materials, for when they arrived at Dudley's they found that my Lord dined out ! On a certain Wednesday he told Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to advertise his library for sale, and next day he consulted him about buying a larger additional one. In short, he shows every mark of harmless derangement.’

Raikes says that on one occasion ‘Dudley found Allen at White's about seven o'clock and asked him to dinner. On his arrival at Park Lane he found it was a *tête-à-tête* with the host. When in the evening he was asked how the dinner went off, Allen said “Lord Dudley spoke a little to his servant, and a great deal to his dog, but said nothing to me.”’

¹ See *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvii. p. 113.

² Croker's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 170.

³ He had quarrelled with Lady Holland, and had not spoken to her for many years previously.

Concerning this dog Raikes tells another story of the time when Lord Dudley's mind was on the wane. 'He was sitting in his room, unheeding those around him, and soliloquising aloud as was so often his custom. His favourite Newfoundland dog was at his side, who seemed to engross the whole of his attention. At length, patting his head, he exclaimed, '*Fido mio, they say dogs have no souls.* Humph. And *still* they say —— has a soul.'¹

Certainly this reflection by itself could hardly be taken as evidence of insanity, but he had real delusions as well. Amongst others he imagined that he was married or about to be so.

These aberrations of intellect became more and more marked ; on April 3, 1832, Sir Henry Halford ordered him to be under a keeper, and soon afterwards it became necessary to remove him to Norwood, where he was placed in complete seclusion, from which he never again emerged. In the beginning of January 1833 he was seized with a paralytic attack, and he died on March 6, 1833, at Norwood.

Thus sadly ended the career of one whose life may perhaps be said to have been a failure, but if so certainly a brilliant, if not even a magnificent, failure. Those who had the privilege of intimate friendship with him would not have admitted the use of the word in connection with Lord Dudley. Certainly not so Lord Brougham, one of his oldest and truest friends, who has left a short appreciation of him which may form a fitting conclusion to these pages :²—

'To say that Mr. Ward failed in answering the large expectations formed of him by all parties is a very great mistake.

'His capacity and his acquirements were fully developed, and bore him both to high honours, to great fame, and to exalted station. But he had an over-sensitiveness, an exquisitely fastidious taste, a nervous temperament which was perhaps never uncombined with physical constitution, and ended in the most melancholy mental as well as bodily disease.

'Unsteadiness of purpose, therefore—unwillingness to risk, and reluctance to exert—incapacity to make up his mind either

¹ Raikes's *Journal*, vol. iii. p. 66.

² See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxvii. p. 79.

as to the measures of others or his own conduct—greatly chequered his existence as a public man during the latter years of his brilliant but unhappy life. At length, what seemed only to have been a morbid affection of the will extended itself to the understanding, and laid waste one of the most acute, subtle, powerful intellects ever bestowed upon man. A cloud overspread his whole mind ; he ceased utterly out of society ; he who was among its most brilliant ornaments could no more be admitted to its intercourse ; he whose faculties of every kind, and in the most extraordinary combination, hardly had known an equal, was reduced to the darkness of entire aberration of intellect ; and fate, untimely and relentless, more, far more, counterbalanced all the singular gifts with which nature and fortune had striven together in order to enrich him, and left us all the melancholy reflection, how little those gifts avail him here below !'

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